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Summer Harvest.

From a painting by Hans Makart.

OUT OF DOORS WITH THE ARTISTS..

BY CHARLES MASON FAIRBANKS.

THE paradise of the painter is a-field. The town invites him back again when the time comes for working up and carrying out the ideas and the purposes that summer scenes have inspired. He must come back to the city to show his works, and lie in wait for the buyer whom he hopes to tempt with his canvases. For the means for the summer outing must be contrived in the winter. Then it is that, reversing the habit of the squirrel, he must lay by the store of provision for the summer's wanderings.

It is not to be denied that studio life in an art center has attractions and compensations of its own, social pleasures and professional associations, and above all a certain atmosphere of art in which is breathed incentive to work and new inspiration in following the ever distant and fleeting ideals of one's dreams. But after the long winter of hard work in the studio or the class room, the painter glows with eager thoughts of the country, that free, unfettered, unconventional realm, at home or abroad, by sea or wood or

mountain stream, wherever the idle fancy leads his steps, and where every prospect pleases.

As the time draws near for this work-a-day holiday, this delightful season of lazy industry, the studio in town becomes a prison, until the rugs and hangings are packed away beyond the reach of moth and dust and the artist at last is able to break away like a bird from its cage. Then it is, with a song, perhaps unvoiced, in his throat, that he stretches his wings and soars in the ether of unalloyed delight.

For never so much as to-day has out-of-door work been appreciated by the painters. What was once regarded as a means of pleasant relaxation and, in a way perhaps, an advantage to his art, has now come to be accepted as an essential to good work. Truth, not of the photographic sort, but the essential truth, the essence and spirit of things, is what the painter seeks. It is not the bald physical fact, but the atmosphere, that he seeks to paint. And so it is that in the summertime and away from the city and

the haunts and works of men, he goes in quest of impressions and themes for pictures, impressions to be set down on canvas while face to face with nature. And these sketches,

contrast strangely with the *plein air* effects of the painters of to-day; and it is only within say twenty years that any general effort has been made to paint nature as she really ap-



A Farmyard.

From a painting by J. F. Herring.

instinct with truth, furnish him with materials for the winter's work in town. He comes back with new life in his veins, and his portfolio filled with intimate studies of nature's moods and whims and effects, studies, without having made which, he could never hope to translate and express with truth those sentiments and emotions with which he is inspired.

There are men who pass for painters and plenty of them who are content to think out in the studio pretty, fanciful compositions showing nature as they fancy they might see her, but the eternal truth is not in them. That highly expressive, if not altogether elegant old vocable, "fake," must ever justify its right to a place in our dictionaries by reason of its indispensability in classifying the works of these artisans, who conjure up sunset skies and woods and rivulets, and artificial seas breaking against "property" rocks, all in the solitude of the studio. To know the truth one must go to its source with a mind and eye trained to perceive the truth that is beautiful.

In the light of modern ideas it is a curious fact that the earlier artists utterly ignored or failed to perceive the light of heaven. There is a gloom and a leathery opacity in the landscape paintings of even the early part of the present century that

appears to us in the open air. To-day it is an obvious proposition that one cannot attain to any measurably satisfactory expression of the shimmer and glare and iridescent mists of the landscape without much study of these fleeting and subtle effects. That clumsy imitators of the *plein airists* have done much to discredit the faithful and sincere leaders of this open air school, only tends to show how needful is out-of-doors study at first hand. Because Monet finds that under certain atmospheric conditions the shadows are bluish or purplish and the objects in sunshine are distinctly of a yellowish color, forthwith a presumptuous following, declaring that he has solved the riddle of how to paint, bursts upon a bewildered public with astounding canvases glowing with vivid colors applied by formula. They do not or perhaps cannot perceive for themselves, but blindly follow in all cases a method that may apply in a single instance.

The field work of a painter is not usually the making of pictures. It is for study and practice; for the training of the perceptions and the acquirement of facility in the manipulation of the means of expression. Carefully studied sketches of bits here and there may be combined in part later into the well-considered composition, in which the sum-

mer's shorthand notes of color, form, and effect shall be amplified and harmonized. By a process of judicious, or artistically instinctive, selection the skilled painter may compose his picture directly in the open air, not copying the mere physical facts of the landscape, but catching its spirit and fixing his sentiment upon his canvas. Painting thus, his work is sure to be characterized by a verisimilitude and a brilliancy impossible to be achieved in the gloomy study.

To the painter whose art is his life, the delight of achievement is to be had in undertaking and mastering the delicate problems that nature presents to the devout student. Besides all this pleasure which is an element of an enthusiasm for art, is to be added the ecstasy of living, which every healthy mind and body enjoys in freedom from the depression and environment of the town. May we not, in fancy, share in these joys as we wander free and far with the painters? According to his temperament, each artist paints what pleases his mood, be the sentiment bucolic, romantic, idyllic, domestic, festive, or restive as the sea.

Some examples are given with this article of the out-of-door work of certain well-known painters. They serve to illustrate in a way that truth to the spirit of the scene on which I have insisted. In the noble painting by Dupré, "The Haymaker's Rest," observe, even in the black and white reproduc-

of the flesh, relieved and gladdened by gentle, kindly attention. The peasant farmer's fatigue is shown in every line of the bent figure and in the strong right arm relaxed and resting wearily on the knee. But there is recompense for the tired toiler in the ministrations of the sweet-faced woman who fills his cup with refreshment, and with joy too, we hope, from her earthen jug.

Farm life, which is one of so much drudgery to the tiller of the soil, presents itself in a very different light to the painter. He finds picturesqueness and beauty in everything that to the weary toiler is but commonplace. How differently its beauties impress different minds may be seen by turning from the tender sentiment of Dupré's tired group to Hans Dahl's lighter fancy. "Partridge Shooting" describes the subject only in part, for the gallant sportsman has encountered finer game in his tramp across country. It is a glimpse of the light that sometimes comes into the peasant woman's life as she works in the field. The aching backs of the comely potato diggers are forgotten for the moment in the pleasant exchanges with the dapper huntsman from the town, which is but a romantic dream to these girls of the fields. The hunter, on the other hand, finds a fresher beauty in these buxom peasants, whom he frankly admires.

Anton Braith displays strikingly original powers in painting other aspects of farm life.



Herd going to Pasture.

From a painting by Anton Braith.

tion, how finely the sense of open air and broad sunlit fields is expressed. Nothing could be more simple and direct than the telling of this story of labor and weariness

To him the cattle are more interesting than the maids, and he has shown here with great power, fidelity, and spirit a "Herd going to Pasture," in the early morning, whose mists,

not yet dispelled by the rising sun, soften the landscape with a diffused golden light.

The "Farmyard" painted by the elder J. F. Herring, is a somewhat turgid picture, crowded and artificial in composition, I should say, but the horses are drawn with a good deal of affectionate care. Herring was an interesting old fellow, who began life as a sign painter, as many another clever artist has done, and whose love of horses was developed no doubt by his life as a driver of

that every painter is not gifted to reproduce, for the changing lights and incessant action of the sea require a shrewd eye and a dexterous hand to depict them. Weber is one of the



Partridge Shooting.
From a painting by Hans Dahl.



The Haymaker's Rest.
From a painting by Julien Dupré.

an English mail coach early in the present century. If he did not acquire a very high place as a painter, his works were very popular in his day and are interesting now as preserving for us much detail of the manners and customs of former days. The "Farmyard" was one of his later works.

That powerful but unbalanced genius, Hans Makart, has found in a "Summer Harvest" festival a subject for a fanciful decoration in his accustomed manner. Technically greatly skilled, broad and bold in manner, dashing in composition, and simply splendid in color, still Makart's spirit was his own rather than nature's. He has painted a scene of summer revelry among the harvesters, not as it might have been, but as it pleased him to have it.

Weber's breezy "Return of the Fishermen" treats of another phase of summer life, one

most successful of artists in catching the picturesque features of maritime life along shore and expressing them with an intelligent appreciation of the sentiment of the sea and of the perils of the hardy toilers who go down into the sea in ships.

There is less of the rugged realism of rustic life in the idyllic "Springtime" of Froschl, who has poetically pictured the beauties of youth in his painting of a thoughtful-eyed young girl, the chief figure in a scene of budding verdure, standing sweetly contemplative of the long calendar of unexplored to-morrows. Youth is serene and hopeful and so too is the promise of spring.

A "May Morning" is a step nearer maturity, and so the artist has represented it. The trees are in bloom and wild flowers bedeck nature's carpet at the feet of the fair young woman intent upon her book of love songs, in joyous tune with which appear to be the silvery lake and mystical hills beyond, that form so fair a prospect for her hopeful eyes.

All of these examples are from the brushes of European painters of note whose works have furnished subjects for study by our American painters. It is unfortunate that we have not yet discovered that quite as good art may be produced in our own country, but

the fashion that regulates these things still goes abroad for its pictures. The dealers too find it to their passing advantage to encourage this habit, for a European name often passes with the untutored American collector for intrinsic merit. Paintings by second and third rate foreigners may be bought in Paris for no more than their worth, while the shrewd dealer is able to palm them off upon the confiding American as pearls of great price. A picture of but ordinary quality may be had on the other side for say two hundred or two hundred and fifty francs. It will sell for as many dollars here.

These discouraging conditions have stood in the way of the progress of home talent, but they have not destroyed it. A pride in native art works is asserting itself and the summer work of our own men is beginning to tell.

It is the later-day habit of our American painters to devote themselves more exclusively to the natural beauties of the wild-wood and the plain in summertime than to a study of the figure, for models are not easily available in the country. It is a foolish practice of some clever painters, not having at hand a model to their taste, to do some pleasing rural bit with truth and sentiment, and then, in the winter and in the studio, to paint in a figure or two. The absurdity of this method is shown in that glaring absence of harmony and eternal fitness sometimes to be discovered in such compositions. The conditions of light and atmosphere and time of day which determine the quality of the landscape are not repeated in the figure, which appears to have been cut out of another canvas and simply inserted where it does not belong. Each painter, according to his fancy, has his summer haunts, where year

after year he delights to seek new beauties among familiar scenes. The summer school too has come to be an institution, the benefits of which are sure to be felt in our American landscape art. The little art colony over which Mr. Wm. M. Chase presides at Shinnecock Hills, near the eastern end of Long Island, is one of the largest and most attractive of these. There the students roam about the low-rolling, heather-covered wild

that lies between the sea on the one side and the beautiful Peconic Bay on the other, setting up their easels wherever the view attracts them and painting away with a fine enthusiasm. They learn to see beauties in a region that the native has always regarded as weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable. Two days in the week Mr. Chase devotes himself to his pupils, criticising the work of the week before on Mondays, and on Tuesdays overlooking their work as they paint from nature. The training here is in seeing aright and painting aright, correcting the drawings where the forms are seen in ignorance, or,



The Return of the Fishermen.
From a painting by Th. Weber.

on the other hand, where they are set down with too much knowledge of detailed construction—for it is one of the difficulties that perplexes the beginner, the painting of things just as they *look*, under various conditions of light and atmosphere, and not as from a closer knowledge the student knows them to be.

Mr. Theodore Robinson is in charge of a similar school in a beautiful village of Massachusetts, and Mr. Joseph H. Boston will this season organize a class of young people to paint out of doors, in rural Connecticut. Roswell M. Shurtleff, N. A., our best painter of forest interiors, has a little house of his own on the edge of the Adirondacks in the

beautiful Keene Valley, where he need not stray beyond the confines of his own preserves to find himself in the solitude of that splendid forest. There he goes eagerly in the early spring and there too he lingers fondly till the winter snows drive him back to his city studio.

Mr. Minor, A. N. A., and Francis Murphy, N. A., are among those who find beauties to their hearts' content in the wild scenery of the Catskills, while Mr. Thomas Moran, N. A., is one of the leading members of the artist colony that has established itself for the summer at Easthampton, that romantic old settlement out on Long Island beyond the Shinnecock Hills. Edward Moran sets up his easel on the crags of the Grand Menan, at the mouth of the Bay of Fundy, and Mr. Rehn, another painter of the shore and sea, spends his busy holiday upon the boulders that give wild character to the Massachusetts coast.

Mr. George Invers at eighty is still a student and this summer is abroad, for all

those who can, pack off to Europe, where a summer in the galleries of France, Belgium, and Italy, or among the fascinating scenes of Holland, reveals to them new delights and sends them home in the fall with broadened views of the art of the world and new ambitions. Others content themselves with the town and its near-by resorts. One need not go far abroad for beauties of nature and effects to charm the painter-fancy if he has an eye for the picturesque. Almost any place affords something paintable if the artist himself has imagination. The humblest incidents and the everyday scenes about us may be transformed by the brush of the painter who views them with the spirit of the artist, and a sympathy which leads him to put himself into his picture. For it is not the great thought but the feeling that makes a work of art. It is and must ever be that very rare something that distinguishes the photograph by its inevitable absence. It is, in a word, Art.



A May Morning.

From a painting by Hermann Koch.

6,000 TONS OF GOLD.

A STORY OF ADVENTURE AND FINANCE.

BY KENZIE ETON KIRKWOOD.

CHAPTER IV.

THE VOYAGE OF THE RICHMOND.

NEW YORK seemed strange to Brent for several days after his arrival. Life itself impressed him as unnatural and unreal. More than once he became suspicious that memory was playing him a trick and he half felt that he ought not himself to believe the story of the last half-year, a story he was sure nobody else would credit on the security of his mere assertion.

Resolved as he was not to share his secret, he was a little puzzled at first as to the best practical course for turning his present resources into available cash. After making some general inquiries, he decided that the most direct method would be best. He would take his boxes of gold to the Mint, have the metal coined under the terms of the Free Coinage of Gold Act, and make no explanations to anybody. He presumed that so large a deposit of virgin gold might cause some comment at the Mint, but the sum was not great enough to be of general business importance and there seemed to be no reason for fearing any widespread curiosity or inquiry.

He hired for a month a small room in the basement of an office building in one of the less busy downtown streets. His twenty small, amazingly heavy boxes were safely stored there within a week of his arrival in the city. He then undertook the tedious and by no means easy task of separating the gold from the covering of sand with which he had disguised it. He did this in order that he might meet the requirements of the Mint and offer only the clean and pure metal. He grew heartily tired of the job before he had finished it, for it occupied him several hours daily for a full fortnight. At last it was completed and the cases were shipped to Philadelphia.

Brent went with them. He had them transferred from the express car to a truck, got into the wagon himself and with two or three truck-men drove to the Mint. He was

directed to the proper department for the reception of gold bullion, and he asked the clerk in charge where he should deliver a quantity of gold for coinage.

"I will take it here," responded the functionary.

"It is outside in a wagon; shall I have it brought in here?" asked Brent.

The reply was in the affirmative and in a few moments two brawny men staggered in with a small box between them. The clerk seemed much surprised by the great weight of the burden, and remarked with interest that it was evidently a very valuable ingot.

"Have we got to bring 'em all in this way?" inquired one of the truckmen wiping his forehead.

"Are there any more?" asked the clerk in surprise.

"Yes, twenty of them, and they weigh four hundred pounds apiece, if an ounce."

The Mint official dropped his routine, red-tape manner and became a very much astonished man.

"Do these boxes contain pure gold?" he exclaimed, turning to Brent.

"Yes, I believe so," was that individual's matter-of-fact reply. "There are about four tons of it."

The first box was taken behind the counter. The clerk, still agitated, produced a screw driver at Brent's request and the cover was taken off.

"Nuggets and dust, not bullion," said the government employee, taking up a little in his hand and examining it critically. "Yes, and wonderfully pure. Four tons! Almost two and a half millions!"

When he had mastered his astonishment, the clerk told the truckmen that they might take the team to the entrance to the bullion reception department and deliver their load direct, without bringing it into the office. Then he excused himself for a moment and returning presently he invited Brent to visit the director of the Mint, who was in the building.

The owner of millions in virgin gold was

greeted with much respect by the head of Uncle Sam's money-coining establishments. He asked several questions about the remarkable deposit, all of which Brent answered except one as to the source of the newborn wealth. This he respectfully explained he was unable to disclose. He requested the director to use his good offices to prevent as far as possible any unnecessary publicity in connection with the reception of so unusual a quantity of gold from private hands. The director promised to take such precautions as could be taken, and after waiting some time for his weighing receipt, Brent withdrew.

A few days later, the young man had on deposit to his credit in the Chemical National Bank of New York, the substantial sum of \$2,445,152 in cash. Then he set about the detailed work called for by his agreement with Fraser. He found it necessary to have such a vault as was needed for the safe storage of the treasure specially constructed. He bought a suitable site on a quiet street south of Fourteenth Street and west of Broadway and a large force of men was speedily at work in the construction.

A little figuring made it plain that storage capacity equivalent to at least 36,000 cubic feet would be required for the reception of six thousand tons of gold packed in such boxes as he intended using. The vault or vaults, as he designed and finally ordered them, measured in their internal dimensions eighty feet long, forty feet wide, and twelve feet high. It was an expensive undertaking. The contract price for the construction of granite, steel, and cement, to be completed within five months, was \$250,000.

Early in April, Brent contracted for the manufacture of twenty-four thousand boxes similar in most respects to those he had had made in Buenos Ayres. They were to be twenty inches long, thirteen inches wide, and ten inches deep, external measurement, and they were designed to contain five hundred pounds each of gold. Lined with iron and held together by screws, it was hardly possible that any ordinary rough handling would injure such a receptacle sufficiently to disclose its contents.

These matters disposed of, Brent found himself with two or three months of almost idle time on his hands. He would have preferred to spend it among the strange people and scenes he expected soon to re-

visit, but New York was not unattractive even during the suspense under which he labored. When was the metropolis of the New World ever unattractive to a young man with money and with tastes not yet jaded by indulgence?

As the time approached for making preparations for his long journey south, he made inquiries in vain for a steamship suitable for the trip. He required a boat of at least nine thousand tons, and aside from the well-known Atlantic greyhounds and a few men-of-war, few ships of that size existed. It began to appear that only by chartering some famous liner at an enormous expenditure would he be able to keep his appointment in the Patagonian harbor. He was averse to taking so bold a step, chiefly because of the danger of publicity which it involved. It would be impossible to withdraw a well-known crack flyer from her regular Atlantic service at the height of the passenger season and to send her off on a mysterious voyage without attracting much public attention and curiosity.

There seemed to be no other course open and Brent was about to make to the American line an offer of three quarters of a million for three months' use of their steamer *New York*, when he learned of the arrival from Bremen of a giant cargo steamship, the *Richmond*, on her first voyage. She was a crack boat of her kind, 9,580 tons, twin screws, enormous cargo capacity, and built very much on the lines of the ill-fated *Naronic*. Brent lost no time in putting himself in communication with the representatives of her owners. His negotiations were easily successful, and an offer of four hundred thousand dollars secured possession of the great boat from August till mid-November.

In addition to the twenty-four thousand queer little boxes which puzzled the crew very much, Brent put on board a considerable miscellaneous cargo for the benefit of his Patagonian friends. He kept in mind, however, Casimiro's wise warning and included little or nothing of the luxuries of civilization.

On the morning of August 4, the *Richmond* cleared for Rio Janeiro, with Brent as the only passenger. The run to Rio was easily made in eighteen days. The steamer was re-coaled and again sailed under papers providing for a cruising trip, touching at coast

points. Brent had endeavored as far as possible to prevent any idea of mystery getting possession of the officers or crew of the ship. He had said that he was going to trade with some of the natives farther south and that he had arranged to take back to New York a cargo of ore or gold-bearing placer gravel. After leaving Rio, he pointed out the destination on the general chart to the captain and produced his private chart of the natural harbor in which they would find shelter.

Approaching the coast on the morning of August 30, Brent soon recognized the rugged topography about the entrance to his unnamed harbor. The ship proceeded with the greatest caution. She felt her way with constant soundings. Brent had warned the captain that the chart which he supplied had been made with some haste and not the greatest thoroughness. After creeping along almost inch by inch for fully three hours, the *Richmond* reached what seemed to be a safe anchorage at a little greater distance from the shore, as Brent remembered it, than the schooner had stopped on his previous visit.

While the ship was slowly seeking her moorings, Brent examined the shore searchingly with a powerful glass. He could discover no sign of life, not a trace of the presence of a human being. A nervous apprehension began to rise within him when the anchor had been dropped and only the wild and desolate coast appeared to welcome him. He dreaded to discover the fate of his Patagonian friends, his partner in the treasure-quest and the vast prize itself which he had come to bear away. As soon as the steamer was at rest, he asked for a small boat and a couple of sailors to row him ashore. Soon he entered the little cove, where he had first landed and where he had left the raft and its precious load eight months before. His forebodings increased as he grounded upon the narrow beach and stepped ashore without discovering anything to suggest the previous presence of man. There were not even logs or driftwood from abandoned rafts. The empty boxes which he had landed from the schooner had disappeared. There was simply a silent, desolate, narrow beach with almost a precipice rising back of it.

Concealing his agitation, Brent directed the boatmen to wait for him and sought the natural trail leading to the higher land above. This he found and hastily followed

up the steep ascent. A few minutes' hard climbing brought him to the beautiful bit of pasture land where he had first met the native Indians, and made acquaintance with the remarkable qualities of Patagonian horses and horsemanship. The little plain was deserted. Its verdure in the cool spring air was not as luxuriant as it had been under the warm summer sun of the previous December.

The young man looked about in dismay. The solitude appalled him. Not even a bird-note made the silence less oppressive. He began to fancy himself the victim of a delusion. The uncanny impression that the record in his mind of the past year had no material existence returned to torment him. His common sense came to his rescue after a little and he tried to consider reasonably the cause of this desolation, where he had expected to find life and activity. That something had gone wrong was almost certain, but he could only conjecture what it might be. He sat down upon a rock to think the matter over, but his meditations brought him little satisfaction.

It occurred to him presently that the time fixed for his coming with the steamer was the 1st of September, which was still two days off. It had, however, been no absolute appointment for a set day and hour, and he felt sure that Fraser and many of the natives, according to the plans at the time of his departure, would be in the vicinity for days if not weeks before the time. There seemed nothing for him to do but to wait. He would at least take no step, he decided, until the 1st of September had passed. Perhaps then he would undertake to visit overland the wonderful valley in order to seek the solution of the mystery. He dreaded such a journey. He had no horses or means of getting them and he doubted very much if he could make his way on foot, unguided, to the spot where the gold had lain. It would be a difficult and perilous undertaking under any circumstances.

He banished from his manner as far as possible all symptoms of perturbation and made his way back to the steamer. He told the captain that they were likely to make a long stay in the harbor, and that no one from on board must be allowed at any time to land near the mouth of the river which he had just visited. The natives, he explained, would resent the intrusion of white men at

that point and any violation of their wishes would interfere with trading and might lead to trouble. Then Brent composed himself with as much patience as he could command to wait for some indication from the shore. The next day passed without a sign, and nobody left the ship. Anxious use of strong field-glasses directed toward all parts of the land-locked bay discovered nothing.

Late that night, Brent decided that if the next day should pass without any solution of the mystery, he would attempt the ascent of the river upon which he had made one almost fatal trip. He had on board the *Richmond* a powerful naphtha launch, which he had expected to use for towing rafts or small lighters from the shore alongside the steamer. He believed this craft might succeed in forcing a passage through even the swiftest part of the river, up to the original treasure-bed in the mountain-locked valley. At all events, it was worth trying, and the young man succeeded in sleeping upon his resolution.

The next morning brought no communication from the shore and Brent ordered the launch made ready for a cruise. He was watching the men at work upon it, just before noon, when the second officer called to him suddenly that a boat was approaching the steamship from the shore. Brent hurried to the side. He saw a canoe containing three men rapidly nearing the ship. The two at the paddles were native Patagonians, the third Brent recognized instantly as Casimiro. He motioned to the chief to bring the canoe to the foot of the ladder at the side of the steamship, and in a few moments the old man was on deck, receiving Brent's greetings with the grave native dignity peculiar to himself. The great ship upon which he stood evidently impressed the Patagonian deeply. He looked about him, forward, aft, aloft, at the immense smoke-funnel, at the height above the water where he stood, and then shook his head in dumb marvel.

Brent waited a moment for his surprise to pass off and then pressed with some anxiety his inquiries for Fraser. The old man's face changed instantly. His awe became sadness, and again his head shook silently, this time with the dejection of grief.

"Tell me," exclaimed Brent in much alarm, speaking in Spanish, "is my friend dead?"

Slowly the old man replied in broken

Spanish phrases, "I bring you saddest grief. It is true. The good white cacique is dead. He fell fighting for my people, fighting for the accursed gold."

The news overwhelmed the young man. The blow was so unexpected, in spite of his vague forebodings, that it unmanned him. He leaned against a stanchion silent and pale. He was unable to ask for the particulars of the tragedy. Casimiro looked on in manifest sympathy with the other's genuine grief. Presently he invited the young man to go with him to the shore, promising to give him there the whole history of events during his absence.

Brent went with him at once, asking no questions. The canoe took them, not to the little cove where they had landed before, but to the opposite side of the river's mouth, some rods farther away. The country here seemed as deserted as the opposite bank, and there was the same rugged, forbidding coastline. Casimiro led the way and a few minutes' rough walk brought them to another concealed camp, situated somewhat similarly to that which Brent had first visited. But the young man felt neither surprise nor interest in what he saw. He went at once with the chief to the temporary hut which the latter occupied. Brent sat down upon a pile of skins and for the first time asked Casimiro to tell him his story.

The old Patagonian's narrative was not long, as he told it. The limitations of a strange tongue prevented any elaboration of detail. The story as he gave it to Brent was less complete than even the brief version of it which follows:

After Brent's departure in January, the work of emptying the old river bed of its remaining store of gold and transporting it to the coast had been pushed vigorously and systematically. Fraser's practical suggestions and superintendence had simplified the task wonderfully. He had sought to float as much as possible of the gold to the river-mouth before the advent of winter should make the operation difficult and dangerous. After he had thoroughly instructed the natives in raft building, he made a trip with a large treasure-load, as Brent had done. He examined with Casimiro the facilities for concealing the gold on the shore, and decided as a precaution against possible discovery that half the treasure should be buried on the bank of the stream opposite

the little cove. He then returned to the treasure valley and devoted himself with great energy to the severe task in hand.

Rapid progress was made and only one serious mishap occurred. This happened at almost the exact spot where Brent's gold-seeking career had almost ended with his life. Some undiscoverable cause, perhaps a local deluge at the sources of the stream, had considerably swollen the current. The swift water carried one of the rafts too near the rocky bank. The end of a log touched the flinty wall. In an instant the ponderous mass was a scattered procession of driftwood. The millions of treasure which it had borne sank into dark depths whence only another convulsion such as rent the divided mountain could resurrect it. One of the raftsmen was crushed to death, the others clung to the floating timber until they were borne to smoother water and could swim ashore.

In April, Fraser made another trip to the coast. Work at both ends of the line was making excellent progress. More than half the gold which had been recovered and stored when he and Brent arrived in Treasure Valley had been safely carried to the shore. Most of it had been buried in the new spot which had been selected, opposite their first landing place. That which was yet to come down the river, it was intended to conceal in the sands of the little cove. The native camp was transferred for this purpose to the small plateau where the two white men had first seen it.

Soon after the camp was stirring one morning, Fraser and the Indians alike were startled by the sound of firearms coming from the direction of the beach below the plateau. The Scotchman seized a rifle, shouted to the natives to arm themselves and follow him, and then ran hastily down the narrow path toward the shore. The Indians, including Casimiro, who were soon on the heels of their leader, saw him stop just before reaching the bottom of the trail and motion them to approach cautiously. They did so and they saw a sight which filled them with alarm and rage. Five of their fellows, who had gone early to the shore, lay dead upon the sand. A raft had been moored upon the beach the day before and the work of unloading its treasure had been begun. Most of its burden of gold still lay naked upon the timbers. Around this were now gathered a dozen

white men and another Indian, who, Casimiro explained in a savage whisper to Fraser, was the renegade member of the tribe whose treachery they had feared.

The white men seemed to be in wildest excitement over the heap of treasure before them. Disregarding all prudence, they had flung down their rifles and now they knelt beside the gold and madly plunged their hands into the shining pile. Some of them began frantically to fill their pockets with the yellow nuggets. Presently, judging by their movements, one or two of them suggested bringing the two boats, in which they had come and which lay upon the beach near by, to the side of the raft and loading them with gold.

By this time the Indians concealed along the secret path were no longer to be held back from avenging their murdered comrades. Casimiro by a few signs to his followers and a word or two to Fraser ordered an attack while the white adventurers were still crazy with the fever of gold. They began creeping quietly nearer the beach, when the Indian on the raft caught sight of a movement among the rocks and shouted a warning to his white companions. At the same moment that the invading party picked up their guns, Fraser, Casimiro, and fifty Patagonians sprang toward them only fifty yards away. There was a double volley of rifle shots. Five of those on the raft fell and three of the attacking party. There was no more shooting. The eight men remaining on the raft tried to reach their boats. Access by land was cut off. They threw themselves into the water and tried to swim toward them. Instead of swimming they sank from sight. Two of them never rose again. The other three tore off their gold-loaded coats and rose to the surface. It was only a choice of deaths for them. Instantly they were seized by revengeful hands and the blue water was reddened with their blood.

The traitor died by Casimiro's own hand. He had been wounded by the first discharge of firearms. He leaped to his feet when the avenging party reached the raft and faced them, knife in hand. The chief was in the van. He motioned to the others to stand back and, himself a picture of vengeance, rejuvenated and implacable, sprang upon the doomed man. The defiance of the wretch at bay seemed at the last moment to change to terror. He cringed. The yellow heap which

was to have been the prize of his treachery, was literally the pillow upon which he drew his last breath.

It was not a fight but a slaughter. In five minutes it was over. Not one of the invaders remained alive. Casimiro for the first time missed the Scotchman. He looked quickly from one to another of the prostrated forms upon the beach and raft and then ran swiftly to a figure lying upon the sand, where the volley from the raft had met the charging Patagonians. The Scotchman lay upon his face, Casimiro turned him. A groan relieved the worst fears and he sought to revive the wounded man. Fraser regained consciousness presently, but shook his head in answer to the look in the chief's face. A ball had passed through his body just below the breast-bone, and the injured man knew his case was hopeless. He protested against being moved, and the Indians brought skins for a softer couch and tried to ease his sufferings where he lay.

The dying man gave little thought to himself. He asked eagerly about the result of the short battle. He suggested sending to reconnoiter at once in order to ascertain whence the invaders came and whether there were more of them. Casimiro told him a small ship lay anchored in the harbor, but she seemed to be deserted. Then the sufferer advised the removal of all the gold in the cove to the hiding place on the opposite side of the river. He reminded Casimiro of his promise to carry out the agreement with Brent in case of his own misfortune and urged the thorough execution of the original plan as the only safeguard against such tragedies as they had just witnessed.

Casimiro acquiesced sadly in all the dying man said, and when the end came rather suddenly at the last, he closed the eyes of his staunch ally and friend with a grief as deep as he would have felt for any of his own kindred.

"Tell the lad," said Fraser just before the end, "that his responsibility will be greater than mine—greater than I could have borne—greater than any man bears to-day. I love the lad. He will be true."

The struggle to exorcise the curse which the presence of gold meant to the Patagonians went on more earnestly than ever after this. Some feeling of rebellion against the heavy labor which the task imposed quite disappeared after the tragic demonstration of

the dangers lurking in the useless treasure which encumbered their land. The ship in which the white men had come proved to be quite deserted. The Indians took it outside the harbor and sank it in the sea. The two or three loads of gold which had been landed in the little cove, were taken to the opposite bank of the river. All the remaining gold had been brought from Treasure Valley, safely landed and concealed and all trace of treasure or anything else unusual had been removed nearly a month before Brent's arrival. Casimiro had simply waited for the hour when he understood Brent was to appear and then he had presented himself.

Brent gleaned the principal points in this history from Casimiro's narration. His grief over his friend's fate quite destroyed for the time all interest in the treasure which had been the primary cause of it. There arose in fact a revulsion in his mind against this gold which for him would always be blood-stained, a sinister and evil treasure. He talked long with the old man about his dead friend and Casimiro strove to satisfy his thirst for knowledge of the man they both had loved with an affection not less strong than a brother's.

When Casimiro turned at last to the work still at hand, Brent brought himself to the subject with the greatest aversion. He explained very briefly his facilities for shipping the gold, and it was agreed to begin work on the morrow. It was a comparatively simple task. The position of the steamship was changed a few rods to facilitate the work and then the unloading of the cargo and boxes went on rapidly from day to day. All the work, except placing the goods upon the floats at the ship's side and hoisting the loaded boxes of gold on board, was done by the Indians. No one from the ship except Brent was allowed to step foot ashore at the point where the cargo was landed and the mysterious boxes were reshipped. The crew of the *Richmond* marveled much at the extraordinary weight of the small cases when they came back from the shore. A rumor gained currency among them that the boxes contained quicksilver ore, and ignorant as the men were of such subjects this report quite satisfied their curiosity.

On the third of October, the *Richmond's* cargo was all on board and instead of appearing to be in ballast only she sank deep in the water under the small but heavy load. Brent

had a last and affectionate interview with Casimiro, who seemed to consider that the service was on Brent's part and not on his own in carrying away the gold. The young man arranged for the annual delivery of a cargo of supplies in December midsummer, and then just at noon with steam up the *Richmond* startled the echoes and sent terror to the hearts of the Patagonians with a tremendous blast of her whistle. A few moments later she was under way, creeping slowly out into the ocean and then turning her prow to the north.

The steamer's cargo was so heavy that she was unable to carry a full supply of coal. She put in again at Rio Janeiro to partially refill her bunkers. Otherwise the voyage to New York was without stop or unusual incident. Sandy Hook was sighted on the second of November and the steamer lay at quarantine that night while Brent went up to the city to arrange for docking.

The only point which gave the young man any anxiety was the customs inspection. His cargo was not dutiable, so that he would be guilty of no fraud upon the government in failing to declare its real nature. He was also confident that if the arrival of such a vast quantity of gold should transpire through a customhouse declaration, it would inflict a great and unnecessary calamity upon the business world. His conscience felt justified therefore in resorting to the same expedient which he had adopted on landing his small consignment of gold a few months before. Fortune seemed to favor him, for the same inspector came aboard who had examined his boxes before. He remembered the occasion and his examination this time was almost as superficial as the first.

This ordeal passed and the ship docked near the foot of West Tenth Street, Brent felt that the worst of his difficulties were over. He found the vault completed to his satisfaction, and the work of storing his strange cargo therein was begun at once.

CHAPTER V.

A MOLE-HILL THAT BECAME A MOUNTAIN.

It was five o'clock in the afternoon of Tuesday, the 20th of November, when the last box of the *Richmond's* mysterious cargo was raised to its place on top of one of the tiers of closely packed cases in the steel and granite chamber. Robert Brent watched the rather awkward exertions of the brawny truckmen

as they tugged and pushed the rough box over small rollers on a long skid which rested against the top of the row.

"We can't get used to 'em, sir," remarked one of the men, when they rested for a moment at the end of their task. "It isn't the heavy weight; it's the small size. If they were solid lead they wouldn't be harder to handle."

"There is a good deal of metal in them," replied Brent sententiously.

The men went away. Brent followed them to the outer door, locked it on the inside and went back to the great vault. He threw himself in sudden weariness into an old wooden chair the workmen had left and sat listless, scarcely thinking. His energy was gone. Body and mind became suddenly inert. Nerves that for more than a year had been under the strain of an anxiety and excitement more intense than he himself had realized finally relaxed. A sense of unreality in it all overwhelmed him. It had been a stupendous dream. There was no Valley of Gold down there at the world's southernmost outpost. Fraser and his dreadful end were a horrible nightmare. The dark-skinned, lithe Patagonians were myths. So was this silent tomb of treasure in which he was sitting. He would awake presently and find that the last morsel of biscuit and cheese eaten in the smoking-room of the Victoria last night was responsible for it all. So strong did the impression grow within him that he roused himself in quite a panic of fear. He got upon his feet, walked over to the last high breastwork of gold-laden cases and struck it smartly. The blow bruised his knuckles, and he was himself again.

"The air must be bad here," he said to himself, "to give me such a turn. I'll have a sharp walk up to Del's and dine." And he put his hand into his pocket for the key to the inner door of the vault.

"Hullo!" he exclaimed suddenly, "I've no money." And then as the situation dawned upon him he sat down again and laughed. The predicament amused him immensely. "Six thousand tons of gold, and penniless. It's just as well that I want to walk up town, for I couldn't pay car-fare. Stupid of me to get caught in this fashion. I wonder if the cashier at Del's would take a small handful of gold-dust for a dinner. Be apt to make a sensation, I imagine, if I should put a few pinches of yellow dust on the plate

when the waiter brought the bill. I must hunt up Wharton and borrow a few dollars." He put out the electric light, locked the inner door, closed one by one the other steel barriers, drew the bolts, turned the dials of the combination locks, and left the building.

For several days Brent gave himself up to aimless idleness. He admitted that he needed rest. He was tired from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet. The unrelenting pressure of his task—a pressure that he had scarcely felt, so stimulating had been the attending excitement—was gone and he yielded to the demand for rest which the reaction made upon brain and body. He revelled in the freedom from care and responsibility. The instincts and tastes which he had cultivated in his European wanderings reasserted themselves. He was half inclined to seal up his treasure-house and spend the winter amid the luxurious delights of Nice or southern Italy. He need be in no haste to execute any of the ideas which had occurred to him for the employment of some of his wealth. As a matter of fact he had made no plans and no comprehensive scheme for the utilization of any considerable portion of his treasure had suggested itself to his mind. He had allowed various fancies to run riot in his imagination occasionally since the gold had come into his possession, but he had given little serious thought to the subject. The task in hand had been quite enough to absorb any man's energies.

Now, however, he sat himself down to consider the opportunities, the privileges, the responsibilities, the duties, which the situation thrust upon him. He faced the problem buoyantly, hopefully, and without anxiety. The facts with which he must deal were without precedent, to be sure, and of unparalleled importance to the people of his own country and to all Christendom. He was about to make the greatest contribution to the world's wealth, as he regarded it, that humanity had ever received. Such a gift, if judiciously bestowed, could be naught but a blessing. There was no room for any sordid motive in deciding how to employ the bulk of his treasure. He could not conceive of any human ambition which money could gratify that would call for a tenth part of the treasure locked in his storehouse. His motives were honest and generous. He was willing, nay, desirous, to administer his wealth as a monster trust-fund for the benefit of all humanity.

He reached this determination very early in his deliberations. Then he began to be puzzled a little. He realized that he could not put any considerable portion of his treasure to work in the financial or commercial world without its adding to itself an increment. To invest it, in the ordinary sense, in enterprises which "didn't pay" would be serious folly. It would encourage bad business methods and those who least deserved it would profit by such a policy. And yet he did not feel justified in adding to his immense store by accumulations in the shape of interest or dividends. He could compel the whole industrial and commercial world to pay tribute to him with his billions. He had no desire to use such a power.

How could he diminish his fortune year by year without doing violence to any sound business principle? That was the form in which the problem soon presented itself to Robert Brent, and he did not find it as easy of solution as he expected. It was a problem new to human experience. Brent was very sure that no other man ever was troubled by it. He did not doubt, however, that his humblest acquaintance would undertake to manage it for him without the least hesitation.

One escape from his dilemma was obvious and easy. He could leave his gold where he had buried it, as nonexistent to the world as if it had remained in its native bed. A few millions a year, not enough to disturb the monetary and commercial conditions of society, might be distributed in benefactions, while the great mass remained untouched. Brent debated this policy a long time, and then he rejected it. He turned from it rather regretfully. He began to understand that any other course involved tremendous responsibility, grave anxieties, and unrelenting labor. He would have been glad to escape all these. But it was a burden which he did not quite dare to shirk. He could not have said just why. He would not have acknowledged a trace of superstition in his instincts, but a strong conviction possessed him that it was his duty to the world to make the best use possible of the treasure which he controlled. The more clearly he realized how gigantic and how difficult was the task, the more he shrank from it and yet the more convinced he became that he could not honorably avoid it. To an American mind more than to any other, perhaps, it was repugnant to think of such a great force lying idle.

His six thousand tons of gold should become an active factor in shaping the destinies of men and especially of his own countrymen. Brent became very determined on that point as soon as he had given it thorough consideration. But that was as far as he could get for some time. He could give away many millions. He could advance the cause of education with a greater impetus than it had ever received. He could promote science on a larger scale than the world had known. He could endow charities with a liberality that would minimize suffering throughout the nation. Ah, but could he? Was it as simple as it seemed at first thought? Was it possible to accomplish these good things without doing greater harm? He tried to trace out in a single example the effect of such a policy.

Suppose he should endow a college with a fund of \$20,000,000. According to all precedent and to every principle of sound finance, that money must be safely invested, so that it would yield a return of \$800,000 or \$1,000,000 a year to pay the expenses of the institution. There was one fact in connection with the management of his own financial affairs after he came of age that he remembered very clearly—good investments are scarce. Stocks, bonds, anything paying a fair return without too great an element of risk, are hard to find. It would not be difficult probably to place safely and without appreciable harm to others the sum of twenty millions. But that was a mere bagatelle compared with nearly four thousand millions. The investment of such a treasure meant the overturning of all the world's standards of value. It would be doing indirectly what he had determined not to do. It would mean that he should put the industrial and commercial world under tribute to such objects, good in themselves perhaps, as he might choose to designate. Had he the right to assume such a power, and what would he be giving the world in exchange for such an arbitrary assumption of authority? He began to doubt if a man who discovered a gold mine, however good his intentions, was a public benefactor. Perhaps the man who drove a railroad spike or plowed a field was of greater value to society after all.

Brent's meditations from being hopeful became gloomy. His golden burden threatened to become an incubus not only to him but to humanity. He must not keep it, he must not invest it; he must not give it away.

One other consideration added to his difficulties. Above all things he was resolved to preserve the secret of his riches. Every plan must bend to that end. He would avoid at any cost the notoriety which public knowledge of the possession of such wealth would bring him. It would mean infinite annoyance and even danger. He was absolutely selfish on this point, and he felt that he had a right to be. This determination cut him off from counsel and advice which he would have been glad to seek and of which he knew he stood sadly in need. He knew it would be necessary to make several partial confidences. No man should know, if he could prevent it, the whole truth or any large part of it. He was willing to pose as a man of great wealth in the ordinary sense, but nobody must suspect him of being a billionaire or even compare his riches with those of the Astors, the Vanderbilts, or the Goulds.

It was hampered by these restrictions and harassed by the impotent result of his unaided struggles with his great problem, that Brent began to study the affairs of the day early in December. Fortunately he admitted without reserve his ignorance and his incompetence for the task which he had assumed. His present duty, he wisely decided, was to seek information. He could do this in books, in newspapers, and in his character as a wealthy gentleman of leisure among men of business. He was not hopeful however of finding any definite suggestions for the disposal of the most enormous treasure that had ever been suddenly added to the world's banking account.

His first practical step was to provide for turning some small portion of his store into money. That would be necessary in any event, for gold-dust and nuggets are not legal tender and the metal must be in the form of coin or duly stamped and certified bullion before it will pass current in the world's markets. He saw that he must adopt careful and strict precautions. He must guard not only the secret of his own connection with this gold, but the fact of the metal's existence must be kept from the world. If it became known that such an overwhelming flood of newborn treasure might at any moment be poured into the ebbing and flowing tide of human traffic the consequences would be something quite beyond the power of the imagination to estimate. Brent did not undertake to say what would happen.

He remembered that the financial disaster which swallowed up his own fortune eighteen months before had been caused primarily by the production of too much silver. It had become impossible to preserve the proportion of value which the white metal had held to the yellow in previous history. America had persisted longer in the attempt than any other country. When she abandoned the task, she suffered the severest penalties for her efforts. All this was clear in Brent's mind and he feared that the plethora of gold which would be created by the unlocking of his treasure house would prove even more disastrous. He meant to guard against the possible calamity.

He decided to send to the Philadelphia Mint thirty of the boxes from the steel vault, the equivalent of about \$4,500,000, which could be coined promptly. One hundred boxes more, worth say \$15,000,000, he would turn into bullion at the United States Assay Office in Wall Street. He would thus be provided with an available capital of nearly \$20,000,000, which would be sufficient probably for his immediate purposes. The greatest safety against suspicion he decided lay in treating his boxes as ordinary merchandise. He shipped thirty cases to Philadelphia as second-class freight. When they arrived there he allowed them to remain unguarded for a day or two in the railroad freight depot. He employed a private truckman to deliver them at the Mint.

His request for a private audience with the director of the Mint was granted at once.

"Have you a few tons of gold about you, this time, Mr. Brent?" was the official's greeting after a cordial hand-shake.

"Not in my pockets," was the young man's smiling reply, "but my errand is much the same as the one which brought me here last spring, and I have the same favor of secrecy to ask of you."

The director leaned forward in astonishment.

"Do you mean that you are bringing me several more truck-loads of native gold to be coined?" he asked.

"Well, yes, that's what it comes to. It isn't a fabulous amount; rather more than last time; about fifteen thousand pounds, I should judge."

The look of amazement settled upon the director's face. "Fifteen thousand pounds," he repeated, "and worth more than \$300 a

pound, for that was the purest metal that ever came to the Mint. Close to five million dollars. Is the new lot like the last?"

"Pretty much the same, I think you will find it."

"Free gold has seldom been found in such quantities before, Mr. Brent. I suppose the location of your mine is still a secret?"

"It may as well remain so for it is practically exhausted. I may possibly bring you more of its products. I don't know. You will be able once more, I hope, to prevent any annoying rumors about the matter getting into the newspapers?"

"O, I think so. It would not be proper for me to conceal the facts about so important a transaction from the Department, but I will mention your wish and I have no doubt the secretary of the treasury will respect it."

The usual formalities of weighing and receipts were completed and arrangements were made for shipping the coin to New York a few days later. Brent returned home. The difficulties in the way of turning a larger quantity of native metal into commercial bullion without connecting his name with such wealth puzzled him for some time. He considered the feasibility of establishing a private assay office in which his gold might be cast into bars or ingots which would soon be recognized as of standard purity in the bullion market. The risks in such a plan would be too great, he concluded. It involved trusting a large portion of his secret to too many strangers.

The metal must therefore pass through the government assay office and receive the government stamp. He resolved not to appear in any way in these transactions. He was compelled to choose an agent. Naturally, he turned to his chum of college days. He had always found John Wharton trustworthy. He believed he could trust him now. Wharton was the junior member of the firm of Strong and Co., brokers in New Street. It was not a large house or very prominent in big operations in the market, but it was sound, conservative, and respected. During the few weeks Brent had spent in New York in the spring and summer, Wharton was one of the few old friends whom he had sought out and their intimacy had been in some degree renewed. The jovial, generous qualities of the college lad had not disappeared in the keen, energetic man of busi-

ness, but he was not in the fast set in the Exchange. He was thoroughly a man of affairs, genial and popular. Brent credited him with a sound judgment, conservatism, and reserve capacity which a new acquaintance might not at once have perceived. He was not deceived. His confidence in Wharton's loyalty and ability were well placed.

The day after Brent returned to New York he hunted up his friend and easily secured his promise to join him that evening in a *tête-à-tête* dinner at his Waldorf rooms. It was a jolly meal. Brent was glad enough to throw off the rather depressing load which his situation was again putting upon him, and he enjoyed keenly the revival of college experiences and the budget of anecdotes about the fortunes of mutual friends which Wharton supplied. It was not until the waiter had cleared the table of all but the *café noir* and cigars had disappeared, that the rather grave air which was becoming habitual to him returned to Brent's face. His guest noticed it and presently broke in on him with frank friendliness:

"Look here, old man, something's on your mind. Let's have it. You know you can command me—advice, sympathy, anything—and the indebtedness will still be on my side. Which is it, girl or money?" There was a warm cordiality beneath the playfulness of the young man's tone which attested his sincerity.

"You are right, John. I am puzzled about some money, but not in the way you imagine. Tell me, by the way, what you think of the financial situation."

"Business, eh? I'm disappointed. I hoped it was romance. Well, things are rather in a mess. We haven't recovered from last year's smash by any means. It isn't a good time to speculate either way. Prospects are too uncertain. About investments, it's a question of detail. If I had certain things I'd sell them. There are a few sound securities that I believe it would be safe to buy at present prices and lay by. How have you been hit, Bob?"

"I haven't been hit. My difficulty is quite of the other sort. I am going to tell you something of the story, Jack, and then ask your assistance. I am concerned chiefly in keeping the facts secret and I know I can trust you. I have here in New York the product of a very rich gold mine. This gold

is solely my own property and it is for me to decide what to do with it. How much? Well, I don't know exactly. There will be about \$5,000,000 to my credit at the Chemical National Bank in a few days, and—"

"Five millions! And such a fortune makes you sad? I'd like to have a touch of that sort of melancholy. My congratulations, old man," and Wharton seized his friend's hand enthusiastically.

"But you haven't heard the worst," responded Brent, with a not very mirthful smile. "I have at least four or five times as much more in native metal which I want to turn into bullion."

Wharton searched his friend's face, amazed and then incredulous. "See here, Bob. Are you joking?" he exclaimed.

"Does this look like it? It is the director of the Mint's receipt for fifteen thousand odd pounds of native gold for coining," and Brent tossed the slip of paper across the table. Wharton read it and was silent for a few moments.

"I am clean knocked out, Robert," he observed presently. "Twenty-five or thirty millions in gold! That is more cash than the richest man in America possesses to-day. Where is this mine? Is it still producing? Is this all or is it to keep on indefinitely? What are you going to do with this money? It will make you one of the most powerful operators in the market."

"I am under obligation not to disclose the secret of the mine and I admit I have not told you the whole truth about its value, but its future product will not be worth considering. It is with present difficulties that I want you to help me. I am fully determined on two points. I am willing to be known as ordinarily rich, as a millionaire perhaps, but I mean to escape if it is possible the notoriety that goes with vast wealth. In gratifying this desire I hope to rely chiefly on your aid. My other resolve you may think eccentric and foolish, but I am firm in it also. I have decided not to increase my fortune by investment, speculation, or in any other way. You will look upon me as a philanthropic crank, perhaps, but we will discuss that point another time. My question now is whether you can devote yourself, old fellow, pretty largely to my interests, quite within the lines of your regular business and of course under liberal conditions."

"You have no need to ask that question,

Bob. You know very well, or ought to, that you are making me one of the most flattering offers that one man could make to another. I accept, and gratefully. You may trust my fidelity, if not my judgment, and there 's my hand on it," and the two clasped hands in the earnest, manly fashion that is a surer pledge than a man's bond.

They fell into a discussion of plans for sending a quantity of the gold through the Assay Office. It was arranged finally that Brent should send one hundred and twenty-five boxes of the metal to the office of Strong and Co. Thence it would be transferred in smaller consignments, as fast as it could be handled, to the Assay Office in Wall Street for smelting. The transaction was to be in the name of the firm and secrecy about the real ownership of the metal was of course to be maintained by Strong and Co. The resulting bullion, they decided, should be sold or used in whatever financial operations might be undertaken, as rapidly as might be without creating any serious disturbance in the market.

It was long after midnight when the two men separated. This was only one of many and frequent consultations between them. Brent learned much in these talks, but the light which he gained upon the real nature of his problem was only partial and incidental. Wharton was completely in the dark as to the size of his friend's fortune. He naturally supposed that it did not much exceed the millions which had already been disclosed to him. His suggestions were most of them therefore of little value to Brent in seeking a channel for the distribution of the golden contents of his reservoir.

"If your fortune was five or ten times greater," Wharton remarked one day after several millions of the crude gold had already been turned into bullion, "you might do the public and yourself too a great service by smashing the bear clique that is having things all its own way in the market."

Brent seized the point with genuine interest. "Do you think it would be really a good thing if prices were put up by heavy buying?" he asked.

"Most assuredly I do," was the reply. "The market has been growing worse for weeks. Public confidence is so shaken that it is locking up its money in secret hiding places again as it did eighteen months ago. Pretty soon we shall have another money

famine and then the bottom will go out of the market again. The intrinsic values of securities are not falling. Earnings and dividends are good. The trouble is not commercial: it is financial purely. When our financial Moses appears he will set things right again, but he isn't in sight yet. It is quite true that fear of what may be done at Washington or fear that nothing will be done is the chief cause of the distrust which is daily aggravating the situation. How could it be otherwise than a boon then if public confidence should be strengthened by the introduction of fresh capital and the consequent advance of prices in the stock market? Why, my dear fellow, the addition of \$100,000,000 in gold to the circulation in this country would settle in five days the silver question that has been tormenting us for the last five years."

Brent pondered a few moments. Then in sudden determination:

"John, I'll try the experiment. I'm not sure that you are right, but it sounds reasonable. I will add \$100,000,000 in gold to the circulation and at the same time I'll advance prices a few points in the stock market. You may begin buying for me to-morrow morning. I'll give you *carte blanche*."

Wharton's amazement was speechless for some time, and Brent, who had heartily realized the startling nature of the revelation which his declaration involved, watched his friend in some amusement. There was a nearer approach to awe in John Wharton's voice when he finally spoke than that rather unemotional young man ever manifested before.

"Do you mean to tell me, Robert, that you are able to speak of spending one hundred millions as easily as another rich man would talk of as many thousands? How much gold is there, for heaven's sake, in that storehouse of yours?"

"I don't know, John: but I can spare one hundred millions. Can you invest it for me? I told you, to be sure, that I did not wish my fortune to earn any increase, and that is still my determination. It seems necessary however to put this sum temporarily into investment securities, but I think I can devise means for turning the income back into its former channels without its going to augment my capital. Will you undertake the commission?"

"It is too great a responsibility," re-

sponded Wharton, still rather dazed by the other's announcement. "No, you must not ask me to spend such a colossal sum according to my own whim. Give me definite orders and I will execute them."

"Well, we should go about it carefully, making as little disturbance as possible and distributing our operations over several weeks or months, I should say. Suppose we buy twenty-five thousand shares of stock daily for a time, would that be enough to turn the current?"

"Immediately and effectually, I assure you. Very well, name the stocks and the amounts and I'll buy them for you. You have about \$16,000,000 in working capital with us now and it can be increased with the gold still on hand to fully \$25,000,000 within a week. Any more that you may send us can be changed into bullion as fast as we shall need it."

They arranged the details of the first two or three days' operations and Brent prepared to watch the result of his experiment. When he thought the matter over alone he was disturbed by many doubts about his plan. He determined nevertheless to carry it out. Only by experiment, he decided in some discouragement, could the course of wisdom be discovered.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FATE OF THE WALL STREET BEARS.

WHEN the gong rang in the New York Stock Exchange at ten o'clock one morning just before the 1894 Christmas holidays, the attendance of brokers upon the floor was smaller than usual. The signal for beginning business was not followed by the loud roar of voices which marks the days of "good business" in Wall Street. "The public" was not there and hadn't been there for a long time. The lambs had learned discretion months ago. Not even "the tails they left behind them" remained to wrangle over. The practice of financial cannibalism had gone on for so long in a "traders' market" that brokers looked forward to the New Year's balance sheets with the gloomiest forebodings.

The outlook was so bad, that a strong clique apparently had begun operations a few weeks before for the purpose of hastening and profiting by the crash which many believed to be inevitable. The bears seemed in a fair way to accomplish their purpose.

Prices, already low, had yielded easily. The rallies had been few and insignificant. The market was already blue and even panicky at times. Nobody seemed to think, however, that the crisis was at hand. For two or three days, the best of the active stocks, New York Central, Lake Shore, Northwest, Western Union, and C. B. & Q., had been steadily hammered. They had yielded an average of two points each and were still weak. The largest groups of brokers this morning were around the poles where these stocks were dealt in. Western Union was the most active at the outset. It had closed the night before at 77½. It was offered freely just after trading began at 77½ and then at 77¾. There was little support and when one of the sellers offered 1,000 shares at 77¾, there was some surprise that a little man who had hurried over from another part of the room should accept the lot and promptly bid the same price for more. He got 2,500 shares before offers ceased and then he bid an eighth and a quarter higher still, for 1,000 share lots. He had to offer 78 before he gained 5,000 shares and then no more were forthcoming.

There were signs of animation around the Western Union pole by this time, and the nervous young broker bolted over to the Lake Shore and New York Central crowd. He bid up the price of each of these stocks a full point, accumulating nearly 8,000 shares by the operation.

Before eleven o'clock the sudden strength of these leading securities had given a better tone to the whole market. There was heavy buying of Northwest and C. B. & Q., also, and although the bears renewed the attack an hour later their stock was taken without any yielding of prices.

By the time trading closed for the day the losses of the past week had been fully recovered and the bear operators found they had put out nearly 30,000 shares of stock on a rising market. It was a severe check to them, and the more so because they were unable to account for the sudden strength of the lines they were assailing. They did not regard the situation with the least alarm. Things had been going their way too long for that. They were "short" more than 100,000 shares. They had sold, for instance, 30,000 shares of Western Union at from 84 to 79 and had borrowed the stock to deliver to the purchasers. They could afford to buy

it back at several points higher than the present quotation and still make a handsome profit. So they determined to put the screws on a little tighter the next day and break, if possible, the new support which the market was receiving.

They tried it. They threw out again about 30,000 shares. The result was that Western Union advanced to 79½ and the other stocks which they attacked gained from one and a half to two points each. The bear syndicate was much disturbed. What was this new influence in the market? What was its motive, when the tendency of the time was toward worse instead of lesser financial difficulties? How strong was it, and who was directing it? What alarmed them most was that they found some difficulty in borrowing the necessary stock which they had sold for delivery. The buyers, whoever they might be, were taking their purchases out of the market. This indicated investment rather than speculative buying, or at all events it gave assurance of heavy capital at command of the bulls. And then there had been mysterious additions within two or three days to the New York gold supplies.

There had been almost a gold famine for weeks, the drain from abroad had been so great, and this fact had more than anything else encouraged the bear movement which had been undertaken. Within a week, however, nearly fifteen millions in bullion had been added to the stock in the hands of New York holders. General attention had not yet been attracted to the activity at the Assay Office, but the big operators in the market on both sides knew about it and it puzzled them exceedingly. Within three or four days after the sudden check came to the bear campaign, the managers of the syndicate were using their utmost endeavors to discover the source and extent of this unexpected influx of gold. They had good reason to be alarmed as well as bewildered. They had not undertaken the campaign without the most exhaustive study of the whole monetary situation. They knew almost to a dollar the free gold resources of the country. They had estimated shrewdly the timidity or distrust which characterized the general financial public opinion. They possessed sufficient capital and skill to make their scheme an almost certain success, if the situation was really what their inquiries indicated it to be.

Whence, then, this unexpected obstacle? They made use of every source of information which ingenuity could suggest and then on the last day of the year they met in the Broad Street office of the chief member of the bear pool to decide on their future policy.

It had been another disastrous day for them in the market. Prices had recovered almost to the point where they had begun operations and yet they were "short" many thousand shares. Their position was critical and they knew it. So it was not a sanguine group which gathered about a large table in the private office of the big operator. They got down to business at once. First they listened to a statement of the business done by the syndicate to date. By this it appeared that if all contracts should be closed at that day's closing quotations, the net result would be a loss of just \$2,135,225. This was serious, but it was not all. The pool was still "short," that is, it had contracted to deliver 195,200 shares of stock. To attempt to buy in this immense block of stock in the existing state of the market would send prices kiting higher than ever. It might more than double the losses already incurred. This meant little less than ruin for more than one of the half-dozen men around the green-baize table. But they were men of nerve every one. They were accustomed to face emergencies boldly and they proceeded to discuss the situation with calmness and cool logic.

The grizzle-headed, keen-eyed, energetic man at the head of the table, a millionaire ten times over, and holding nearly fifty per cent interest in the pool, first expressed himself in the terse, jerky sentences characteristic of him:

"It looks bad, gentlemen, very bad indeed on the face of things. I hope some of you know who is fighting us. I don't. General conditions haven't changed since we began operations. Everything is going our way. There hasn't been any professional buying in the rally of the last week. Everybody in the market thinks we have made the boom by taking profits. So nobody suspects that we have been hurt. That's our safeguard. I believe we can make another raid without immediate danger of suspicion, if the chances warrant risking renewed attack. If we can break the market now there will be nothing to prevent our covering at our own figures.

But can we break it? I can't get even a decent hint of the source of the support the market is receiving. We can be sure it is confined to one source. I don't believe it is any individual or private pool. There are none of the marks of any of the big operators. There is no man in the market able to raise the money, who is fool enough to fight the current at almost certain loss. I tell you, gentlemen, it has taken at least fifteen millions in cash to give prices the turn they have taken in the last ten days.

"Where has it come from? Are the banks supporting the market in order to stave off a panic? I should know it if they were, but they can't afford to do it and I get nothing but denials from them. Is it a big Treasury scheme? I don't believe it. The government wouldn't dare interfere even indirectly and I am sure the Assay Office disbursements are not Treasury gold. Is there a London pool at work against us? It's out of the question. I've had the closest inquiries make on the other side and my correspondent cables this afternoon that it is impossible. 'Americans' were never so unpopular in the English market and you couldn't get the boldest London operator to touch them. I can think of nothing else. I am completely in the dark, but our salvation depends on the solution of the mystery. What do you hear, Forbes?" and he turned to the broker at his left.

"Nothing satisfactory. I agree that it is the new bullion from the Assay Office that is being used against us, but I am quite unable to trace the connection. One of our confidential men learned from an Assay Office clerk to-day that Strong and Co. have been the heaviest dealers in bullion there recently.

"I can hardly believe it, and if it is true, it doesn't help us much. It's a small house, you know, and very conservative. I haven't the slightest idea who would operate through them. I am as much in the dark as the rest of you about our opponents, but you may depend upon it they are much stronger than we credit them with being. Their apparent foolhardiness in risking almost certain ruin is proof of their great resources. They have spent, we'll say, fifteen millions in supporting an almost panic-stricken market in the face of the most discouraging circumstances. If they are able to do that they have the power to carry out the rest of the game, whatever it may be. My

advice, gentlemen, is to go slow. It is time to act on the defensive and save what we can."

"I don't agree with you," broke in a sharp-featured, nervous little man whose agility on the floor of the exchange was a by-word in Wall Street. "I tell you it is a desperate game that is being played against us and we have only to sit tight a little longer to win. Some of the Clearing House crowd are in it and so are two or three moss-backed old houses that you would never suspect but which couldn't stand up for a day in a storm. They are loaded up and I predict that they'll begin to unload within three days. The minute they do, things will go our way without our lifting a finger. There's nobody to buy stocks. Let's give them a little more rope. I'll stand my proportion of 50,000 shares to break the market day after to-morrow. Once turn the scale and the battle is won. It would be suicide for us to try to cover now. The least sign of weakness from us will only encourage them to keep up the fight."

"Do you see any sign of their ammunition giving out?" asked the chairman.

"I think there were signs of it in the last half hour to-day," replied the nervous broker. "There was no buying to speak of after two o'clock, and the market became so heavy that if we had had the courage to throw in a few thousand-share lots I believe the collapse would have begun then and there. We should start a selling movement in London before the New York market opens Wednesday morning and follow it with a sharp raid all along the line the moment business begins here."

The discussion became general and animated. Nobody had any real light to throw upon the nature of the forces opposed to them. All agreed that it was almost incredible that any secret combination of capital could be made strong enough to stem successfully the natural flow of the financial tide which was manifestly toward the sea of liquidation. Only two courses were open to them. One was to await the discomforture of the enemy under the overpowering influence of natural laws: the other was to hasten his downfall by increasing the load which he was trying to carry. To surrender to an enemy who was probably himself on the point of retreat was out of the question. One more bold stroke upon which

everything should be staked was the policy finally decided upon. The details were carefully arranged and the conference came to an end.

The onslaught was made the morning after the New Year's holiday. It was a battle royal, quite unlike any of the earlier field days of the Stock Exchange. A sharp selling movement began the moment the market opened. Stocks were offered right and left in large blocks. Prices went off at once, but not seriously. Within a few minutes, when it seemed that the market must give way under the crash of 1,000 and 5,000 share lots thrown out like a bombardment by the forces of the syndicate, there was a determined rally. The decline was checked, and although the buying party showed no disposition to do more than support the market against the sudden attack, the danger of a break seemed to be over. But there was a feverish apprehension in the air. The situation was in the hands of two great opposing cliques. Outsiders dared not follow the lead of either party. The issue was too much obscured. The outlook was critical in the estimation of operators on both sides and the tendency was to close short and long contracts alike.

The business of the exchange amounted to more than 100,000 shares in the first hour and then there was a brief lull. The bears soon broke it by opening a fresh attack. It met at first the same stubborn resistance. Then it became apparent that the Broad Street syndicate was playing a more desperate game than it had planned. Its members had decided in hasty conference to stake their fortunes upon a final blow. Stocks were pitched into the market in a reckless and wholesale fashion that almost matched the scenes of Blue Monday. Prices held up bravely for a few minutes and then they began to yield. Suddenly the market's support disappeared. Western Union dropped half a dozen points in as many minutes. The wildest excitement seized the Exchange. The smaller brokers and room traders thought they saw the end of the battle and rushed in to take advantage of the bear panic. The crash had come. It was a mad scramble to sell stocks. Fractions did not count in the frantic rush to unload or sell short. The same stocks sold at two or three different prices the same moment, so great was the confusion. The roar of voices, the

rushing to and fro, the struggles to get inside the groups of shouting brokers made one of those scenes which sometimes suggest to spectators in the gallery that the New York Stock Exchange is a madhouse turned loose. Half a dozen standard stocks fell twenty points within an hour. Specialties and speculative securities were nowhere. The bottom had dropped out and there was no end in sight.

The creators of the panic had no need to help it on after the break had fairly begun. The greater part of the decline took place upon a very small volume of business. One hundred and two hundred share lots carried prices down more easily than blocks of 5,000 shares had done earlier in the day. The crisis was desperate, appalling. A few of the governors of the Exchange consulted hurriedly with the chairman. It was suggested that business should be suspended for an hour to give an opportunity for reason to reassert itself. Announcements of failures began to be made, but none of them were important.

Just as the necessity for extraordinary measures to check the rushing avalanche became imperative, the situation changed a little. There were purchasers for securities of considerable amount at lowest prices. The Broad Street Syndicate had begun to take profits, to balance its account. They were compelled to do this. The market had been fearfully oversold. They must buy in some of the stock they had contracted to deliver, for it would be impossible to borrow it. Their purchases checked the panic more effectually than they hoped would happen. Soon they were accepting all stocks that were offered, but the amounts were small. Then they found it necessary to bid fractional advances, but this did not bring out shares in any considerable quantities. The small speculators were quick to take the cue and they began "to realize" also and they joined in the bidding. A natural reaction set in.

Suddenly an astonishing rumor flew through the Exchange. The Assay Office had just received a fresh deposit of ten millions in gold. The Broad Street syndicate was among the first to hear of it. They were dumfounded. Their brokers used extraordinary efforts to accumulate stocks without starting a boom. They met with indifferent success.

It was nearly one o'clock and excitement

was still high in the Exchange. The real crisis had come. The brokers who had supported the market for two weeks past had taken no part in the wild scene of the last two hours. Most of them had disappeared. Those who were still on the floor had been talking and listening anxiously at telephones or had been writing hurried notes and receiving replies from flying messengers. They did not appear to be men for whom a crash in prices meant ruin, but nobody paid any attention to them amid the mad whirl of events. Now, they suddenly became actors again in the drama. They plunged into the thick of the fight and began bidding up the very stocks in which the bears were trying to cover. It was no longer a defensive campaign on the bull side. It was the most terrifically aggressive one that Wall Street had ever seen. There was no waiting for offers. Bids for shares in any amount were made at recklessly rapid advances in price. There was a wild half hour which marked an epoch in the history of the New York Stock Exchange. For a few minutes stocks went up point by point, almost as rapidly as they had fallen two hours before. Everybody was amazed. This was no taking of profits after a bear raid. It was a forced advance in which the manipulators of the market squandered fortunes by offering and paying much higher prices than sellers were willing to accept.

For a time the bear brokers endeavored to keep pace with the movement and to buy as much stock as possible for delivery at the settling hour, which was fast approaching. The rush quickly became overwhelming and they stopped for a moment in sheer panic and amazement. It was wrong perhaps to accuse them of losing their heads even for an instant, because no matter how insane a broker's actions on the floor of the Exchange may appear to be, he will never admit losing control of himself. The sudden silence of the bear representatives must be ascribed therefore to the necessity for seeking fresh instructions from their principals. Such an emergency as that which had suddenly arisen had not been provided for. So they rushed to their telephones. The slight delay was fatal. Within scarcely five minutes, the scramble for stocks sent prices up ten, twenty, even twenty-five points. The excitement and confusion were maddening. Men fought with each other to get near the bargain centers. Hats were smashed coats torn off, and blows

exchanged in the wild struggle. A broker in one of the largest crowds fell insensible to the floor. So money-mad were his companions that nobody gave him a thought beyond thrusting his body unceremoniously out of the rush, for the attendants to care for.

No accurate record was ever made of the events of the next few minutes. Some transactions were taken down, many were not. There were sales of Western Union, for instance, at 78, 80, and 82, at the same moment and within ten feet of the pole. An hour before this stock had touched 60. When the brokers of the bear syndicate rushed back into the turmoil, they were too late to execute any of their new orders. Stocks were beyond their reach and still bounding higher. Within another twenty minutes Western Union was at par and other securities in which the bear syndicate had been operating were proportionately high. Meantime, the wildest excitement had been transferred to "the loan crowd."* The demand for stocks from the now panic-stricken "short interest" soon became frantic. It was plain that the market had been badly oversold. Exorbitant rates were soon demanded for the loan of shares. The suspicion quickly arose that certain stocks had been genuinely cornered. The furious buying throughout the market continued and it was plain that every share purchased would be taken out of the street. Lenders were prompt to take advantage of the situation. They demanded first a point a day, then two points, and finally as high as five points (\$5 per share per day) for the use of certain stocks. This was an impossible rate. It meant what soon proved to be the case, that there was no more of certain stocks available in the loan market. The consequence to all who were still short of the cor-

*That section of the Exchange where stocks are loaned and borrowed. Transactions of this kind are made necessary by "bear" or "short" dealings. An operator, for instance, "sells short" 100 shares of Union Pacific at 28. He does not possess the stock which he has sold; therefore he must borrow it for delivery to the purchaser before the close of business that day. The rate charged for such stock loans is usually very small, but it sometimes happens that stock is "oversold" or the supply is limited and in that case the "bear" may have to pay a round sum to obtain the shares he requires to complete his contracts. The "bear's" profit or loss depends on the future course of the market. In the case mentioned, if Union Pacific rises to 30 and the "bear" closes his speculation at that figure, that is if he buys 100 shares in the market to repay his loan, he loses \$200. On the other hand if the price drops to 26 and he buys the necessary 100 shares at that quotation, he makes a profit of \$200.

nered securities was disastrous. They must purchase the necessary stocks for fulfilling their contracts in the open market at no matter what exorbitant price or take refuge in insolvency.

The threatened calamity added to the excitement throughout the Exchange until a mad panic raged. Failures were announced in rapid succession. Big operators and important houses were among those suddenly swept upon the rocks of bankruptcy. The scene grew worse, until chaos reigned. Human nature could not endure such a strain. It was again apparent as it had been in the morning that extraordinary emergencies demand extraordinary measures. The suspension of business called for to check a bear panic two hours earlier was resorted to now in order to check a bull panic. The chairman of the Exchange ordered a half hour's recess. The storm gradually subsided. The tension relaxed. Men who had grown haggard and prematurely old within the hour began to reason again. They were like soldiers after a desperate charge and hand-to-hand battle. They wiped their brows, dazed at first and unrealizing. Then they began to take account of their financial wounds and still threatening dangers. No one knew what it all meant or what the outcome would be. The situation was unprecedented and mysterious. The bears were completely routed. That much was clear. But would the bulls make terms with their victims or would they despoil them of all they possessed?

The brief respite had but half expired when the market received a fresh surprise and one which nobody was able to account for. It was announced that the principal buyers who were now in control of the market had agreed to compromise with such sellers as were unable to meet their contracts on a basis of about twenty per cent advance above the morning's opening prices. These terms were severe but they were amazingly generous in view of the fact that it was within the power of the bulls to put the prices of cornered stocks at any figure they saw fit. There was little done in the way of fresh trading during the few minutes that remained of the session when the recess had expired. No one dared oppose or knew how to follow the mysterious controlling power of the market. It was recognized of course that the corner in stocks could be but temporary and that it was only its startling

suddenness that made it successful. The next day it would be broken by the opening of strong boxes which were beyond reach in time to avail of the unexpected situation. The bear syndicate and those who had been rash enough to follow it were the only victims of the most remarkable day's operations Wall Street had ever seen.

The opening of the Exchange the next morning was awaited with the keenest anxiety. Most bankers and financial men, the newspapers as well, were of opinion that the previous day's operations had been a wonderfully skillful *coup de main* by a bold and strong combination which nobody pretended to identify. It was a great fluke or flurry which was quite passed and a sharp fall in prices would be the natural sequel. It was evident the moment the session opened that there was plenty of long or investment stock which was yesterday out of reach, now in hand ready to take advantage of all that was left of the boom. The morning news from London was that Americans were almost utterly neglected in that market. London had not been included in the deal and was waiting for New York to set the pace. Offers of stocks at prices quoted during the greatest excitement the previous afternoon brought no response. There was a rapid decline until the level of the compromise made by the victors of yesterday was reached. Everybody became fearful of another crash. No sooner, however, did a panicky feeling begin to manifest itself than the same stalwart support came into the market. Its brokers were compelled to take large blocks of shares, but there was no hesitation or yielding and the rush was soon over. Before the day's business was finished quotations averaged almost exactly in line with the terms of the already famous settlement, and the great crisis was ended.

The new year was only a few days old when a complete transformation seemed to have taken place in the financial world. But the cause was too much a mystery for anybody to have great faith in the permanence of the new order of things. The newspapers said that the disbursement of January dividends had maintained the boom. Careful observers of the market saw no evidence of the small and widely distributed buying which comes from such a source. The investing public had been too badly scared these many months to be tempted back so easily. Besides, everybody knows that careful, thrifty, conserva-

tive savers of money invest their hoardings in only the very best securities, and at times when a booming market demands inflated prices. Such is the value of that intangible but very real commodity, "public confidence."

Englishmen maintain the broadest margin to be found anywhere between investment and speculation. It has come to be almost literally true that there is scarcely any market in London for securities yielding between four and seven per cent income on the market price. A six per cent stock or bond is far too risky for prudent investors, while the temptation is not sufficiently attractive to the speculator. Possible great rewards must be offered to induce John Bull to venture his capital in anything less sound than his consols; but when he does gamble he is as reckless as the rest. The same tendency is growing stronger in America. The zone is broadening between investment and gambling in the stock market. When the public speculates it is always for a rise. Usually the "professional trader" and the "big operator" who have foreseen all the conditions which were likely to stimulate the tender courage of the gentle public are ready to gratify its sudden desire to pay 100 cents for what had been offered it in vain at 50 cents a few weeks before.

But this common phenomenon was not taking place in January, 1895. Gullible as the poor lambs usually are, it is necessary to allow their fickle memories to forget before seeking to victimize them by a repetition of a stale trick. A steady persistent advance in prices went on during the early days of the new year without any of the usual accompanying conditions of "improved trade," "better commercial prospects," "signs of a great business revival," "sound state of the banks and national treasury." The usual crop of sanguine interviews with "leading business men" which appears in the newspapers every New Year's Day had been dubiously small and weak. In fact Wall Street had none of the common bait with which it allures old and new victims. Whence then came the sudden strength which had supplanted the almost unerring symptoms of pending collapse?

CHAPTER VII.

STRANGE EVENTS IN THE FINANCIAL WORLD.

THE history of the financial world for the next two months was peculiar. The markets of London and of all Europe were affected by

the strange conditions which developed in America. Prices of all classes of securities continued abnormally high. There had been some advance above the figures at which settlements had been made on that memorable second of January. Sound dividend paying stocks commanded prices which yielded on the average less than four per cent to the investor. No commercial or industrial depression, no bad news from any quarter, no offerings by holders of stock anxious to unload had any effect upon Wall Street quotations. But the market was by no means a healthy one. Speculation had almost ceased—perhaps a good thing in itself, but the reason for it had no virtuous significance. Even speculators will not play a game they know they do not understand, and nobody understood the great game which an unknown power was playing quite in its own way in the stock market. There seemed to be no limit to its resources. Careful observers of its operations in the Exchange estimated that it had expended fully \$125,000,000 in cash within two months.

Who was this new master of millions, this incognito king of finance? He must be some new-come conqueror. Of that everybody was convinced. All the veteran gladiators of the stock arena had one after another been suspected, but had declared their innocence and had proved it. They were as much in the dark as everybody else.

Even Congress had shown some disposition to search the mystery. A booming stock market is usually considered the best proof of "good times" and general prosperity, but discordant voices raised here and there suggested that it was not altogether an unmixed blessing. So a drag-net inquiry was proposed at Washington and it probably would have been ordered had not the day of adjournment been so near. The point most dwelt upon in Washington and in financial circles too was the marvelous increase in the country's supply of gold bullion. Fully ten millions per week of what was described as new or foreign gold had passed through the New York Assay Office. The announcement had just been received that a single deposit of nearly \$25,000,000 had been made within a few days. This movement of the precious metal nobody had been able to account for. There had been no importations in the ordinary way. On the contrary the flow of gold had been in

a steady though not large stream out of the country, for the most part to London. The news of the last large deposit had led the House of Representatives to ask information upon the subject from the secretary of the treasury. The answer had been that the recent unusual deposits had all been made by a single firm of brokers in New York, but the government did not know who the brokers were acting for or whence the gold came.

The subject was discussed for some hours with more or less wisdom in both branches of Congress. Naturally it revived the by no means buried silver question. An increase of fully twenty-five per cent in the country's supply of gold, the silver advocates argued, should be followed by a proportionate addition to the monetary use of the despised white metal. The mints were working at fullest capacity turning gold into coin under the Free-Coinage-of-Gold act. Surely a country with such a plethora of gold, in spite of the croakings of the mono-metallists less than a year ago, could afford to admit some silver to the mints to take its chance with the more valuable metal.

This special pleading had no influence upon the supporters of "sound money" theories. It was solely because silver had finally been demonetized, they pointed out, that the country was able to retain its increasing supply of gold from whatever source it had come. The great increase of the precious metal was not in the government Treasury, but in private hands. It did not strengthen the government credit, which would be ruined if it should open its mints to silver.

Nobody was quite able to demonstrate clearly even to his own satisfaction that either side was entirely right or altogether wrong. So the arguing convinced no one, and nothing came of it. Congress adjourned on the 4th of March without meddling seriously with a matter which it did not understand.

The enigma was not one which the financial world could dismiss or ignore. It bore too vitally upon the welfare of the country. One hundred and twenty-five million dollars in cash from nobody knew where had completely changed the financial situation in two short months. It had been an amazing demonstration of the superior power of actual money over any other form of wealth.

The investment of this \$125,000,000 had really increased the quoted market value of

stocks and bonds dealt in on the New York Stock Exchange by an aggregate of fully \$500,000,000. Western Union for instance had sold in December below 80; now it commanded 115. The capital of Western Union is \$100,000,000. The advance in price of this stock therefore represented an increased market value of no less than \$35,000,000. But it had required the purchase of very much less than \$35,000,000 worth of the stock to effect this advance in price. Many stocks and bonds which had not been touched by the brokers who had managed the bull movement had risen materially merely from sympathy with the rest of the market.

The situation, however, was not sound or satisfactory from any point of view. The market was not self-sustaining. It required continued heavy purchases to maintain the abnormally high range of prices. If this mysterious support should be withdrawn a sharp collapse would be inevitable. Sensible financiers recognized this fact and conservative opinion was momentarily in fear of disaster. This feeling was so widespread that it paralyzed ordinary financial affairs. Naturally it led to such a general unloading of all manner of securities by investment holders that it did not seem possible in the estimation of competent judges that the tremendous burden could be borne much longer.

On the other hand, money became very cheap—on good security. This was an advantage in the commercial world and a considerable revival of business set in. If the boom in Wall Street and easy money could be maintained for some weeks or months longer, perhaps the country's general prosperity would warrant the inflation of prices that had taken place under such strange circumstances. But nobody believed it could be maintained, and so it was pointed out that if a collapse must come the sooner the paralyzing uncertainty was ended, the better.

This opinion was very widely held in the early days of March and it was justified by all visible conditions. The unloading of stocks by investment holders had been heavier than ever for a week or two. The market had been peculiarly irregular for a few days. Stocks that were systematically supported held their own steadily, no matter how freely they were offered by investment holders. But others equally good sagged in price. The influence of sympathy was not strong enough to keep the whole market at

a steady level, in face of the prevailing public opinion. So there arose for a time the anomaly of quotations for stocks of known superior intrinsic value at fifteen or twenty per cent lower prices than others of lesser worth. This was abundant proof of the unnatural and threatening condition of affairs. What nonplussed banking men more than anything else was the fact that none of the great quantities of securities which were being taken out of the market were being used, as far as they could ascertain, as collateral for loans. It is usually the case, when an important bull movement in stocks is attempted, that the operators borrow of the banks large sums with which to continue their operations, using the stocks as fast as they are purchased as security for the loans. It was almost incredible that this greatest of bull campaigns could be carried on without resorting to this expedient. It must be, the New York bank men said, that loans were being made in Europe and in other American cities instead of in the metropolis.

But the real mystery was still the enormous deposits of gold made at the New York Assay Office. The reports of these deposits were now watched with greater interest and curiosity than any item of financial news. They increased rather than diminished from week to week. It was noticed that there was a close relation between the amount of these deposits and the pressure to sell stocks in Wall Street. The average weekly deposit of \$10,000,000 for the past two months suddenly increased to \$25,000,000 the first week in March. The following week the same enormous sum was paid in. It was this fact more than the impregnable defense in the Stock Exchange, which confounded the wisecracks of finance more than ever. They began to waver in their gloomy forebodings. They sought again by every means in their power to penetrate the mystery.

The newspapers tried it too, and some of the solutions which they offered were amusing and absurd. One enterprising sheet asserted that it had discovered a plot by the Chinese government to revenge itself for the anti-Chinese legislation during the last two or three years in the United States by getting control of the principal railroads and telegraphs of the country, with a view to dictating a change of policy or possibly in preparation for a sudden invasion. Another was confident that the Standard Oil millionaires

had undertaken a vast scheme in finance. The story which obtained greatest credence perhaps was one which credited a great English syndicate having the Bank of England at its back with a plan for investing some of the millions which had been saved from Argentina and South Africa in really sound "Americans." There were many speculations about the strength and scope of this syndicate. It was explained that all the gold which made its appearance in the Assay Office was shipped secretly from England and that the flow of gold from America to London was permitted to take place merely as a blind.

It had come to be pretty generally understood that the enormous gold deposits were being made at the Assay Office by Strong and Co. Of course they were only agents. The newspapers tried direct inquiry at first and they obtained only polite refusals of information. Indirect attempts to learn the secret were as futile. One enterprising journal set a watch for several days upon the firm's office. At last they made a discovery. A new covered wagon heavily built and drawn by a pair of powerful horses drove up to Strong and Co.'s office just before ten o'clock one morning. The team was quickly backed up to the door and a pair of skids was run out. Two men who were with the driver went inside the office. A few moments later they reappeared, one of them pushing an ordinary railway baggage truck upon which was a small wooden box, apparently very heavy. This was deposited at the bottom of the skid. Then both men, big muscular fellows, pushed and tugged it up the incline into the wagon. Twenty such boxes were brought out and loaded in the same way. Then the three men jumped on the team and drove off, with a keen-nosed reporter in full chase.

The team went by a rather circuitous route to the Assay Office, where the boxes were unloaded and taken inside. The wagon returned to Strong and Co.'s, received another load and delivered it also at the Assay Office.

Meantime the energetic reporter had communicated with his office and a member of the artist staff armed with a kodak had been sent to his assistance. When the wagon was being loaded the second time one of the mysterious boxes was quickly sketched by the half-concealed penciler and a snap shot was taken at the team and the teamsters. On

leaving the Assay Office the second time the wagon started up town at a rapid trot. The reporter was quite prepared for this move. He jumped into a cab which had waited for him around the corner in Nassau Street and he easily kept the heavy team in sight. Before reaching City Hall Park, two of the men jumped off and disappeared down a side street. The reporter would have liked to follow them but it seemed more important to keep on after the team. The driver continued north through the Bowery and Third Avenue to East Seventeenth Street. Then he turned east for a couple of blocks and suddenly drove through an open gate into what seemed to be a small private stable. The high board gate was closed as soon as the team entered.

The reporter dismissed his cab and reconnoitered. The team apparently did not belong to a public truckman; for that matter it bore no name or number according to city requirement, and there was no business announcement upon the stable entrance or the adjoining house. There was nothing to be learned by observation, so the newspaper man resolved on a bold stroke. Going to the stable gate, he tried to push it open, and then knocked loudly. He got no response. He repeated the summons two or three times without result. Then he went to the adjoining house and rang the bell. The door was opened presently by a young girl.

"Will you please tell your father that a gentleman from Strong and Co.'s office would like to see him?" remarked the young man in his most urbane manner.

"Yes, sir. Will you walk in?" said the child.

The young man congratulated himself and took a seat in the reception room. Presently the driver of the wagon, looking like a well-to-do man of affairs and not like a truckman, came into the room. He looked at his caller sharply, saying—

"You come from Strong and Co.?"

"Yes, I am not in their office, but I was just too late to see you this morning," responded the caller with the most business-like air he could assume. "I wanted to see you about the transfer of some bullion—similar work to that which you are doing for Strong and Co."

"Oh, no, you don't, young man," interrupted the other in cold sarcasm as he opened the door. "You were not sent here by

Strong and Co. and you don't want any bullion moved. You are either a newspaper reporter or you are trying to pry into Strong and Co.'s affairs for some Wall Street concern. Good morning," and the big man made a suggestive motion toward the front door.

The other hesitated a moment, then he wisely abandoned his ruse. "Well, I admit it," he replied, smiling feebly. "I am a newspaper man and I must learn all I can for the —— about Strong and Co.'s supply of bullion. I saw you carry two wagon-loads of gold from their office to the Assay Office this morning and I followed you here. Now, I hope you won't send me away quite as ignorant as I came."

The big man allowed his resentment to disappear. He even grinned a little as he said, "That's right; don't lie when it won't do any good. You've discovered quite enough already, and I haven't a word to tell you."

"At least you will give me your name?"

"Oh, you're quite welcome to that. My name is John Holmes. Now you must excuse me. Good morning."

But the failure of the interview did not prevent the —— from having a big story about the great gold mystery next morning. It was a highly embellished yarn told with all the emphasis of double leads and a "scare head." "The Gold Bugs Discovered" was the black line at the head of the article on the first page, and a two column picture of "the mysterious wagon loaded with five tons of gold" was a prominent feature of the story. The plain wooden box which the men were struggling to put into the rear of the wagon was reproduced as graphically as possible. There was a picture also of the modest dwelling and stable entrance in East Seventeenth Street, but the reporter's interview with Driver John Holmes was not faithfully described. And the —— newspaper praised itself fulsomely for having been "the first to discover the true though only partial solution of the great gold mystery which was paralyzing the financial world."

The next day the same journal established a fresh surveillance not only over Strong and Co.'s banking house but over the Assay Office and the East Seventeenth Street stable. But the heavy covered wagon and the powerful chestnut horses were seen no more either in East Seventeenth Street, at Strong and Co.'s, or at the Assay Office. The enormous deposits of gold continued how-

ever, at regular intervals. Several wagons carried loads of bullion to or from the Assay Office nearly every day, and the watchers were unable to identify the ones which brought the big gold deposits.

The mystery grew deeper than ever. It baffled newspapers and financiers alike. It became an important factor in the banking houses of London and in the Continental bourses. The governors of the Bank of England discussed it with only less interest than the Clearing House Committee of the New York banks. Meantime stocks continued to be bought and sold. The great selling movement of early March gradually ceased. It was estimated that the supporters of the market had been compelled to expend at least \$75,000,000 during the first half of the month in order to maintain prices at the prevailing high level. The market did sag a little sometimes, but there was never anything like a break. The conservative fears of a collapse began to subside. A power strong enough to accomplish what had already been done, it was argued, could maintain the present condition of the market without the expenditure of another dollar. It had only to borrow money on the securities it had already accumulated in order to keep control of the market as long as it liked. Furthermore, money was plenty and cheap. That it was new money was proved by the fact that gold coin was coming rapidly into circulation in the eastern states. Gold was being sent to the mints faster than it could be coined. The export of a few millions in bullion occasionally, seemed to have no effect upon the mysterious supply.

The people who complained were those having money to invest. Those who had sold at a good profit stocks and bonds which they had held for a long time as investments had no right to grumble. But those who wished to invest their savings had a more genuine grievance. Three months before they might have bought safe properties at thirty per cent below present figures. Then their money would have earned six or seven per cent. Now it would scarcely yield four, with the prospect of a substantial shrinkage of the principal as soon as conditions changed, as change they must, in almost everybody's opinion.

Even though the danger of disaster seemed to have diminished, the conviction was strong in the minds of sound finan-

ciers that the financial status was still unhealthy, inasmuch as it was not controlled by natural laws. The financial fate of America for the moment was in the keeping of a single despotic will. As long as this remained true there was no safety. It was useless apparently to complain or rebel.

This feature of the situation was not much discussed in public, but it was the subject of many long private conferences among financial leaders in New York. It was to them an octopus which threatened the very life of trade. Private attempts to learn something about the identity, resources, and intentions of the unknown dictator had all failed, and yet it was felt that some information upon these points was essential to genuine business prosperity. This necessity was so great in the estimation of the presidents of the principal banks that they finally resolved upon a bold but straightforward course for solving some of their doubts. They decided to ask the master of these new golden millions, through his only known agent, for certain assurances regarding his future plans.

The matter took shape in this way: The secretary of the treasury was asked to come to New York and attend a conference of the members of the Clearing House Committee of the New York banks and two or three private bankers of New York and Philadelphia. He agreed to come. Then a polite request was sent to Messrs. Strong and Co., inviting them to send a representative to the same meeting.

Fifteen men sat in the big leather chairs in the directors' room of a Wall Street bank at noon on the 21st of March in response to the above call. John Wharton, the junior partner of a house but little known in the financial world a few weeks before, looked somewhat out of place among the grave and dignified masters of finance who represented as well as any equal number of men could the monetary interests of the nation. But it might have been noticed that the young man was greeted with as much respect and cordiality by every one present as was the almost white-haired secretary of the treasury himself.

No time was wasted in ceremony or purposeless talk. Wharton had been a bit late. When he had been made acquainted with such of the company as he did not know and two or three others had come in, the chairman of the Clearing House Committee briefly stated the object of the meeting.

"We find ourselves confronted," he said, "by a peculiar condition of monetary affairs and of the circulating medium. We have had for the past few weeks, industrial depression and widespread commercial disaster throughout the country, coupled with a buoyant stock market and a rapidly increasing supply of money. This unnatural situation has come about by means quite unprecedented in our financial history. It is a situation so important in all its bearings upon the material welfare of the whole country that it demands our most earnest consideration. The Clearing House Committee of the New York banks believes it is imperative to prepare some general policy for meeting the crisis which the present anomalous condition threatens. So we have invited you, Mr. Secretary, and you, gentlemen, to meet us here for an informal consultation. We thank you for coming and we hope you will contribute freely of your advice and knowledge. May we hear from you first, Mr. Secretary?"

There had been hardly a hint in the chairman's brief remarks of the real object of the meeting, but that was scarcely to be expected. Everyone waited with interest for what the secretary of the treasury might say. Drawing a memorandum slip from his pocket, that gentleman responded:

"I quite agree with your chairman, that the financial phenomena which now absorb the attention of the entire country demand of the managers and students of our monetary system the most careful examination. I thank you for the privilege of meeting you for that purpose. No facts or figures need be quoted to prove the depression which has ruled for months in industrial and commercial circles. With that side of the question, we are powerless to deal directly. We must confine ourselves more exclusively to the financial phase of the subject. There we have a strange paradox. You know what has taken place in the stock market. The increase in the quoted market value of bonds and shares listed in the New York Stock Exchange since the middle of December amounts to fully \$2,000,000,000. The changes in the circulating medium have been even more surprising. There has been deposited in the Government Assay Office in this city for smelting into standard bullion during the past three months no less a sum than \$211,000,000. This, as you all know, is something altogether unprecedented. I think I am justified in saying at a private meeting

called for this purpose that nearly \$200,000,000 of this gold was deposited by a single firm. The work of the mints is just as significant. The amount of gold offered for coinage under the Free Coinage act during the same period has exceeded \$170,000,000. Three months ago the amount of gold in actual circulation in the country was \$474,000,000; now it has risen, or it will as soon as the mints have finished the task imposed, to \$644,000,000. This means an increase in the total circulating medium of fully ten per cent, or nearly three dollars *per capita*.

"No such radical change can be made in the currency without seriously disturbing the conditions of trade. I admit that the country is to be congratulated upon the enormous addition suddenly made to its wealth, but it has come too rapidly. There is such a thing as too much gold, just as we have found that there can be too much silver. It cannot be assimilated at such a rate. Values outside of the stock market are showing signs of disturbance. A plethora of money, whether in gold or in any other form, must invariably bring enhancement of prices. We have seen it in the stock market; we are beginning to see it in other lines. When it begins to affect standard commodities—the necessities of life—we shall have a serious state of affairs. The people are hard pushed already. Times are very bad in the ordinary sense. None of this new money is going into the pockets of the masses. It will be no less than a calamity therefore if the cost of living is suddenly and unnaturally increased at such a moment.

"Pardon me for dwelling upon what may be regarded as the philanthropic side of the question, but in my opinion it is the most important side. To return to the chairman's suggestion, I agree that the uncertainty of the present situation is its most demoralizing feature. We do not know whence comes this sudden flood of gold; we are ignorant of what still lies at its source. Naturally we are inclined to believe it must be almost exhausted, because no such treasure was ever known to exist in single hands before. But in my opinion it would be very hasty to come to that conclusion. The hand that can pour so vast a sum into the channels of commerce in three short months is not likely to have exhausted its resources. But the great desideratum now is stability and confidence. These can come only of knowledge. A power as great as we know this to be can afford to

give us that knowledge, unless its designs are evil. Nay, more, I affirm it solemnly, it is a humane and patriotic duty upon us to remove if possible the unnecessary incubus of uncertainty which is killing trade. This is a matter in which the government is unfortunately powerless to assist. But I do not believe that the man or men in possession of a treasure apparently greater than any ever before in individual control will turn it into an instrument of evil and oppression."

There was no mistaking the bearing and object of the secretary's remarks, although he had made no personal application of them. The representative of Strong and Co. seemed to be a bit uncomfortable when the custodian of the National Treasury had finished, but he did not attempt to break the somewhat embarrassing pause which followed. The silence was allowed to continue but a moment or two. The president of one of the largest down-town banks, a man of genial, energetic, off hand manner, set forth the real object of the meeting in a few terse, pointed sentences.

"I think, gentlemen," he began briskly, in tones of easy good fellowship, "that we should come to the point at once and deal with it frankly and openly. I have no doubt we all share the sentiments which the secretary of the treasury has expressed. Most of us will agree that he has not exaggerated the importance of securing at least a partial solution of the prevailing gold mystery. We have invited here the only man, as far as we know, who has the key to that mystery. We have no intention of asking him to betray confidences or to disclose professional secrets. We have done an unprecedented thing in asking him to come here under such peculiar circumstances. I trust he will credit us with purity of motive. What we desire is simply this—that he will lay before his principal the views which the secretary of the treasury has expressed and which I assume we all share and that he will ask him if he will not give us some assurance which will enable us to manage the vast financial interests entrusted to us on a sound basis. Our request is an unusual one, unjustified perhaps according to ordinary business ethics, and one which our unknown friend has a perfect right to refuse. But we base it on something broader than the sordid motives of trade and I hope it will be received in the spirit in which it is sent. I hope we may hear from Mr. Wharton."

Everyone turned to the youngest man present, and the chairman cordially endorsed the invitation just given. John Wharton addressed the assembled magnates of finance rather diffidently. Each one of them was his senior by many years. Most of them were men of world-wide reputation. He had never been placed in a position which made so severe a test of his tact and discretion. But he was quite equal to the situation. He had little to say, and he said it to the point and with evident sincerity.

"I will not pretend, gentlemen," he responded, "that the firm of Strong and Co. did not surmise the probable object of this conference. Your request shall be faithfully transmitted to those for whom we have been acting in the important transactions of the last three months. I am here to give you the strongest assurance which words of mine can convey of the absolute good faith and purity of motive back of those transactions."

The young man spoke with such emphasis and evident candor that his words carried conviction even to these hard-headed and naturally suspicious men of affairs. They interrupted him with hearty applause and exclamations of satisfaction.

"I am authorized to say further," he went on, "that any suggestions or requests which you may make, far from being resented, will be received with the utmost respect and with a sincere desire to conserve the best welfare of the country."

Again the men who were listening now with eager interest interrupted the young speaker with applause.

"These general assurances are about all that I am able to give you at this time. Upon three points I am compelled to be reticent—the source of this gold, its total amount, and the identity of its owner or owners. Regarding the first and second, I am as ignorant as you are. Your request for information about further additions to the bullion supply—for that is what the question amounts to—I, personally, do not consider unreasonable. I will deliver it at once to my principals and you shall have the answer promptly."

"How soon will it probably be ready?" asked the chairman.

"I know of no reason why you should not have it to-morrow."

"Why should we not discuss it at a quiet dinner at the Waldorf to-morrow night?" suggested the chairman.

"I must return to Washington by the midnight train to-night, unfortunately," observed the secretary of the treasury. "Let me say right here that I accept Mr. Wharton's assurances in the fullest sense. What he has already said has relieved me of a great anxiety, and I want to express to him my hearty thanks for the commendable spirit which he and those he represents show in a matter of vital importance to the nation." The words were uttered with a warm sincerity which manifestly voiced the spirit of all in the room.

"We all join unreservedly in that sentiment," was the cordial endorsement of the chairman.

"If haste is important," Wharton interrupted, "there is no reason why I should not be able to communicate the reply to you this evening."

"Just the thing," responded two or three. "Let us have the dinner to-night. If the answer is ready, well and good. If not, we can meet again to-morrow." And so it was arranged.

The party met again at seven o'clock that evening in one of the finest private dining rooms of the most sumptuous of modern hotels. It was not the serious gathering of the morning. Millionaires and other magnates are much like other men. Finance was the one subject tabooed while the dinner was before them. Wharton was rather surprised to find that no delicate attempts to sound his secret knowledge were made by any one. Beyond asking him if he had received a reply to the morning request, no word was said about the matter which most concerned all present until the dinner was finished and the last waiter had closed the door behind him. Then, while the fumes of the best tobacco began to fill the air, the general conversation flagged and the company turned expectantly toward the head of the table where sat the chairman of the bank committee with the secretary of the treasury on his right and John Wharton at his left.

"There are to be no formalities, gentlemen," remarked the president pleasantly. "We are all anxious to hear Mr. Wharton's message, and I will ask him to present it to us, if he is willing, without further delay."

"Gentlemen, I am glad to bring you a response which I hope will be satisfactory," responded Wharton. "As it is a matter of considerable importance, I have brought it in

writing, and with your permission I will read it to you."

There was silent assent, and Wharton read as follows:

"We have received the request preferred by you through Mr. Wharton and also his report of the views expressed at this morning's conference. We are in heartiest accord with all that was said at that meeting. We affirm again what Mr. Wharton there said in our behalf—that it is our sincere desire to promote in every way in our power the best welfare of the financial, commercial, and industrial world. We recognize completely the vital importance of co-operation to that end, and we accept thankfully the implied offer which the sentiments expressed this morning convey.

"Three months ago the country seemed to be on the verge of great financial and other economic disasters. It appeared to us to be a wise thing to ward off the blow by using a large quantity of gold then in our hands to support the general market for stocks and bonds. It also seemed desirable in our judgment to encourage trade by adding liberally to the current supply of ready money. A free purchase of securities was the only feasible way to accomplish this end. The result has been a very substantial rise in prices. We realize as keenly as anybody can do that a return of public confidence is still essential to a sound and healthy improvement of general trade. We cannot supply that lack. It is more in your power to do so than in ours. We have no doubt you will gladly undertake this duty, provided you are convinced of the honesty of our intentions in pending transactions and of our ability to execute any policy we may adopt.

"There are difficulties in the way of proving our good faith and demonstrating the further strength of our resources, but we hope they are not insuperable. The greatest obstacle lies in the fact that for personal and other good reasons we wish to escape the notoriety that attaches to great wealth. This makes it necessary to conceal also the source of that wealth, and its exact amount. Reserving these points, we are ready to co-operate heartily in the best policy the situation may demand. It seems to us advisable, for the present at least, to continue the support of the market on about the existing basis. We shall be glad to receive your advice upon this point. To demonstrate our ability to maintain prices we will deposit at the Government Assay Of-

fice within the coming week additional gold to the value of \$100,000,000. We note especially the warning of the secretary of the treasury against the dangers of a too rapid increase in the circulating medium. We shall endeavor to avoid doing serious mischief in that way, and we crave your advice upon that point also.

"Finally, as a partial evidence that we have not undertaken to manipulate the stock market for any speculative or other sordid end, we have authorized Messrs. Strong and Co. to place in the hands of any three men you shall name, stocks and bonds amounting in market value to \$100,000,000 to be retained in their charge for one year. We reserve only the right to substitute for the securities deposited at any time others of equal market value.

"If, after considering this statement of our position and intentions, the situation appears to you to warrant it, we shall be glad if you will make known in such manner as seems best your confidence in the present stability of values and the prospect of future improvement in trade conditions."

When Wharton finished reading there was absolute silence. All had listened with closest attention from the first word. Curiosity changed to amazement as the statement proceeded. When the full significance of the announcement and the offer it contained dawned upon these men of large affairs, they were apparently overwhelmed by emotions quite strange to them in business dealings. Surprise naturally awoke suspicion. A dominant consideration of the public welfare in great financial operations was uncommon, to say the least. They looked for other motives. They did not know how to take this utterance of a financial power far greater than any they supposed existed. Such was the train of thought reflected in almost every one of the usually impenetrable faces before anyone ventured to speak.

At length the secretary of the treasury broke the silence in tones of quiet emphasis.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I think we should accept this statement literally and in good faith. It indicates the existence of capital under single control amounting to at least \$300,000,000. It is a sum so vast that temptation to increase it by illegitimate or unworthy means seems to me to disappear. It is too great a treasure further to excite hu-

man ambition and greed unless in the mind of an Alexander or a Cæsar. I do not believe we are dealing with such a character as either of these. Although we have been told just enough to arouse a very natural curiosity, I think we should respect the reticence which withholds the rest. We can all understand and appreciate the motive for seeking to escape the notoriety which is one of the penalties of great wealth in this country. I hope we shall act in sympathy with the suggestions made in the paper which Mr. Wharton has read."

The spirit in which the secretary of the treasury received the message seemed after a few minutes to be that of all present. Many questions were asked bearing chiefly upon the \$100,000,000 in reserve, of which mention had been made. Most of the bankers present, or the institutions which they represented, were money lenders, and they regarded the great fund thus disclosed as a serious menace to the money market. Wharton gave personal assurances that this gold should not be used to manipulate rates or work demoralization in any way. It was only in case of abnormal and unhealthy conditions arising, such as serious stringency, that it would be used at all in that field.

Various phases of the situation were talked over in an informal way until midnight had long passed. Then it was decided to meet again for the consideration of the means to be employed for strengthening public confidence and relieving the general suspense. It was eventually decided to accept the offer of a trusteeship for \$100,000,000 in securities and three bankers were named for the purpose. The public effort to strengthen faith in the financial situation took the form of a circular to the national banks issued by the Clearing House Committee and endorsed by the bankers who had attended the private conference. Nothing was made known in this circular about the source and nature of the assurances given to the committee. Their guarantee of the soundness of the situation, coupled with the great deposit of gold which was announced, was quite sufficient to change completely the tone of the markets. Copies of the circular were given to the press and it was published broadcast. The pressure to sell on the Stock Exchange diminished and the market gave promise of soon becoming natural and self-supporting.

(To be continued.)

OUR TRIALS.

BY EMMA PLAYTER SEABURY.

WE never conquer our trials
By waging war. If we yield,
Their menace or frown cannot drag us down;
Submitting is winning the field.

They are only the scouts who are testing
The scheming of man, and his might;
They are only the ghosts of invincible hosts
Who conquer in every fight.

But they never assail the purpose
And grace of a duty done;
While worry and fret are always met
With a victory, easily won.

We never conquer our trials
By fighting; be steadfast, and wait;
For the soul that is grand, by a higher command
Triumphs over all time, and all fate.

SUNDAY READINGS.

SELECTED BY BISHOP VINCENT.

[Aug. 5.]

THE VISIBLE REVEALS THE INVISIBLE BEYOND AND ABOVE IT.

THE first object which attracts the thought of man is the visible world around him, consisting of objects lifeless and living and rational in endless variety, many of them clothed in a beauty which enchants us and others revealing an adaptation to useful ends which evokes our highest admiration.

The complexity and the constant change of the universe suggest very strongly, or compel us to believe, that it is not self-existent, but derived. We eagerly ask, Whence came this wonderful panorama which fills us with delight?

Amid natural objects which no human hand has made, we notice the works of man. And of these last we notice that the best are produced only by deliberate design. They existed first as a subjective thought in the mind before they became objective and out-

ward actualities. In many cases the thought was gradually developed before its realization began. Examples of this are seen in the successive sketches preparatory to a great picture, and in the gradually evolved plan of a great literary work. All the best works of man are products of careful thought as well as of patient toil. And in every case the worker is immensely greater than his best work. Our admiration of the picture is always admiration of the painter.

We now ask, Is the material universe an exception to this universal generalization? Are the natural objects which evoke a wonder surpassing that with which we view the noblest works of man themselves products of intelligence and therefore a work of art, or only results of the operation of blind and unconscious forces? Do they reveal the hand of a Worker as much greater than man as the

universe around us surpasses the noblest works of man, or have they no significance beyond their mere utility and pleasantness? Is the man of genius himself an offspring of senseless forces? If so, man's study of nature, so elevating to that in him which is noblest and best, is but a contemplation of something infinitely inferior to himself.

Against this supposition, every instinct of our nature rebels. The splendor of nature, surpassing all that man can make and prompting his own best thoughts and works, proclaims in words we cannot understand that behind and above the material world is a Worker as much above nature as the artist is greater than his picture and as much above man as the vast and glorious universe is greater than the noblest works of man. The edifice itself bears witness to the resources and the skill of the Architect.

This testimony is not weakened by the fact that the development of living objects is going on before our eyes, and can be in some measure explained by the operation of known and constant forces. We already know something about the reproduction of flowers. And the above argument will remain in full force even if it be proved that all varieties of flowers have been produced by the operation of natural forces; just as our wonder at a manufactured article is not lessened when we see the automatic machine by which it was made. We ask at once, Who made the machine? And we wonder at his skill. The theologian asks, Whence came the natural forces which produced the beautiful world around us? Who gave them their original impulse, and directed the mode of their operation? To these questions, Nature's only answer is that the Maker must be greater than all that He has made.

The presumption thus elicited is strengthened by other facts recently observed. The rocks beneath our feet afford complete proof that our planet was not always as it is now, that animals existed long before man, that to speak generally the lower forms of animal and vegetable life are earlier than the higher, and that there was a time when our planet was destitute of even the lowest forms of life. In other words, the broad divisions of lifeless, living, and rational, so conspicuous in the world to-day, mark off in their appearance on the scene three great epochs in the history of our globe.

[Aug. 12.]

ANOTHER great fact in the realm of natural science demands attention. The most careful scrutiny has failed to detect a transition now from the lifeless to the living. So far as has yet been observed, wherever there is life it has been derived from pre-existing life. And the known forces of nature are utterly inadequate either to produce out of inorganic matter the mysterious chemical compounds which make up living bodies, or to form them into organic cells, or to endow them with the functions of life. In other words, in the present and observed order of the universe, the forces of nature never break through or bridge over the barrier which separates the living from the lifeless; and seem, so far as we understand them, utterly incapable of doing so. But indisputably this barrier has been broken through. And the presence of life now in what was once a lifeless world reveals unmistakably the operation of a Power infinitely greater than the forces observed in nature. It thus confirms the strong presumption already derived from the beauty and the adaptation of the material world.

The same presumption is further confirmed by the phenomena of mind. For human intelligence (and even that of animals), so vastly superior to its material surroundings, cannot possibly be explained by the operation of the unconscious forces of nature. It bears witness to the intelligence of its source.

Not only are natural forces unable to explain the origin of life and of intelligence, but they cannot explain their own origin. Take, for instance, gravitation, the simplest and best understood of these forces. Although its operation is so uniform and so well known, none can tell us why a stone falls to the ground, and why it falls sixteen feet in the first second. These are questions which elude utterly all scientific research. As we pursue them, they retire into the Unseen, and thus point to their origin. Natural science does but tabulate phenomena in their co-existence and sequence. It does nothing whatever to trace them to their ultimate source. To do this, is the task of theology. It thus enters and pursues a path opened for it by man's observation of nature and by the more careful researches of natural science, and seeks a goal to which natural science can never lead.

Nor can natural forces explain the origin of motion. For the forces inherent in matter, such as gravitation and chemical affinity, tend always toward equilibrium and rest. The various movements in the world to-day reveal some primal impulse acting in a direction different from that of the inherent forces. That first impulse, whether or not it was simultaneous with the creation of matter, marks off what may be called the first moment of time. It cannot be accounted for by any of the known forces of the universe around us. Therefore, like the universe itself with its inherent forces, and like the origin of life, it reveals the operation of a higher power.

Our study of the material world leads us one step further. All observation assures us that the various natural forces are closely related. Indeed, their harmony suggests that they are but various forms of some one mysterious force. From the manifest unity of nature we infer with confidence that its Source is one. And that Source must be higher and better than the highest derived from it.

Another phenomenon demands attention. While we contemplate the beauty of the universe and study the wonderful adaptation of its parts, their exhaustless variety, and their profound unity, the eye which contemplates gains immensely in clearness and penetration and width of view. The visible world is a great lesson book spread out before us. And the lessons it teaches develop the intelligence that learns them, and thus give to human life ever-increasing pleasure and worth. So wonderful and important is this development that it cannot be accidental. The value of the lesson reveals the presence of a Teacher infinitely wise.

It is now evident that the visible universe is not complete in itself, but is only a part of a larger whole. For it fails utterly to account for itself; and thus points to a source other than itself. This Source must be in every respect superior to everything derived from it. And this is all that we mean by the personality of God. For this last term denotes only that which distinguishes man from the lower animals, and that which we call personality has a superior counterpart in the Author of animals and man. And, if superior to man, the First Cause must be intelligent. Thus, "being perceived by means of the things made, the eternal power and divinity" of God "are clearly seen."

[Aug. 19.]

THAT the universe was created by an intelligent Power, was recognized by all the more cultured nations of antiquity. Of this I shall give two examples.

On page 28 of the *Timaeus* of Plato we read: "Was the heaven then and the world . . . always in existence and without beginning? or created and having a beginning? Created, I reply, being visible and tangible and having a body, and therefore perceived by the senses; and all sensible things which are apprehended by opinion and sense manifestly come into being and are begotten. Now that which is made must of necessity be made by a cause. But how can we find out the maker and father of all this universe? And when we have found him, to speak of his nature to all men is impossible. Yet one more question has to be asked about him, Which of the patterns had the artificer in view when he made the world, the pattern which is unchangeable or that which is made? If the world be indeed fair and the artificer good, then as is plain he must have looked to that which is eternal. But if what cannot be said without blasphemy is true, then he looked to the created pattern. Every one will see that he must have looked to the eternal, for the world is the fairest of the things which have begun to be and he is the best of causes."

Again on pp. 29 and 30: "Let me tell you then why the creator created and made the universe. He was good, and no goodness can ever have any jealousy of anything. And, being free from jealousy, he desired that all things should be as like himself as possible. This is the true beginning of creation and of the world, as we shall do well in believing on the testimony of wise men: God desired that all things should be good and nothing bad in so far as this could be accomplished. Wherefore also finding the whole visible sphere not at rest, but moving in an irregular and disorderly manner, out of disorder he brought order, considering that this was far better than the other. Now the deeds of him who is the best can never be or have been other than the fairest; and the creator, reflecting upon the visible work of nature, found that no unintelligent creature taken as a whole was fairer than the intelligent taken as a whole; and that intelligence could not exist in anything which was devoid of soul (*i. e.*, of life). For these reasons he put intelligence

in soul, and soul in body, and framed the universe to be the best and fairest work in the order of nature. And therefore, using the language of probability, we may say that the world became a living soul and truly rational through the Providence of God."

At the beginning of bk. ii. of Cicero's "Nature of the Gods" we read: "What can be said so plain and evident, when we behold the heavens and contemplate the celestial bodies, as the existence of some supreme, divine intelligence, by which all these things are governed? Were it otherwise, Ennius would not, with universal approbation, have said,

'Look up to the refulgent heaven above,
Which all men call unanimously Jove.'

This is Jupiter, the governor of the world, who rules all things with his nod, and is, as the same Ennius says, 'Of gods and men the sire,' an omnipresent and omnipotent God. And if any one doubts this, I really do not understand why the same man may not also doubt whether there is a sun or not. For what can possibly be more evident than this? And if it were not a truth universally impressed on the minds of men, the belief in it would never have been so firm; nor would it have been, as it is, increased by length of years, nor would it have gathered strength and stability through every age. And in truth we see that other opinions, being false and groundless, have already fallen into oblivion by lapse of time. Who now believes in hippocentaurs and chimæras?"

In section 6 of the same, Chrysippus the Stoic is quoted as saying: "If there is anything in the universe which no human reason, ability, or power can make, the being who produced it must certainly be preferable to man. Now celestial bodies, and all those things which proceed in any eternal order, cannot be made by man. The being who made them is therefore preferable to man. What, then, is that being but God?"

These quotations are complete proof of the widespread belief, before the time of Christ and far from the nation which worshiped the God of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, that the world is neither self-existent nor a product of blind force but is the work of an intelligent and eternal Creator.

This widespread belief, however, is no essential part of my argument. But inasmuch as widespread and persistent beliefs almost

always contain, even when in part erroneous, important elements of truth which enable them to survive the overthrow of other beliefs, this almost unanimous belief deserves careful attention. It confirms very strongly our own inference, expounded above, from our contemplation of the material world. For it proves that this inference has been shared, in all ages and nations, by the most thoughtful of mankind.

We have now found a very strong presumption amounting almost to complete proof that beyond and above the visible universe is an invisible and intelligent Creator and Ruler. But this result already gained prompts questions more serious than those which it answers. We ask, Is He moral and merciful as well as intelligent? And does He care for us whom He has made? We know that soon the irresistible forces of nature will bring us to the grave. And we ask with trembling lips, Is there a life beyond the death which soon will claim us? To these questions the material world has no reply. For an answer we must look in another direction.

[Aug. 26.]

THE TESTIMONY OF THE VISIBLE WORLD IS
CONFIRMED BY THE MORAL SENSE OF MAN.

OTHER matters of fact differing widely from those just mentioned as observed in the outward and visible world, matters attested, as absolutely certain, by man's direct observation of his own inner life, must now be considered.

We frequently find ourselves pronouncing sentence on the conduct and character of our fellows. And the judgments thus pronounced differ absolutely from all others. This difference is illustrated by the different emotions evoked in us by a great calamity and a great crime. An attempt to compare these last reveals at once their utter dissimilarity. The one we deplore: the other we condemn. And the condemnation thus pronounced and our approval of noble actions occupy a place of unique superiority to all other judgments pronounced by men.

These judgments and the moral principles which underlie them are only to a small extent under our own control. For we cannot change them at will; but are compelled, like judges in our courts of law, to pronounce sentence according to principles already laid down. Our own condemnation or approval,

we feel to be the voice of an authority infinitely higher than ourselves.

In its main outlines this authoritative standard is the same in all ages and all nations. On many details of conduct judgments differ. But the same types of character elicit everywhere and always the same admiration and the same condemnation. Whatever guilty ones may say in palliation of their crimes, all men everywhere know that treachery, lying, theft, adultery, dishonor to parents, and murder are condemned by a law which speaks with an unerring voice of indisputable authority. Of this agreement, the literature of the ancient world affords abundant proof.

We notice also that frequently these judgments are pronounced with a certainty which tolerates no appeal. In spite of many mistakes in a multitude of cases which lie between the extremes of praise and blame, we pronounce at once, in all extreme cases, what we know to be a just judgment.

We now ask, What is this supreme and universal authority? Whence comes this standard of judgment so far beyond our control, and so decisive? Not from human legislation. For there has been no such universal legislation. And even a nation's laws must be judged at the bar of man's moral sense. Not everything that is legal is right. All legislators know that their laws must conform to a higher standard, that they need confirmation by a Judge who sits enthroned in every man's own heart. So far are we from accepting as decisive the authority of human laws that sometimes we give highest praise to one who has set them at naught in obedience to a loftier authority. Evidently our sense of right and wrong is no mere transcript of human legislation. We must seek for it another source.

Nor can the moral sense be explained by man's observation of the good and bad consequences of certain lines of action. Doubtless these observed consequences strengthen our own moral judgments. But the majesty of the moral sense and the authority of the sentence we pronounce on sin, frequently without thought of its results, prove conclusively that these observed consequences are not the only source and ground of our judgments.

Otherwise there would be no reason why we should not sin, provided we can escape punishment. Yet every one of us would utterly condemn and despise a man who accepted this as his principle of action.

It is no reply to say that observation teaches that all sin inevitably injures the sinner, and that the moral sense is an offspring of this observation. For this observed sequence itself needs explanation. It cannot be explained by any of the known forces of the material world, and therefore reveals the existence of a Power higher than they.

Thus fail utterly all attempts to explain, by the facts of the material world, the facts of the moral sense. Yet these latter facts come daily under our immediate observation, and are as certain as are those of the material world and much more important. The standard which determines our judgments about our fellows and ourselves and the authority which maintains it elude the grasp of the students of natural science and of the social life of men. But no theory of the universe is worthy of a moment's attention which fails to give some account of this unique authority which colors the entire life and thought of man. And, since no explanation of it can be found in the material world, we must seek for one in the realm of the unseen.

We have now found, by direct observation or sure inference, three groups of phenomena which cannot be explained by anything which lies within the immediate observation of man: viz., (1) the material world itself with the various forces inherent in matter or operating on matter, (2) the origin of life attested by sure inference from observed facts, (3) the moral judgments of men. Each of these reveals the existence of a Power vastly superior to the natural forces we see operating around us. And these phenomena are most closely related. The material world is the arena of vegetable and animal life and of the intellectual and moral life of men. And only as stages leading up to this higher life have the lower forms of life and the material world real worth. This close connection affords a presumption almost equal to certainty that these three unexplained phenomena have one invisible Source.—*Joseph Agar Beet, D.D.*

GEORGE MEREDITH'S NOVELS.

BY EMILY F. WHEELER.

THE fame of George Meredith, like that of Browning, has been of slow growth, because, like him, he demands brains in his readers. We cling to the tradition of fiction as light reading for leisure hours; we think of its authors as those whose office is to amuse rather than to teach us,—and this in the face of Tolstoi and Ibsen, and others of their ilk. Thirty years ago, when Meredith's first great novel appeared, the English public was even more of this opinion. One may say that it tasted him gingerly, along with the reigning purveyors to the public palate, and found the new flavor of philosophy not to its appetite. Here was much wit but little humor; characters out of the common plane to which Dickens and Thackeray and Bulwer had accustomed them. Above all, here were social questions treated with a freedom and truth from which a sensitive public shrank. As we all know,

"You must not pump spring water unaware,
Upon a gracious public full of nerves."

Mudie's subscribers declined to read "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," and the decision sealed Meredith's fate as far as the approval of the mass was concerned. He went on writing, scornfully saying, "Of me and of my theme, think what thou wilt," and the public went on ignoring both. But a dozen novels in thirty years have given him a widening circle of friends and admirers. The thinker whose style is individual must form his public. There are indications at present that Meredith has done this and that the select few are no longer to claim him as theirs alone.

As to the difficulty of his style it is surely overestimated. It has, indeed, just enough of that obscurity which some one says is a compliment to the reader's intelligence. We have mastered a harder style in Carlyle and Browning. But a poet and a philosopher are privileged beyond a novelist in this regard. To our thought the novelist is above all the story-teller: if he tells it badly, his genius will not save him. The public accepted George Eliot's philosophy because

story and style were so excellent; but it found the philosophy burdensome in her later works where the story was less satisfactory. Now Meredith's creed, as given by one of his friends, is frankly that the narrative is nothing, the mere vehicle of philosophy. The interest is in the idea which the action serves to illustrate. The action is necessary, but the understanding must be fixed on what lies beneath. This is precisely the new theory of fiction to which the public has not yet subscribed. And Meredith, philosopher, poet, and humorist perplexingly mixed, has found its preaching difficult. He spoke long to deaf ears; and the general public is not yet of his mind.

Perhaps our novelist learned his trade in a bad school, and hence, in part, his faults. Early left an orphan, he was sent to Germany to be educated. In sensitive and impressionable youth he fell under the charm of German poetry, German philosophy and humor, and all left their stamp upon him. It is probable that he first studied his art in that great but most peculiar of all German authors, Jean Paul Richter. Certainly the didactic note in nearly all his work is German in origin. His guardian wished him to study law. He took to literature instead, and, after the way of young authors, published first an unsalable book of poems. As even to his admirers, his poetry is much harder to comprehend than his prose, this result was inevitable; but not at all discouraged, he set himself at a volume of stories, published later under the quaint title of "The Shaving of Shagpat." But it was not till the publication of "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel" in 1859, that he gave the real measure of his powers. As the work of a youth under thirty it is unique in its breadth of purpose, its keen wit and sarcasm, and its idyllic beauty of description.

A few critics of the time felt this. One finds his name in the reviews coupled with that of the rising star, George Eliot. Then the British Philistine fell foul of the book and its fate was sealed. The Philistine's reason was excellent. Meredith had touched the sore of society, he had dared to introduce Anonyma.

Now irregular connections discreetly kept in the background, are permitted the British novelist; a repentant Magdalen may even give a finer flavor of virtue. But Meredith was not discreet; he was youthful, crude, even in one fatal chapter, coarse. He shocked the Respectabilities; his story was decidedly not milk for babes but meat for men.

Even to-day, when the public is less easily shocked, there are many readers who cannot distinguish between a philosophic study of illicit relations with a distinct moral purpose, and the realistic portrayals of passion found in certain French fiction. Thirty years ago the distinction was even less felt by the mass of readers. The aspersions cast on the moral character of Charlotte Brontë after the writing of "*Jane Eyre*" are the most familiar illustration of the general opinion of the time. Like Brontë, Meredith protested against that conventional view of life common in the fiction of the day, by a presentation of realities which society ignored. But no one now would consider that presentation immoral in itself. It is a question of taste rather than one of morals.

George Meredith's works fill a dozen or more volumes; but one may take his measure as artist and philosopher by three books,—"*The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*," "*The Egoist*," and "*Beauchamp's Career*." The first is a tragedy of sin and suffering; the second a comedy, but with a foundation of philosophy such as comedy rarely has; the last, the new hero of Democracy, who does not conquer the world after the fashion of his elder brothers in fiction, but seeks to serve it, even unto death. Let us take up the three and deduce from them, if we may, some of Meredith's own ethical ideas. And first, from "*Beauchamp's Career*," let us quote the author as to his aims and characters. To understand is sometimes to more than pardon,—to justify.

"O the refreshment there is in dealing with characters either contemptibly beneath us, or supernaturally above! My way is like a Rhone island in a summer drouth, stony and difficult, between the two powerful streams of the unreal and the over-real which delight mankind. My people conquer nothing, win none; they are actual but uncommon. It is the *clock-work of the brain* which they are directed to set in motion; and, poor troop of actors to empty benches,—the conscience residing in thoughtfulness they would appeal to."

But that is neither the worldly conscience, cynical and sentimental by turns, nor that of the denier of the flesh and the world. In a private letter Meredith speaks more plainly:

"I have written always with the perception that there is no life but that of the spirit; that the concrete is the shadowy, yet that the way to the spiritual life lies in the complete unfolding of the creature, not in the nipping of his passions. An outrage to nature helps to extinguish his light."

Like Browning, he recognizes "the value and significance of flesh"; but the "spirit must lead flesh that it may live." For, to quote again, "It is the soul which does things in life, the rest is vapor." As one of his critics has said, the text of all his preaching is, "To be carnally-minded is death; to be spiritually-minded is life and peace."

Sir Austin Feverel, having made his own experiences in life, resolves to bring up his only son by a system, and to save him all follies. He is of opinion that "by parental vigilance lads might be kept pretty secure from the Serpent,—until Eve sided with him." And if immeasurable love were perfect wisdom, one human being might almost impersonate Providence to another. Alas! Love, divine as it is, can do no more than lighten the house it inhabits; must take its shape, sometimes intensify its narrowness." In Sir Austin's case, pride and unconscious hypocrisy limit the Providence of his affection. The boy's education is entrusted to his cousin, Adrian Harley, a man somewhat indolent, who says brilliant things, but who is at heart cynical and selfish. Sir Austin cannot trust his son to the companionship of youths of his own rank. His sole comrade is the son of his solicitor, a dull boy good only to follow and serve.

In this artificial Eden Richard grows up; but confidence between father and son is lost before he is eighteen. For the boy writes verses, a thing, as the baronet feelingly observes, "no Feverel has ever done." He is therefore commanded to burn them. Sir Austin has indeed written a book,—of aphorisms,—and his note-book is always at hand to jot down a fresh one. He is "a maker of proverbs—a narrow mind," and poetry, that safety-valve of young enthusiasm, is beyond his ken.

When the boy is eighteen he goes to London to look for a wife for him. But while he

seeks the perfect maid to mate this perfect product of his System, Richard falls in love on his own account with the niece of a tenant farmer; a girl gently born and bred, but allied to a class from which no self-respecting baronet could choose a wife for his son. The pages describing their passion are like a chapter from Arcadia interjected into a conventional novel. It goes back to the simplicities of an earlier world, and gives us in the heart of modern society a new Adam and Eve. The father's return puts an end to the idyl of young love. The author of a System cannot allow Nature and Providence to provide the perfect mate. Lucy is packed off to France; and Richard spends a dreary winter in a home that is not much better than a prison. In the spring, believing him cured, his father sends him to London in the company of a dyspeptic uncle whose daily death over his dinner absorbs all his energies. By that chance which the novelist always commands, he meets Lucy there, finds that she is to be forced into an unwelcome union with a clownish cousin, and, aided by his old nurse, marries her himself. Nurse Berry represents the farcical in the novel. Her humor is crude, exuberant, a trifle coarse; but her good sense and devotion are unailing.

Richard has not meant to cross his father, whom he tenderly loves. He seeks reconciliation; but Sir Austin's "indigestion of wrath has made of him a moral dyspeptic." He delays forgiveness, and the son, separated from Lucy, is left dancing attendance on his pleasure in London, in charge of a cynical tutor, whose office, by the father's command, is to show him "life" in all its phases. Hence the tragedy, for the pure youth knows no wiles to withstand those of the enemy. The pity of it is that Lucy is sacrificed, and one feels it the more that it seems needless. When reconciliation has come, when the ordeal is over, the curtain falls on Richard with his life ruined, by the fault of others more than his own.

In many regards "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel" is the most artistic of all his works. It is a moral tragedy worked out by the hand of genius; and in analysis of character, in dramatic intensity and idyllic description, it is unsurpassed. Robert Louis Stevenson calls the final scene between Lucy and Richard "the strongest scene since Shakespeare in the English tongue." Certainly

there is nothing like it in our fiction of to-day. And the golden wisdom of the book, its brilliant wit, its keen philosophy, and subtly pointed aphorisms! One returns to it from the average novel with a fresh sense of its broader vision of life, its moral strength. To compare it with the reigning favorites of the last few years, is to make one wonder if the reading world is still in its primer.

Put beside this tragedy the gay comedy of "The Egoist." The character makes the book, every incident which carries on the story only adding a new touch to the full-length portrait. It is a study of consummate selfishness. Sir Willoughby Patterne is handsome, brilliant, accomplished; king of his little world since babyhood. "He not merely ruled; he throned, he inspired." Outward obedience is not enough; his ideas are feudal, medieval; and that anyone should presume to *think* differently from him is an offense. It is tyranny based on the conviction of the superiority of his own thinking. He is Carlyle's hero willing to govern the world for the world's own good. When the heroine, feeling this, murmurs, "At least my *mind* is my own," it is added, "That was the very point in dispute."

Woman is of course to him only an echo; but he demands a sweet one; and the story centers on the difficulty this paragon experiences in finding a mate to his mind. To desire birth, beauty, intelligence,—that is the commonplace of his rank. He wishes beyond these, one who "has *not* been nibbled at." He wishes her "to come to him as out of an eggshell, more astonished than a chicken, as completely enclosed as before he tapped the shell, and seeing him first of all men." He finds his desire in Clara Middleton; he has "snatched her from the crowd without a breath of the crowd having offended his niceness. She was the true ideal, fresh-gathered fruit, warranted by her bloom." On the seventieth page of the book, Clara is engaged to him; three hundred more are occupied with her endeavors to free herself. Like many another she has taken "being loved" as identical with "loving"; but an Egoist, she finds, cannot really love, much less be adored to the infinite of his desires, by a young woman who, after all, has a mind of her own. "She conceived the state of marriage with him as that of a woman tied, not to a man of heart but to an obe-

Portuguese
with
maritally
correct
superficial
into a
his spirit

lisk lettered all over with hieroglyphics, and everlastingly hearing him expound them."

The whole book is occupied with the turns and counter-turns of Clara and Sir Willoughby; a long comedy whose every scene only serves to bring out more perfectly his character. He cannot comprehend her reluctance; considers it maiden shyness, sweet humility before the honor of his love. He has reveled for years in the silent adoration of another woman, Letitia Dale. His egotism betrays him finally. How if he were magnanimously to reward this long devotion and punish Clara's reluctance, which, by this time, he feels far too near flat rebellion, by showing her another in the place once offered her? Alas! the worm turns; the meek, patient, long-adoring Letty, whose girlish passion is all burnt out now, refuses also the honor of his hand. He doubts his ears at first, then her own, then her sanity. The woman who refuses him must surely be demented; and his anxious "Are you not well, Letitia?" is deliciously comic. Finally she is won to consent, but how? She tells him his faults, she makes conditions, she warns him she will be no soft echo. One feels that Sir Willoughby's egotism will suffer in the domestic furnace of affliction. It may not be cured, but it will be tempered by such a companionship as Letitia promises.

The wit of the book is dazzling. Every one is supernally clever, every one talks in aphorisms until we tire of their unceasing vivacity. The author's own wit shines through all his characters; but he forgets that in common life people do not talk in epigrams. "Is it every day the same with you here?" asks a friend, lauding the brilliant conversation which she frankly adds she does not understand. "Very much," answers the flattered Sir Willoughby. To which the lady rejoins, "How you must enjoy a spell of dullness!" That is precisely the reader's feeling. It is said that Stevenson has read "The Egoist" five times, and one can imagine so keen an analyst delighting in its delicate satire; but in art and high ethical purpose it must be ranked below "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel."

To one who notes the progress of democracy in fiction, "Beauchamp's Career" is perhaps most interesting of all. Here is the conventional background, the country baronet and his circle, the society ideals; but the hero is cast in another mold, and the

force of the book comes in part from this contrast. Beauchamp is a Richard Feverel who has had the education of life, but who has kept the whiteness of his soul; who loves nobly and toils hard for a world that does not understand his motives. He is everything the Egoist is not; self, with him, is always last, and yet he is no prig or lady's hero, but a man of like passions with his fellows. His character is described as "everything which is the obverse of Byronism," by which word Meredith signals the sentimentalism his soul abhors. His faith is in working and fighting. "With every inducement to offer himself as a romantic figure, he despises the pomades and curling irons of modern romance, its shears and its labels; in fine, every one of those positive things by whose aid the nimbus known as a mysterious halo is produced about a gentleman's head." He is not a "conqueror of circumstances" but neither, conquered, "does he weep or ask you for a tear."

He has found his own hero in a certain Doctor Schrapnel,—a character who is only the mouth-piece of Meredith's own intense democracy. Schrapnel is a Carlyle turned Radical, but keeping hope for the future. He inveighs indeed, against a "church-ridden government," but that is because in the struggle for the rights of the people, the priest is, he says, "dead against the only cause that can justify and keep up a state church—the cause of the poor." But Schrapnel is no vulgar unbeliever. "We reverence the Master in His teachings," he says, "we behold the limits of Him in a creed, and that is not His work. We truly are His disciples who see how far it was in Him to do service." And on prayer, he says well, "We make it a part of us, praying for no gifts, no interventions, through the faith in prayer opening our souls to the undiscerned. It is the recognition of laws; the souls' exercise and source of strength. We that fight the living world must have the Universal for succor of the truth in it." And there is a trumpet-call to the ardent soul in his words to the young Radical: "On with your mission, and never a summing of results in hand, nor thirst for prospects, nor counting upon harvests: for seed sown in faith day by day is the nightly harvest of the soul,—and with the soul we work, with the soul we see."

The tragedy of the book is the common one. Beauchamp fights single-handed against a

blind world, and is conquered just as there seems hope his battle may not be in vain. Or rather, as a brave man must, just as he has everything to live for, he gives his life to save a child's. There is a grim pathos in the final sentence of the book. The sleepy, crying child of the people, for whom his life has been sacrificed, is lifted up before the old baronet who is distractedly seeking his nephew, "This is what we have in exchange for Beauchamp."

Three fine heroines add charm to the story, and the trio show Meredith's ideas regarding women. All three are more than clever; they have at once intellect and character. His ideal is not at all the conventional one, all clinging confidence and sweet submission. The more mind and will a woman has, the better according to him. His most brilliant heroine is Diana of The Crossways and he fairly revels in her wit and wisdom. But his praise of our intellect is balanced by doubt of our judgment. Diana is described as "splendidly irrational." His indictment of the sex is the old one,—that in the crucial hour it is always heart and impulse that decide for us, never supreme reason. "The education for women," Beauchamp says, "is to teach them to rely on themselves." They should be comrades and helpmeets, not queens of the harem. The Circassian ideal, which, despite our boasted advance is still, in the main, the society one, finds no favor in his eyes. Clara in "The Egoist," cries out for a comrade not a lover. He believes in the broadest culture, the fullest life for woman, not for her sake, but for

the world's. In the struggle for the higher civilization, the nobler life, "what folly to leave out half the fighting force of humanity." At present women are too much that "awful baggage in the rear of humanity, slaves of custom, forms, shows, and superstitions." We must learn to walk alone before we can aid the march of civilization. It is the same note which Ibsen strikes, the new note of independence and individuality.

His severest critic would not deny Meredith genius; his most admiring one will not deny him faults. To say that he does not reach the general public is to admit that his art is not perfect. But then one doubts if he cares to touch the mass. Fiction, to him, as said, is merely the vehicle of philosophy; and as to style, his creed is hinted in this sentence:

"The point to be considered is whether fiction demands a perfectly smooth surface. When we ask for facts simply, we feel the intrusion of style. Of fiction it is a part. In the one case the classic robe, in the other any medieval fantasy of clothing."

Unfortunately the medieval fantasy is an obstruction to that very philosophy whose aid Meredith invokes to make fiction something worthy a wise man's reading. But though style is much, thought is more; and knowing in Meredith's as in Browning's case, that the thought is there in rich measure, it behooves us to use our own wits in the reading. If, once through the thorn-hedge of unaccustomed form, you come into a king's garden, you need not surely grudge the effort.

A NATION OF LIARS.

BY PROFESSOR ISAAC T. HEADLAND.

Of Peking University, China.

THAT young Chinese friend who comes in so often to see me, and drink tea and eat cake and descant on whatever subject is uppermost in his mind, has been in again. He is a remarkable young man, a close observer, a rather clever critic, though often wrong, and withal a good-natured and bright young fellow. I never yawn or go to sleep when he calls. He never yet has stayed so long as to make me secretly wish he would leave. While he

drinks his tea he is full of questions and interesting commonplace remarks, and gives one all the cream of the best gossip in far less time than one could get it from the newspaper; and when he gets through with tea and cake, he is a forcible denial of that proverb which says: "When the stomach is full the head is empty."

When he came in to-day, I knew by the expression of his face that he was loaded and only needed to have the trigger pulled to

go off, and I was certain by the expression of his face that the Chinese were not the objects of his criticisms; for I can easily tell by his appearance whether he is going to moralize or criticise, whether he intends to descant on the shortcomings of his own people or those of mine. I confess I was a little surprised at first when he started off, for he was perfectly calm, having complete control of himself, and I thought I might be mistaken in my diagnosis of his face.

He began by saying, "I have just been reading in a book by one of your Chinese scholars, a Mr. Giles, that '*the Chinese are a nation of liars!*' If innate ideas were possible, the idea of lying would form the foundation stone of the Chinese mind. They lie by instinct; at any rate they lie from imitation, and improve their powers in this respect by the most assiduous practice. They seem to prefer lying to speaking the truth, even when there is no stake at issue; and as for shame at being found out, the very feeling is unfamiliar to them. The gravest and most serious works in Chinese literature abound in lies; their histories lie; and their scientific works lie. Nothing in China seems to have escaped this taint."

"Well," I asked, "is it not true?"

"Yes," he answered, "I frankly admit that lying is the most common of all sins. It is everywhere and in everything; it is the most common fault of the Chinese, as it is of the people of every other country in which I have been; it is in every business and in every profession; and not one man has ever lived from the time of your Patriarch Abraham to your time and mine, who was not at some time in his life a liar. (Of course, I except Him whom you trust as your Savior, I would make no accusations against Him.) But have you ever known a little child who did not have to be taught to tell the truth? and have you ever known a child that did not learn to lie itself?"

"The world is literally crammed with lies, lies that are told, lies that are acted, lies that are looked, and lies that are only hinted at. A wink, a sneer, a shrug of the shoulders, a raising of the eyebrows, a looking askance. Some tell lies themselves, others tell them by proxy; some act lies themselves, others act them by proxy; and almost everything in art and nature is made to serve men in this respect. Let me illustrate, and please do not expect me to use only Chinese illus-

trations, for as you know I lived four years in that great American center of learning—Boston—the Hub of your United States, if not of the universe, and much of what I saw was there, but it can just as easily be seen in any other American city.

"The theological building is a stone building is it not?" a friend asked me one day. 'No,' I answered, 'the theological building is a great brick and mortar lie with a stone front.' That building is a fair type of man. He always wants the best (looking) side out. He is more anxious about *what he seems* than *what he is*. He is constantly polishing rather than purifying. He is gold-washed, gold-plated, silver-plated, nickel-plated, *plated*, but not pure—not solid. He is far more careful of what he says than what he thinks. Tongues drop honey while hearts are filled with gall. The face is the lawn, the heart is the back lawn.

"Notice how early the young child begins to lie. The people at Tuncha were compelled to send a boy home for stealing, not long since. Before sending him they asked him what he had to say for himself. He said, 'At home I was accustomed to steal from my mother, and Miss Evans seemed so much like my mother that I stole from her.' It may truly be said of the lives of many people as the Scotch poet Burns said of some books, that they are

"*'Lies fra end to end.'*"

"As a little child it holds the candy in its mouth while it presents its hands to its companion and says in indistinct accents 'It's don.' As a youth it practices what the Irish poet Moore sang, that

"*'Lies are, my dear, the soul of loving';*
and as a husband or wife it adopts the principle of Hudibras, that

"*'Marriage at best is but a vow,
Which all men either break or bow,
And rather than a lie confess,
With greater strive to make it less.'*"

"You know," he continued, "what lies you Americans practice in your love affairs. You lie by sighing. Some one has said:

"*'Of the size of her hand you may judge by
her glove,
For there is needed no art,
But you never can judge the depth of the love
Of a maid by the sighs of her heart';*

and this could be as well said of a man as

of a 'maid'—as well of the Chinese, as of any others.

"You know that the Chinese use a 'middle man,' or 'go-between' to arrange their matches. Now, in all the world there are no greater liars than these go-betweens. They lie to the young man and his parents about the young woman; they lie to the parents of the young woman about the young man. The young man knows this and so he bribes his go-between to think of a plan to allow him to see his betrothed. The go-between takes the money and promises to have the young lady ride along a certain street at a certain time, and the young man may stand on the corner and see her go by in the cart; but if the young woman happens to have a homely face, he substitutes a handsome woman, who rides unconsciously along that street, and the go-between walks off with his ill-gotten gains.

"I have heard that nothing will make an American so mad as to call him a liar. A Chinaman does not mind it. He recognizes the truth of what your Psalmist 'said in his haste,' that 'all men are liars.' You Americans do not recognize it, and yet you are aware how full of lies is your social system. Invitations to call are followed by silent wishes that they will not be accepted. Those familiar with society are not often deceived, and act another lie by courteously pretending to accept what they know was not meant, and which they intend never to accept. You have heard how that young man, unfamiliar with social sins, accepted such a false invitation and was told by the ignorant servant, 'Missus says she's out.'

"I do not need to tell you of the lies that are told by persons in their efforts at compliments; of the lies that are acted in their efforts to appear well; of how many people you have in America whose ancestors came over in the—what-do-you-call-it ship—the *Mayflower*. All these are more familiar to you than to me. These, with the lies that are told in tea party gossip, in slander, and in what you call back-biting, are enough to put you in the same category in which Mr. Giles puts us,—a nation of liars.

"How many of your ladies," he asked, "would tell you the truth if you asked them their age?"

I was rather offended at his putting my countrymen down as a nation of liars, and

when he sprung this question on me, I was unprepared for it, and without stopping to think what I was saying, I answered:

"All under sixteen would tell you the truth."

This provoked a smile in my almond-eyed, but rather slick friend, and at first I did not see the point of the joke, and when I did see it, I added to my friend's amusement and my own embarrassment by saying,

"Yes, all under twenty would tell you the truth."

Without further noticing what I had said, he continued:

"I noticed this conversation in one of the papers a few days ago:

"*Horace.* 'I say, David, how old do you think Miss Jones is? Her aunt says she is only twenty-one.'

"*David (a clerk in a store).* 'Aw, yes, marked down from thirty-three to be disposed of at a bargain, don't you see?'

"I have noticed very many such bits of humor in your newspapers, and have taken them as evidence that you all recognize the fact that your women lie about their age, and that you, for some reason which I cannot understand, overlook the matter, or treat it as a joke. Why any one should be ashamed of the dignity which age adds, is incomprehensible to me."

"Well," said I, "what you say of our social customs is partly true, but you are mistaken about its entering into our professional life."

"You are mistaken," he answered. "What I have just said about your social customs, may be said of your professional men as well. One day I went to a dentist to have him examine one of my teeth which I thought had begun to decay. That dentist found seven in a very critical condition, and advised me to have them filled at once, and as my teeth were very good teeth, except for the decayed places, he advised me to have them all filled with gold. From his serious manner, I could not doubt that he was advising me for my own good, and I asked him if he had time to attend to them. He was very busy, but he would consult his book and fix a time. 'To-morrow at eleven o'clock—from eleven to twelve—I shall be busy up to that time.' I called. I called a little early, and found him reading a novel, the person he had expected had not come. Each day it was the same until the work was completed, and I

began to suspect, that as he was a young dentist, he might not be so busy as I had at first suspected. At my request he gave me the bill, which was thirty-two dollars, but as I was 'a special friend'—I had never spoken to him except when I was introduced to him—he had marked it down to twenty-five dollars.

"This same thing appeared in a bill presented to me by a physician,—a bill of twenty-one dollars was marked down to fourteen, because we were 'special friends.'

"A young physician once told me that their professor told them while in the medical school, that after they had put out their sign, they should go out for a drive every day, and drive as fast as if they were going to see a patient at the point of death.

"I have heard of other physicians who had their servants call them out of church, to give the impression that they were overburdened with work, and that when such a physician found a patient less careful perhaps than he ought to be, he would apply large, incomprehensible medical terms to some trifling indisposition, and make the patient believe he was almost at the point of death. I have even heard that physicians with a small practice and a rich patient have been known to 'pluck the goose,' as they call it, by giving medicine to make the patient ill when he began to recover too rapidly, and then blame the relapse on the carelessness of the patient. Have you not heard of such things?"

"Yes," said I, "I have heard of such things. But whatever our doctors and dentists may do, our teachers and lecturers cannot be said to lie."

"You must not be too certain of that," he answered. "Your teacher will say that his school was never before in as prosperous a condition as it is now, when indeed its condition may be exactly the reverse. A man by the name of Walton records this story:

"As I was on my way to school I passed the teacher and a lady who inquired how her son was getting along. The teacher said he was getting along well—very well. In the course of the day, the teacher said to that same boy when he failed to spell a word, 'John Ellis, you are the most indolent and worst behaved boy in school. I saw your mother this morning, and I had a good mind to tell her what kind of a boy you are. I will do so if you do not do better.'

"And you say your lecturer will not lie? Why, sir, your lecturer will say that for want of time,—when, in truth, it is for want of something more to say,—we must postpone the further discussion of this subject till some future day. The speaker who is not thoroughly charged will take fifteen minutes to tell his audience how utterly impossible it is to discuss such a subject in an hour's time. He will apologize for not being prepared to speak on a subject on which he has spent hours, days, perhaps weeks of study. I clipped the following from a recent newspaper:

"*After-dinner Speaker.* 'Unprepared as I am—unprepared as I—er—unprepared as'—

"*His wife (across the table).* 'Why, Tom, you had it all by heart this afternoon, go on now and stop your apologies.'

"A nation's jokes are a fair index of its moral ideas. If it jokes about sacred things, it cares little for sacred things. If it works its lies up into jokes, it cannot rebuke men for lying. We cannot speak lightly of what we reverence, or of those whom we reverence or love, neither can we laugh at what we hate. What we love truly, we reverence profoundly; and what we hate bitterly, we despise so utterly that we cannot enjoy it as a piece of wit or humor.

"Your lecturer, your debater, your public speaker, will try to substitute jokes for arguments, and tickle you into agreeing with him, rather than win you by reason, and then flatter you by pretending that you have been won by argument and logic. The very structure of his lecture is often a lie,—for is it not your principle that an address should have a good introduction and a good conclusion whatever the body of it may be?—like the sole of a cheap shoe—good at the top and bottom but filled in with pasteboard or shavings—filled in with the loud thunder of other men which he has stolen and given as his own,—with little orphan thoughts which he kidnaps and introduces as his own children without even changing their clothes."

"I suppose it is not necessary," I said, "to pretend that our lawyers do not lie. It would be impossible to make you believe it."

"It would be impossible to make yourself believe it," he retorted. "I have found your papers filled with jokes about the lies of lawyers. Is it not true," he asked, "that the words lawyer and liar are often considered by you synonymous terms? Nevertheless I do

not think that lawyers are necessarily liars, nor indeed that all of them habitually lie; but I can easily see the great temptations that are placed before them.

"Here, for instance, is a lawyer. A murder case is brought to him. A large sum of money is offered with it. He does not seek to know if the man is guilty,—if he is guilty he prefers not to know—he even refuses to know it. He prepares the case relying on his ignorance and ingenuity. He tries to confuse the witnesses of the prosecution. He tries to suppress all evidence that would be detrimental to the prisoner. He tries, by flattering the jury, to win their favor, and at the same time prejudice them against the prosecution and his witnesses. If he cannot prove the prisoner innocent, he tries to cast a doubt upon his guilt, knowing that the prisoner has the benefit of the doubt, and that a doubt is as good in the eyes of the law as innocence.

"You must remember that what I have just mentioned are only the great lie structures, to build which it takes as many little lies as it requires bricks to build the courthouse. The lawyers must lie, they must cause the witnesses to lie, and the prisoner to lie, and then if possible subtly misrepresent the testimony to the jury.

"I noticed a few days ago the following, which indicates how lawyers try to confuse witnesses.

Lawyer. 'You say that the prisoner accidentally shot himself in the leg.'

Witness. 'I do.'

"Was there anything in the gun?"

"I don't know."

"Now will you please state to the jury how the man shot himself?"

"Well, I suppose the gun was like a lawyer's mouth—went off whether there was anything in it or not."

"This was given as a joke to be laughed at instead of a lie to be condemned.

"As to your American politician and our Chinese official—yes, I see a smile passing over your face—their reputation is such, their lies are so common and so generally recognized that I will not mention them."

"You have dealt rather roughly with all our professions," said I, "surely you do not think our clergymen lie."

"If I had any desire to ridicule the various professions because of their shortcomings, I am sure I should pass over this one," he answered, "for the sake of its Master, and be-

cause clergymen are the representatives of the highest element of man's nature. I believe they are more free from this evil than any other class of men. I have no desire to ridicule them, nor any of the professions, for their shortcomings. But it is only too sad that the condition of the social, professional, and business world demands that a better tongue than mine, and a better pen than yours, point out these variations from truth, and try to correct this growing tendency to falsehood.

"I asked a Swiss clergyman what he thought was the lie most common to ministers. He answered without a moment's hesitation: 'Dey all tell your deir church is in de best condition it ever vas—their congregation is steadily increasing.'

"I once heard a doctor of divinity say to a class of theological students: 'When I preach on giving tithes, I take a text from the Old Testament and show that they gave a tenth. *Then I take my collection.* The next Sunday I take a text from the New Testament and show that there is nothing in it which strictly indicates that they taught that tithes should be given.

"But perhaps the place where ministers are most tempted to lie is in funeral sermons and epitaphs. I noticed somewhere that, 'The tombstone is about the only thing that can stand upright and lie on its face at the same time,' another of your jokes about lying, under the most solemn and sacred circumstances in the world. And yet *we* are the nation of liars."

"If you thus speak of our professional men," said I, "it is useless for me to try to defend our business men. But perhaps you do not care to speak of them."

"Indeed I do want to speak of them," he replied. "I have thought very much of your business untruthfulness, and I have come to the conclusion that lying is carried to such an extent in business circles, and seems to business men so necessary to success, that the man who does it most and can do it neatest and best, without having it appear on the surface, is called—not by the name I would dub him—but an *enthusiastic business man.*

"I often noticed the 'boards' in Boston, and have frequently seen two or three of 'the greatest shows on earth' advertised as being in the city at the same time. There are a dozen places where one can get 'the best 5c cigar in the city,' though all these cigars are

of a different make; and as many of the cheap places in the city to buy groceries.

"A book edited by a D.D. and published by one of the largest publishing houses of one of the largest churches in the United States, was advertised in a Sunday school journal to be 'worth its weight in gold.' I weighed the book, and found it to weigh six and a half pounds. You need only to look at the advertisements in a few of the papers to find a dozen of the 'best selling articles in the world,' nor will all these advertisements be found in secular newspapers. Your religious press is often more enthusiastic than wise in its insertion of advertisements.

"Another way in which your business firms lie, is by placing cards in the windows on the articles to be sold with such statements as the following :

"Former Price, \$3.25, Present Price, \$1.75.

~~\$5.00~~ \$2.50

Marked down from \$5.50 to \$3.99.

Goods selling at 50c on the dollar.

"It is unnecessary to multiply examples. You have seen more of this than I, and you know to what a lamentable extent your business men thus vary from the truth. You know further that an employer lies to the clerk about the price of goods, the clerk lies to the customer, and the customer lies about the price of the same goods in another store. One lie calls for another to back it up ; it takes a dozen more to support that one, and a gross to support that dozen. Lies cannot travel alone,—they go in troops like your stage players.

"Another class of your business men lie to secure your patronage by promising to have your work done at a certain time. Then they must tell another lie when you call for the goods, to excuse themselves for not having them ready.

"The following is an illustration of your indifference to this lying in business circles :

"*Prospective Purchaser (to real estate dealer):*

'What ought those lots in Washabaugh's Addition to be worth apiece?'

"'Those lots? why that 's all swamp land. I wouldn't give five dollars a dozen for them, sir.'

"'Why, Washabaugh told me this morning he was going to put them into your hands to sell them.'

"'H'm! Washabaugh's *Addition*, did you say? Why-er-Washabaugh's lots, h'm, why, dash it, man! Those lots in Washabaugh's Addition, with a little drainage, would be cheap at \$600 apiece.'

"I say once more that a nation's jokes are a fair index of its moral ideas. As long as it jokes about—"

"Now," said I, "what has aroused you on this subject of lying? What is your object in telling me all these things about my countrymen?"

He looked at me with one of his sweetest smiles. There was nothing sarcastic about him as was sometimes the case. He arose from his chair with a thoughtful expression creeping over his features as the smile passed off. He arranged his cap, and smoothed down his silken garments.

"I will tell you," he said, "If I had the opportunity, as you have, through newspapers and magazines, to call the attention of my people to this matter of lying, I would make a strenuous effort to do so. Your magazines have articles on almost every subject, but I have never yet seen one on this, and yet how awfully your people as well as mine sin in this respect. You have large magazines which are read by a great number of young people throughout the various churches. I would ask those young people to use every effort in their power to induce people to stop lying; to live honestly; and if they cannot live honestly—to *die honestly*. I would ask them to throw their influence against putting the largest apples, the largest potatoes, the largest oranges, the largest strawberries on top of the basket; to stop sanding the sugar and watering the syrup; to stop looking lies, and acting lies, and telling lies, and tell the truth, and shame the"—here he paused an instant, and as he bowed himself out of the door he repeated, "shame the man next door to them."

THE COST OF GLORY.

BY ARVÈDE BARINE.

Translated from "The Chautauquan" from the French "Revue des Deux Mondes."

THE woman of whom this article treats was according to appearances and to the light judgments of the world one of the most richly endowed of beings, one crowned with the greatest success and honor, one who achieved the greatest triumph. She had had wild dreams and her dreams had become a reality. She had broken with customs and prejudices, she had violated the wishes of her family, and, so far as could be seen, she had never been punished. Her family had become resigned and public opinion had been disarmed.

What had she to regret? What could she have desired further? Everything had succeeded for her. She had become a sort of classic example among young girls eager for the higher studies and the free career of the other sex. Fair students pleaded the unique and resplendent case of Sophie Kovalevsky, professor of higher mathematics in the University of Stockholm, author of a memoir to which the Institute of France had decreed one of the highest rewards, an authentic scholar cited by *savants* as ranking with Euler and Lagrange, and a woman admired, sought out, fêted, happy. Apart from two or three friends who kept silence, no one doubted that she had gained one of the grandest victories in the battle of life.

Sophie Kovalevsky died young. She obtained a promise from the most confidential witness of her struggles to write her full history, and from this work it is found that all of her achievements, all of her renown, covered only ashes and tears, deception and despair. "I have had everything in life," she cries, "excepting that which was indispensable to me."

This "indispensable" thing was the life of the heart; its denial might have been the result of her own self-deception, unpremeditated, brought about because it is our destiny to grope blindly; or it may be that the wrong from which she suffered sprang from her attempt to act a double part in the great drama of life.

According to the "Memories of Childhood"

which she herself wrote, Sophie Kovalevsky had been "the unloved one" from her birth. She was born at Moscow in 1850. Her father, General Kroukovsky, had lost heavily at the gaming table and had been obliged to pledge the diamonds of his wife. The birth of another daughter at this juncture of affairs was most inopportune, and her nurse never wearied of repeating to the other domestics all through Sophie's childhood how even the mother had not wanted to see her. The child heard all of these indiscreet confidences. "They decided my character," say the "Memories." "I became constantly more and more shy and self-centered."

Perhaps she exaggerated the indifference of her parents. The Kroukovsky family were of very noble blood; they were descended from Mathias Corvin, king of Hungary. They brought up their children, two daughters and a son, according to the ancient aristocratic tradition. It was an event for the little ones even to see their father. On rare occasions when General Kroukovsky had clad himself in his uniform and his breast was resplendent with crosses and with stars, his children would be brought in to contemplate him. He allowed them to admire him and then had them taken away with a consciousness of having done his duty.

These relations existed in great numbers of noble Russian families and were productive of results which showed plainly during the crisis which followed the reforms of 1860. They were the cause of so many parents and children finding themselves strangers to one another at the critical moment when Russian youth, intoxicated by the air of freedom which swept over the empire of czars, broke all bonds and went to all extremities. More than one noble personage owed to his careless ignorance of what had been taking place in the daily life of his children the shock of awakening one morning to find himself the father of an emancipated student or of a militant nihilist.

Madame Kovalevsky was a woman of straightforward sentiments. She had never

been able to comprehend the aristocratic conceptions of her family and had always a heavy heart in thinking over a childhood separated from parental caresses. When she recalled her earlier years, she saw a beautiful mother always in full dress, always ready to start to some fête, whose appearance fairly dazzled her. She recalled her timid and awkward attempts to embrace this radiant creature, and could not forget that she never succeeded. Her mother would reproach her for crumpling her toilet, and the child would run to conceal her shame into a corner where she contrasted herself with her sister Anna, who knew how to climb upon her mamma's knees without ruining the fine clothes and whom both parents noticed more because she had a pretty face. "My poor neglected one," sighed the nurse very often over her when thinking she was asleep.

Her "Memories of Childhood" contains charming pages describing years of exile in a large apartment always closed. The three children slept in this stuffy room with their nurse. Anna, the oldest, was often admitted to the *salon*, but the two younger ones lived in this chamber. The windows were never opened. The French governess never entered the apartment without shrinking back from the stifling air that met her and begging to have the windows opened. "Open the windows," the nurse would exclaim, "and give the master's children cold!" One might as well have asked her to expose them to death.

The nurse personified the invincible repugnance of the Russian peasant to the customs of other nations. She hated this stranger who wished to introduce into an orthodox family manners which would make its people heretics. In the eyes of the peasants the customs of their village receive from their antiquity a kind of religious consecration. There is piety in their resistance to innovations.

This wretched *régime* bore its fruit. Lack of air and of exercise, fastened upon the future competitor of Euler a nervous malady which sometimes threw her into convulsions. Fortunately for the science of mathematics, her father left the service in 1856 and withdrew to his estate in Vitebsk. There he discovered all these things which had been contrary to his wish, and with which he was greatly angered. He stormed. For several days all the women of the household feared and wailed. The French governess was dis-

missed, the nurse relegated to the laundry. An English governess took their place, after which General Kroukovsky, satisfied with himself, re-entered his own apartments and had no more revelations concerning his daughters until the time when they both escaped him.

Meanwhile the weight of the struggle fell upon the English governess. "She brought into our family," writes Madame Kovalevsky, "a completely new element. Although she had been brought up in Russia and spoke the language well, she had preserved intact those traits which characterize the Anglo-Saxon race, constancy, straightforwardness, and the habit of finishing whatever was commenced. Thanks to her perseverance, she succeeded in introducing into our house, to a certain measure, her ways."

Little Sophie blossomed back to health under her care, but never had she seemed more shut away from those about her. For fear of evil influences she was kept from all companions and the wall between her and her own people became higher and thicker.

If ever a family seemed to be sheltered from new ideas it was this one. Palibino, their estate, was a distant place, an isolated point in vast stretches of Russian territory. The postman came only once a week. Reports from the outside world reached there only at long intervals. Through such reports they learned occasionally singular news, as, for instance, that children were at variance with their parents in all Russia and that under the new developments it could not be otherwise.

"One might say," wrote Madame Kovalevsky, "that in the period from 1860 to 1870 all intelligent classes of Russian society were occupied with only one thought, the domestic discord between the old and the young. And these quarrels were never caused by material questions. They had always to do with purely theoretical considerations and were of an abstract character. Parents and children were not of the same opinion. Nothing more. There spread, particularly among the daughters, a veritable epidemic, leading them to fly from their paternal homes. In our immediate neighborhood all was still quiet, but we began to hear that at a little distance such and such a daughter of this and that proprietor had gone away to study or had joined the nihilists at St. Petersburg."

The cause for this rupture can be briefly

explained. The end of the war with the east had been followed by a period of joyful effort and of great hope. An explosion of enthusiasm greeted the giant reforms which were proposed for all abuses and injustice. It was necessary to be a General Kroukovsky and to live at Palibino in order to imagine that nothing had changed in Russia save the name of the sovereign and that Alexander II. was only a new Nicholas. Everybody was liberal, everybody was humanitarian; and this new impulsion started from the throne. But Alexander II. made the mistake of supposing that he could accomplish his noble work while retaining about him his old officers. Even while he was engaging them in reform movements they were nearly all adversaries. Changes for the better were much more easy to propose than to inaugurate. The abolition of serfdom had caused many failures and the new laws often proved unsatisfactory. The old generation was annoyed, enraged; but it was too late to repress the ardor of the young for the movement. The chasm which separated the two generations widened. The cultured youth declared war against the whole social order; and the nihilist party was formed by students of the various institutions of learning and their sisters.

Meanwhile General Kroukovsky lived in perfect security. Of his three children his oldest daughter alone was of an age to have an opinion, and Anna was the last person of whom he would have thought there need be the least fear. A beautiful, romantic young girl, she seemed to him to have no thought save for a pleasurable existence. But she was thrown much into the company of the son of the parish pope, who was attending one of the higher seminaries of learning, where he had imbibed all the advanced ideas of the times. He taught Anna nihilism and she proved a good scholar. When she was eighteen years of age her father discovered that she was in secret correspondence with Fédor Dostoïevsky, the nihilist, author of "Crime and Punishment," and that she was writing for his paper and receiving pay for her manuscripts. His humiliation was complete; the dishonor of his family was an accomplished fact. He overwhelmed her with reproaches and predicted an ignominious outcome, after which he seemed to be broken in spirit without strength to struggle more. His beautiful Anna, of whom he was so proud, had destroyed the sacred heritage of family name and position,

and had become a journalist and a demagogue.

His misfortunes were not to end here. Sophie Kroukovsky would have seemed disquieting to parents possessed of even very little clairvoyance. Her whole personality was enigmatical and contradictory. Her slight form and her short hair gave her at fourteen a somewhat boyish appearance, but in her childish face burned two black eyes whose powerful glance belonged neither to her age nor sex. Her conduct offered anomalies as great as her person. She was fearful and yet inflexible in her determination, of an impulsive nature and rebellious against all discipline. This timid girl had compelled the dismissal of her English governess and lived then under the influence of the nihilistic teaching of her sister. Her father regarded her still as a little girl and put her in the corner when she displeased him, when she was even then as ready as her sister to denounce social tyranny and to oppose parental will.

When Sophie was about seventeen the Kroukovsky family moved from the country to St. Petersburg, then a hotbed of revolution. Neither of the daughters hesitated about entering the ranks of revolt and they experienced an indescribable joy in discovering this new world of impetuous spirits, contrasting so strongly with their quiet life at Palibino. Twenty years later Madame Kovalevsky delighted to recall the memory of this glorious winter.

There is no earthly rule which can restrain when genius demands place. Sophie had long before disclosed her aptitude for mathematics. Under the instruction of a teacher she soon learned all the formulas of inferential calculus. Her father then refused to allow her and her sister who was also studying to carry on their work further, a proceeding which reduced them to a desperate expedient. They consulted with a friend who was in the same trouble and they all decided that the only chance of relief lay in a fictitious marriage. This plan had been adopted by many an aspiring Russian girl as a means of escape from restrictions.

The method was as follows: to seek out a young man imbued with progressive ideas, and to enter into a perfect agreement with him. The young man was to personify a lover and to seek the girl in marriage. The marriage, duly solemnized with the consent

of the parents, would procure liberty for the wife. As soon as the father's threshold was crossed the young couple could each pursue an independent way; the marriage existed for them only in name. Most frequently the young husband took his wife to some institution of learning and left her there to pursue her studies while he returned to his.

No sooner was this plan proposed for the sisters with their friend than they proceeded to act upon it. The one who sacrificed her future domestic happiness in this way could chaperon the others on a pretended foreign trip and, once abroad, all could devote themselves to study.

They resolved to address a student named Vladimir Kovalevsky. Anna seized a chance meeting with him and made known the stratagem. He replied that it would give him pleasure thus to serve them on condition that the nominal wife should be little Sophie. This was a bad sign; a fictitious husband ought to have no preferences. Besides the extreme youth of Sophie would complicate matters; the father would surely refuse his consent. But Sophie had decided to gain her liberty, cost what it might.

As anticipated, the general indignantly refused his consent. In his anger he ordered their trunks to be packed in order to take his daughters away from St. Petersburg, and first learned then to know the little Sophie. Vladimir Kovalevsky represented freedom; she arranged to secure Vladimir. She chose a day on which her parents gave a large dinner party, to make her escape. She left a letter for her father which read, "Papa, pardon me. I have gone to the house of Vladimir. I pray you no longer to oppose my marriage to him." This letter was given to him in the presence of his guests. He excused himself and went out, returning in time for dessert, bringing with him his daughter and Kovalevsky. "Permit me to present to you the affianced of my daughter Sophie," he said presenting the young man. They were married and departed for Germany in October, 1868.

The young couple established themselves at Heidelberg and took up a university course. *Monsieur* studied geology and *Madame* mathematics and both succeeded in their work. The remarkable powers of the modest, silent little foreign woman soon began to be discussed among the college professors.

Another Russian woman who had also contracted a fictitious marriage and was studying at the same university formed a strong friendship for Sophie and was the friend who later wrote her biography. She says of this time, "It was the only year in which I ever saw Sophie happy. Her husband loved her with an absolutely ideal affection." The arrival of Anna and her friend who had obtained permission to join her gradually changed the order of their lives. "For a fictitious marriage," they said, "there was too much sentiment in the relations of Kovalevsky with Sophie," and they insisted upon there being a greater separation between them. Sophie apparently lent herself to their way of thinking and her husband acquiesced.

If he had been more of a psychologist the conduct of Sophie would have seemed natural to him and things might have been arranged. He was not a psychologist. He was a paleontologist, interested in beings who had been dead for thousands of years. Living beings were not his first consideration; he preferred his books. "He never felt the need of distraction," wrote the above named biographer, "and this peculiarity of his character wounded Sophie." She thought he gave her up too easily, and her old impressions were only strengthened; she thought she was doomed always to be "the unloved one," no one could care for her. She brooded over this feeling and wearied her husband on the occasions of his visits with her complaints. All in vain his constant proofs of tenderness for her. "He loves me only when I am with him," she said. "He gets along very well without me." Driven to the limits of his resources and his patience, Kovalevsky fled to Jena.

In 1870 Sophie went to Berlin. She demanded science to rouse her from her ennui, and the gift that was in her manifested itself in all its splendor, compelling sympathy from German professors who had never looked with favor upon the intellectual aspirations of women. They doubted up to the moment when she demonstrated before them a problem in higher mathematics. Then they began to show their interest. She wrought out solutions with an elegance and a certainty that no other pupil had ever equaled. Her childlike face would redder with pleasure, her eyes would burn; she personated a true artist in the joy of creation.

She finished by overcoming all obstacles to her ambition. She was admired, esteemed, and a large horizon entirely new to her sex, opened before her. But her thirst for life was not appeased by mathematical symbols and Madame Kovalevsky suffered.

The death of her father and shortly after that of her husband, who was killed in making a scientific experiment, left her alone in the world. She then devoted herself to her studies and there unrolled before her a career without precedent in the history of her countrywomen. In 1883 she published a book on the refraction of light. In the same year she was called to the University of Stockholm as professor of mathematics. Here she taught as others preach, with faith and enthusiasm, persuaded that good scientific doctrine helps in solving the essential problems of life. "Constantly and with manifest joy," writes her biographer, "she communicated the extraordinary wealth of her knowledge and the profound perceptions of her divining mind to those of her scholars who showed an aptitude for them."

In 1886 the Academy of Sciences at Paris proposed as a subject for winning the Bordin prize, the "Theory of Movement in Solid Bodies." Two years later the committee unanimously decreed the prize to the memoir inscribed No. 2 and bearing the motto, "Say what you know, do what you ought, come what may." The author of No. 2 was Madame Kovalevsky.

The public meeting at which the various rewards of the institution were conferred was held December 24, 1888. President Janssen said, "Among the crowns which we have to give there is one, the most beautiful and the most difficult to obtain, which will be placed upon the brow of a woman. Madame Kovalevsky has won the great prize of the mathematical sciences. Our examining committee have recognized in her work not only the proof of a wide and profound knowledge, but also the mark of a great inventive mind."

Her reputation was now European. It might seem as if there were nothing left for her to desire. But this was only in appearance. In her heart there was despair.

A desperate attempt at this time to satisfy the wants of the heart without sacrificing the prerogatives of the brain, ended in a cruel shock. At the beginning of 1888 she became enamored of a Russian named K—.

He was a man of mind and merit, and greatly admired his compatriot, but he addressed his homage rather to the great mathematician than to the woman. Madame Kovalevsky struggled in despair to make him forget the scholar. She saw with horror that it was her work that stood between them. He asked her to abandon it all and become his wife, "*only his wife*." Her memoir for the Bordin prize was not then finished and she could not, would not meet the demand.

At the time of her winning her great prize at Paris, K— hastened there to see her crowned. She was overjoyed to have him witness her success, but her disappointment was terrible on seeing that she had given by this act the death blow to her hopes of love. She was the heroine of the day, was toasted and responded to toasts, made and received visits from morning to night, and had scarcely a free moment to devote to the man she loved, who had come to share in her triumph. Seeing her so overwhelmed with outside matters when he longed for her society confirmed K— in his thought that a *savante* could never be a true wife. Neither would change. He did not wish a scholar, she could not sacrifice her work.

Madame Kovalevsky wrote to her friend, "Letters of felicitation rain upon me from all sides, and I, by the strange irony of fate, have never been so miserable as now. I hope to become wiser with time. I shall do my best to lose myself in my work and to become interested in practical things. For the present all I can do is to keep my thoughts to myself and try to appear happy to the world."

When she went back to Stockholm she was a broken woman, faded and worn. Nothing interested her as before, neither people nor ideas. She dragged on her existence after this manner until February, 1891, when after an illness of only four days for which physicians could find no remedy, she died.

The public would never have suspected the truth of her life had she not asked her friend that her sad history be made known to all. In her last years she used to say that she would gladly change places with the most ordinary woman who was surrounded by those to whom her love was a necessity. One might fittingly write as her epitaph the words of Madame De Staël, "Glory for woman is only the refulgent shroud of happiness."

DAHPNE'S CRUISE ON A MAN-OF-WAR.

BY ALETHE LOWBER CRAIG.

Wife of Commander Craig of the United States Navy.

CHAPTER XIII.

"MY LADY, have you nerve enough to get off on the next train for Kioto, which leaves Kobe station at half-past three o'clock?" said Sir Philip to his wife, coming into the captain's cabin from his post-luncheon smoke on the deck. "This is a charming afternoon for a journey. Daphne ought not to miss Kioto, and sailing orders might be given suddenly, so we have been arranging a flying visit there. Morrison is going too. Captain Dunraven obligingly insists that, as he shall be almost constantly on board, his executive officer may shift his executive cares to his captain's shoulders."

"I have nerve enough for two, Sir Philip," said Daphne, jumping from her chair with a zeal that sent her nearly to the low ceiling. "I will save Debsie all the trouble of packing the bags, I will even tie on her bonnet for her if she is too limp to do it for herself. It has been my largest sized Japanese wish to see Kioto temples and buy Kioto crêpes."

"And I submit, of course," Lady Leighton said, with an air of great magnanimity.

"Then meet me on the quarter-deck within an hour. Can I do anything to help you before I go to get my belongings together? No? You are sure? Do not be late, my dears."

Lady Leighton threw a lazy, longing look around the comforts of the captain's large cabin, uttered a sigh intended to make a very meek and patient impression, and laughingly followed Daphne into their own yellow cabin to get into tourist trim.

Sir Philip had scarcely reached the outer door before he seemed to be seized with a fresh thought, and turned back. Holding in one hand the yellow portière and thrusting his head and shoulders into the little cabin he said in an unusually casual manner,

"I believe I omitted to mention that St. Egerton will go with us."

"Will he? Oh! I am so surprised!" said Lady Leighton, with a most impressive intonation.

Sir Philip dropped the portière and re-

treated, while Daphne grew suddenly very flushed in the exercise of diving into lockers for gloves and collars.

"Have you seen those addresses, Debsie, that Mrs. Holland gave me?" she asked, after a long ransack among drawers and boxes.

"I did not know that she gave you any addresses."

"They were for dear little out-of-the-way shops where the curios are good, and the dealers uncorrupted by globe-trotting customers. The guides will take us only to the largest places which pay them commissions. Where *did* I put those addresses! I am afraid I am going to lose my temper."

"Oh, no, you must not lose anything more, not even time. I am nearly ready now."

"I think you are exasperatingly severe, Debsie Leighton. If I do not find those addresses I shall—shall—shall be by-gusted!"

"If you indulge too freely in Americanisms, Daphne, the pleasure of confessing your national incognito at some remote and indefinite period will be precipitated."

"Oh, dear, dear! Please don't talk about that utterly horrid blunder," she said, in a manner far from tranquil, as she continued her discouraging rummage. "Where *are* those addresses?"

"Are you quite certain—"

"Here they are!" Daphne exclaimed, brightening up. "Now that I have secured Mr. Kukai, Mr. Kanko, and Mr. Yamamoto I can depart in comfort."

A knock from the steward who had come for their light luggage, showed them that their preparations were finished just in time, and on the deck they were greeted with loud praises for their delightful punctuality. Lieutenant Dilton had brought Jim to the ladder to say *sayonara* to Miss Carew, and Captain Dunraven was full of teasing advice to her in regard to taking in all the curio shops without allowing herself to be taken in.

The gig was already manned, the blue-jackets resting on their oars. Down toward

Tarami the sun shone on the sparkling entrance to the Inland Sea ; far in the distance, on the proudest height, the Moon Temple peeped from the firs, and away beyond them all was the old home of the mikado, the ancient capital, the fairest city in all Japan, to which our party of modern pilgrims now turned their faces.

From the balcony of their pretty Kioto hotel, hanging like a Swiss chalet from the mountain side, Sir Philip and Lady Leighton were sitting together the morning after their arrival, waiting for an embroidery merchant who had been notified of their wish to make purchases. Before them spread a vast valley, a flat basin with a mountainous rim, crowded full of the low-roofed houses which looked from the elevated distance as if one might crush a pathway through them at will, such little mushrooms they seemed. The flat effect was caused by the total absence of chimneys, though it was broken occasionally by the height and expanse of pagoda and temple roofs.

They were quite alone on the balcony. The tourists seen in the dining-room in force at dinner had stampeded away to pagodas and silk shops, and Yami Inn was completely deserted. St. Egerton had started before sunrise for a day or two at Lake Biwa with a party "just out from home." He had tried to escape from their friendly clutches, but could hardly explain his unwillingness to avail himself of this only chance to be with them, as they were obliged to leave Kioto as soon as they had "done the rapids." He had no help in refusal from the Leightons, for they did not wish to appear in any way a drawback to his perfect freedom. Even Daphne, who might have kept him with a word or a glance, speeded his parting with a heartiness that would have been very delightful had it been, instead, a welcome for his return.

Lieutenant Morrison, having heard Daphne, at breakfast, express an impatience to begin a round of temples, had procured a guide at once, and arranged a most enterprising day. When Lady Leighton saw them, far below the balcony, going down the little steps that eased the descent from the abrupt hillside, and heard their bantering laughter as they passed among the grottoes and dwarfed trees that intervened between the hotel and the highest point on the hill that jinrikishas were able to reach, she remembered when

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Kioto had been new and wonderful to her ; she thought of Gion with its grand surroundings, courts of massive pavements, broad stone flights of entrance steps, impressive with age ; she thought of Ginkakuji with its silver roof, its ponds, fountains, waterfalls, and gardens, and she wished that she, too, had decided on temples for the day, instead of embroideries.

"I am rather sorry, Leighton," she said thoughtfully, "that St. Egerton came to Kioto with us. A 'square party' would have been more comfortable, from my point of view. I am afraid, as it is, we are going to be a very grave party in old Kioto."

Her sigh of disappointment startled Sir Philip.

"I cannot see why we are to be grave," he said with some dismay.

"There are times, Leighton, when you are, to all intents and purposes, a blind person. I suppose, because you are so tall and towering, the events rushing on under your very nose escape your observation."

"Will you kindly enlighten me, my lady? I know you will allow me to smoke meanwhile, especially as I shall be less likely to interrupt you, while you sweep the mist of stupidity from my eyes."

Sir Philip selected a cigar from his long silver case, lighted it, whiffed it experimentally, and leaned back, luxuriously, in his veranda chair. Then he said,

"Unfold the situation, my dear."

But the "situation" seemed to have slipped from her mind. Instead of discussing it she said suddenly,

"A cigar is the only proper chimney for a man of your size, Leighton. Such a pagoda-like individual puffing at a dwarf cigarette is too incongruous. It reminds me of our first luncheon party in Nagasaki last year, given us by the owner of the most elegant European residence in the town—I have forgotten his name. Do you remember it?"

"Yes, I remember it. When people show me kind hospitality I rather make it a point to remember their names. However, as I cannot see any connection between the name of the owner of that beautiful villa and my cigarette smoking I do not know that it is worth the while to recall it to you—you would not remember it long enough to be of any service to you. I believe you devote yourself to forgetting names, you have such unbounded success at it," Sir Philip said,

whisking the ashes off his cigar into the garden below with a fling of his stiffened little finger that denoted a fall in the conjugal barometer.

"My flighty memory is an inconsolable trial to you, is it not?"

A murmuring sound of a grumpy nature was the only reply to Lady Leighton's leading question, and she continued in a voice very low, but full of suppressed mirth,

"But I always remember *your* name—at least nearly always, and, in your case, I can readily supply the obliteration with 'dear,' you know."

Her excessively wheedling tone brought a laugh from both of them.

"Now if you are sufficiently restored," Lady Leighton continued, "I will tell you why you make me think of that particular house whenever I see you smoking a cigarette. With your superior memory, you cannot have forgotten the story you told me, when the luncheon invitation came, of the Japanese architect that designed the house. You said, because charcoal braziers were sufficient for his wants he overlooked the fact that Europeans consider chimneys an essential feature of home life and omitted them in this case."

"Yes, I told you, but, apparently, it made no impression upon you."

"Not then. But it did afterwards, when we entered the grounds beside a picturesque, vine-draped lodge, drove through a long, stately winding avenue with glimpses of the harbor through frequent vistas, past tennis courts, fountains, gardens, lawns, and, at the crest of the hill, emerging from the trees at a bend in the driveway, came upon a large house in Italian style, the broad piazza supported with massive columns. I thought, for the moment, I had never seen a more charming residence. Then I caught sight of a black stovepipe thrusting itself far out of one of the front window panes and I suddenly shot from an Italian villa to an Irish shanty."

"I see the analogy you have made such a circuitous effort to prove," said Sir Philip, watching the azure smoke of his cigar curl lazily away to lose itself in the sunshine. "In short, a charming, imposing beauty after the Italian style, such as I, should not be seen puffing at a mean little cigarette. Thank you. But what about the 'grave situation' that you were so solemn about,—has it all ended in smoke?"

"I think, Leighton, you do not understand Daphne very well, or you would not speak so lightly."

"I will admit that I do not understand her. Candidly, now, do *you* understand her?"

"Assuredly. Have you noticed how very much St. Egerton is in love with her?"

"What objection can there be to his loving her?" exclaimed Sir Philip. "She cannot be loved by a better man. I should suppose that would only make us a very cheerful party."

"One lover might be endurable for us, as bystanders, but there are two. Mr. Morrison loves her just as earnestly, and is a much more agreeable lover, according to my ideas."

"Does Daphne hold that opinion?"

"I am not sure of that, but I am convinced that she cares nothing for St. Egerton. She wants to atone for her shabbiness, as she now considers it, in allowing him to persist in thinking her an English girl and, knowing how embarrassing it will be for him to be undeceived after he has declared such very vigorous anti-American-girl sentiments, she dreads to straighten it out, and tries to compensate for her want of courage by being very considerate of him in other ways."

"If she does not care for him in the least, as you think, it seems to my judicial mind that she is still further complicating matters by these considerate efforts," said Sir Philip derisively.

"Perhaps that is her idea, too. She is so sad at times."

"I suppose she is constantly wondering 'how, and when, and where' her iniquity will be explained, and how he will take it," Sir Philip said with severe comprehension.

"You must admit that it is rather appalling to contemplate being judged by his Scotch rigidity of bounden duty. I am not surprised that he depresses her, and I am glad she is going to have this free, pleasant day with charming Mr. Morrison."

Lady Leighton spoke with a touch of irritation.

"Are you entirely sure that the immense estates hanging over Morrison's head—only one life between him and them—do not tinge your estimate of his charm?" asked Sir Philip earnestly. "Because St. Egerton is not, by any means, a poor man."

"My objection to St. Egerton," Lady

Leighton said, ignoring Sir Philip's inquiry, "is confined entirely to the intricacies of his temper. It is quiet; he only, 'so to speak,' puts on another face and an air of impenetrable, lordly reserve; but one never knows when the mysterious lines of his disposition are going to become entangled, or when the balloon of his good humor will receive a prick—a mere word is sometimes sufficient to accomplish it. Besides, his prejudices are so strong, tenacious, and exacting, his wife will have to go through life on tiptoe."

"The tenacity of his Scotch temperament," urged Sir Philip, "is as firm in love as it is in prejudice, and he loves Daphne enough, I believe, to forgive her much. Everything that is sunniest in his nature has gone out to meet her, and that she has deceived him, even with such a harmless intention, will grieve him when he hears it—that is only natural. But he will forgive her, quickly and generously, I am sure."

"In pleading for him so strongly, you seem to have lost sight of Daphne's discomfort," said Lady Leighton reproachfully.

"I have become very fond of St. Egerton," Sir Philip replied, seriously. "I know that his wife would find in him, through all her life and his, a sure and sweet asylum from every care."

"Since Daphne does not care for him, we need not discuss him as a husband. I introduced him into the conversation as a traveling companion merely," responded Lady Leighton hotly.

"He will have to be dropped from our conversation altogether for awhile," Sir Philip said amiably, "for your embroidery man has appeared. I heard him shuffle into the room and put his pack on the floor."

Lady Leighton heard the inevitable "Heh!" She looked behind her and saw the merchant, in his dark blue kimono, bowing and leering just within the open French windows of her room.

She rose and went in, saying to Sir Philip,

"I know that embroideries bore you, but please don't go away. I shall need the help of your Japanese speech in my bargaining."

And while gods, dragons, and lotus blossoms were spread in sheen and splendor before her, she forgot the cares of "too much love."

CHAPTER XIV.

MEANWHILE, in ignorance of the fierce fire of discussion playing about their hearts and fortunes, Lieutenant Morrison and Daphne had been whirling around Kioto at jinrikisha speed, though they had postponed their temple plans to another day when their party might be together.

They did visit one temple, evidently the pride of the guide's Japanese heart. It had once contained about thirty-five thousand bronze statues, larger than life size. He apologetically, but eloquently, informed them that, although some of the warriors had mysteriously disappeared within the last century or two, "thirty-three thousand three hundred and thirty-three are remained still."

"I think the robbers of the past had very symmetrical consciences," said Daphne, "or else strong faith in the luck of the number three."

But they were horrible things—these statues—that Dante might have delighted in as *Inferno* "material," and they caused, for that day at least, utter destruction to the temple enthusiasm of "Carew-san,"—as the guide called her in Japanese respect.

Lieutenant Morrison, always alert to Daphne's wishes, suggested that they should leave temples for a future triumph of sight-seeing energy.

"Should you not like to visit the old palace of the mikado?" he asked. "It has been deserted as a residence for many years, but it is opened for visitors that have a permit from court. I believe you will think it worth seeing."

"But I have no permit from court," said Daphne, crumpling her face into an expression of comical forlornity.

"I happen to have mine with me and that, like everything I possess, is always at your service. At least I think I have it," he said, as he took from his coat breast-pocket a long case of antelope skin, with his crest in silver on one side, and examined the contents.

He found his passport, but the palace permit had hidden away among other papers. He persevered in his search, however, until he brought it to light, then notifying the guide of his change of plan, seated Daphne in her jinrikisha, jumped into his own, and they made a two mile dash for the palace.

They were admitted through the gates by a sleek old custodian, whose sole duty was to receive permits, then conducted by another

functionary across the court to the palace—such a puny little one-storied affair of a palace—and, at last, received, and taken in charge, by the official palace guide, who brought them the visitors' book to sign as a preliminary ceremony.

Lieutenant Morrison watched Daphne as she signed her name in the society of the princes, counts, barons, and naval officers whose names were scrawled, scribbled, and spluttered over the page, and allowed his fancy to picture a chapel vestry, a marriage register, and they two signing their names there together.

They found a very empty palace, very hollow grandeur. They wandered through a succession of connecting apartments containing no furniture, but with exquisite examples of Japanese art decorating all the sliding panels, and the finest, daintiest matting in the world covering the floors.

Then from manufactory to godown the little party traveled. They looked on at the delicate, tedious cloisonné process and Daphne no longer felt surprise that her rose-leaf vase should command a price of a hundred dollars; for eyes and lungs are valuable things, and they break early under cloisonné work. They sat on the edge of the slightly elevated floor of silk shops and sipped pale, weak tea from their cups of fairy size served by hospitable merchants, while crêpes and brocades were unrolled in shimmering profusion before their eyes. They clambered to the tops of pagodas, and fed caged monkeys in pagoda grounds for the pleasure of watching the winks and blinks of the greedy, long pink faces.

The pleasant day had flown too quickly away, and the dusk was coming down when they returned to Yami, Lieutenant Morrison thinking constantly how charming it had been to have a whole, uninterrupted day with Daphne. When they reached the foot of the hill and began the climb, he jumped out of his jinrikisha and came to hers, pushing it while he walked beside her.

"Such a big fellow as I am must be a stiff pull for these poor coolies. I would rather help you up the hill"—he hesitated an instant, then added, "and always rather be near you."

"You are always kind to me, Mr. Morrison," Daphne said, lightly, turning her head away from him and looking at the massive toreil of a temple entrance within sight.

"Who could help being kind to you?" he said fervently, rushing passionately on to meet his fate. "I would ask no greater happiness than the privilege of being kind to you forever."

"You are always kind, to everybody," Daphne said, her voice distressed with her hurried, desperate effort to turn the current.

"You do not understand me—"

Daphne clasped her fingers around his ungloved hand which was resting on her jinrikisha, and turning slightly in her seat, to look into his face, she said, in a low, caressing, but very firm voice,

"The kindest thing I can do is *not* to understand you."

They tolled on up the hill, slowly and silently.

Lieutenant Morrison had never met with reverses in his career. Whatever he had desired had come about. But he had never loved before, and Daphne's love in return was a matter of such supreme, such vital importance to him, he had felt more fears of failure than hopes of success. It now seemed to him—his love was such a little gift, hers such a heavenly blessing—that he had been a distinct idiot to dream, for a moment, that she might come into his heart and make all his life beautiful to him.

People have sorrows, he thought, and yet some day forget them, in a great measure; and his grief and folly and mistake would be lightened in time, perhaps, after he had thoroughly learned how a strong heart can ache. But the thrill of her fingers clasping his hand would linger with him always, and the tender look in her beautiful face and the sound of her compassionate voice, as she tried to save him all the regret she could, would not be forgotten until he had forgotten all else.

The hill was nearly climbed, the suspended balconies of Yami could be seen through the trees, when Daphne heard a brave voice close beside her saying,

"I shall love you, Daphne darling, till the last moment of my life."

She could not speak, her tears were falling fast, but she put her hand on his again.

He clasped it lovingly, as if he could not let it go.

"Do not shed a tear for me, dear one," he said, his sunny strength rising above his own black grief in order to clear from her mind the least sorrowful regret. "Life has been sweeter and better for knowing you."

Then dropping her hand, gently, lingeringly, he whispered from his suffering heart, "God bless you!"

He turned away and walked back into the soft, velvet shadows of the falling night.

Soon after, the coolies halted and Lieutenant Morrison sprang to Daphne's side to help her to the ground.

"The jinrikishas can go no further," he said, with a calm brightness that was heroic. "I must step back to speak to the guide. Will you walk on slowly? I will join you in a moment."

His loving thoughtfulness gave her time to recover a natural expression, and when they reached the Yami entrance they passed the groups of gathering tourists, coming back to roost, with scarcely a trace of emotion on their countenances.

Much joy may come into Daphne's future, and sorrows, for contrasts, like the dark leaves in a wreath, but the happiest, saddest day of Lieutenant Morrison's life lies behind him.

CHAPTER XV.

BREAKFAST was over in Captain Dunraven's cabin. Lady Leighton was comfortably settled in a low chair, attempting to embroider a branch of bamboo, in Japanese fashion, on a tea-cloth, while Daphne's fingers strolled over the keys of the piano in dreamy strains of melody. They were quite by themselves. Sir Philip was smoking the cigarette of digestion in the open air, and the captain was hearing morning reports on the deck.

The orderly knocked and entered, carrying in his hand a note, which he presented to Lady Leighton with a salute, then wheeled with precision and went out.

"Another invitation perhaps," she said, as she clipped open the envelope with her embroidery scissors. "I hope it is nothing very tempting, for with the prospect of our sailing so soon we must not make any more engagements. In fact, I have already cancelled our dinner engagement at the American consul's, fearing a sudden departure might cause embarrassment there."

When she had glanced over the inclosure she handed it to Daphne, saying,

"How kind that is! You may be proud of those Americans."

Daphne twirled around on the piano bench to reach out for the note, her curiosity aroused.

In size and appearance it was the conventional invitation card, but engraved with these words,

Out of respect to the memory of Mr. E. Bryce, whose funeral takes place to-morrow, Mr. and Mrs. Holland have postponed their

At Home

to Friday evening, the fourteenth instant, at nine o'clock.

Kobe, November the twelfth.

"I suppose Mr. Bryce was a very dear friend of the Hollands, and they feel his death sadly," Daphne remarked with indifference after reading it.

"Quite the contrary. That is why I admire their consideration."

"He was not a friend?" Daphne observed, in a bewildered way, her interest aroused.

"No, not really. I heard his death mentioned by Captain Dunraven this morning, and a bit of his history. He did not move in the same circle as the Hollands; socially, he was beneath them; but he was an honorable, benevolent man who had lived long in Kobe and was thoroughly liked by every one."

"Oh, yes! I have heard of him. He tried to keep sailors out of mischief ashore by giving teas and entertainments for them."

Lady Leighton asked for the note and read it over again.

"This is most admirable in Mrs. Holland," she said with much emphasis. "She has made elaborate preparations for this reception and to give it all up the day just before it was to come off must have been a serious inconvenience."

"I do not wonder that she is a favorite with every one and that men are devoted to her," Daphne said, as she softly resumed the Chopin nocturnes. "And they are devoted for such pleasant reasons,—because she is so kind and genuine."

"Possibly that is the reason," rejoined Lady Leighton, with cool, middle-aged judgment. "But you must remember that she is young, extremely pretty, and very clever as well. Youth, beauty, and wit go very far toward making sincerity and goodness successful."

"Yes, I realize that too. But she is clever in a gentle way, her witticisms are never harsh."

"That is very true," Lady Leighton assented absently, giving the weight of her attention to the selection of a shade of green silk floss, sufficiently pale to represent faithfully bamboo leaves.

"And no one can accuse her of coquetries or blandishments," continued Daphne, with an air of profound decision.

"That is a form of praise to which few married belles are entitled," said Lady Leighton tartly.

"I love her—I am going to see her now—I will have a sampan called," declared Daphne, as she bounced off the piano bench toward her cabin.

"Wait a moment, dear," her aunt called out peremptorily. "Captain Dunraven will not permit you to go over alone in a sampan. It will be useless to discuss it, so do not take up his time demurring."

"Mr. Morrison will have a boat manned for me."

Daphne had fallen into a habit of looking to him for help in all her little plans. From him she had nothing to fear, nothing to dread.

"Let the captain send you in his gig."

"Very well, Debsie." Daphne again started in the direction of her stateroom, but again Lady Leighton's voice arrested her.

"Listen, please! Remember to return either before noon, or after one o'clock; at least, do not signal from the *hatoba* for a boat while the meal pennant is flying. You know how rigid the captain is about leaving the men undisturbed at their dinner hour."

"I have learned that scrap of ship regulation, I assure you," Daphne answered with a laugh, as she at last disappeared behind the portière.

When she stepped from the cabin out on the deck, hatted and jacketed for the shore, Lieutenant Morrison met her. He was coming in to bring her a message from Sister Geneviève at the hospital.

"Your jinrikisha coolie is growing rapidly worse," he said. "He has begged to see 'Carew-san.'"

The exposure that jinrikisha coolies have to endure—the chill of a biting blast blowing on them, dripping with heat from a climb or a run, while they wait for visits to be paid—brings on a form of consumption that does quick work.

One night returning from a dinner party, when Daphne's man was bringing her down a steep hill he stumbled and fell. In spite of his weakness he had thought of his lovely freight and had succeeded in holding back his jinrikisha to prevent her being thrown to the ground with too great force. She had es-

caped with slight injuries, but he had been carried to the hospital, a poor exhausted wreck. Lieutenant Morrison's red-coated orderly might have been seen every day since the accident, standing guard at the hospital gate while Daphne's visits soothed and cheered the sad victim of poverty and disease.

"I have had my boat called away and manned," Lieutenant Morrison said, "and my orderly, Vidock, will go with you, to be at your disposal. I am sorry I cannot go with you, but ship duties are keeping me now."

"Oh, thank you!" Daphne said with warm appreciation. "How good you are to me always! I should like you to go of course, but I shall do quite well with Vidock."

"I shall try to get off soon," he said, only smiling, a little sadly, at her acknowledgments. "I shall want to get you back on board before that poor beast draws too much upon your sympathies. Come, the cutter is ready."

He backed down the ladder before her, holding her hand in steady support until she was seated.

"Make a quick pull, coxswain. Miss Carew must get ashore as soon as possible."

"Ay, ay, sir," answered the old coxswain, saluting.

"*Sayonara*, Carew-san," said Lieutenant Morrison, jumping out of the boat onto the lowest step of the ladder.

And there Daphne saw him standing, cap in hand, until the boat passed out of sight around the *Shadow's* stern.

Sister Geneviève greeted her at the hospital door, told her that the coolie was very near his end and unconscious, but that he might awaken and recognize her. She seated herself quietly beside the clean, comfortable cot, while Sister Geneviève stood near, with folded hands pressed upon her crucifix.

An hour passed and the struggling breath still panted on. Then a step broke in upon the hush of the chamber, and St. Egerton leaned over Daphne, saying anxiously,

"I think you ought not to stay any longer. I heard you were here alone, and I have come for you."

"Who told you?"

"Morrison told me, when I came back from shore. I think you would better come with me now. This man may live for hours, possibly for days, and you can do no further service."

He was gentle but authoritative. Daphne

wanted to give what comfort she could to him who had cared for her safety even in the midst of his own pain. Still she knew St. Egerton was right, and, giving some instructions to the nurse, she turned to follow him from the room.

Then the sufferer stirred, lifted himself on his elbow, looked beseechingly at Daphne,—who turned toward him with the sweet sorrow in her face that he had seen there before and that made her seem a spirit of light to him,—and gasped, with the breath that was his last, "*Sayonara*."

The boat brought back to the *Shadow* a saddened silent load. Only when the cutter curved round to the ladder, Daphne said softly to St. Egerton,

"*Sayonara* may be musical, but it is in a minor key. It will always seem to me a farewell—not for time, but for eternity.

CHAPTER XVI.

"WHO has compared the Inland Sea to the St. Lawrence River at the Thousand Islands?" asked Daphne rather contemptuously, as she unfolded her napkin, lifted her soup spoon, broke off a bit of her bread and altogether settled herself for the business of dinner on the *Shadow's* last evening in the Inland Sea.

"Are you asking me?" Lieutenant Morrison inquired. "Because I don't know."

"Then I am not asking you. I am addressing my question to any intelligent person about this table," she rejoined, looking at him with a little laugh hovering around her eyes.

"I have heard that it has been compared to the Lakes of Killarney, and to the English and Scotch lakes," said St. Egerton, "but I do not know who did it."

"It was some goose, anyway," said Daphne, decidedly.

"Daphne!" cried Lady Leighton, warningly.

"Why should any comparison—" Daphne began.

"I know," interrupted Lady Leighton, "that the islands of the St. Lawrence would have to be many times multiplied to make the comparison a worthy one, but it is not necessary for you to be so startlingly vigorous, my dear."

"I have not seen the St. Lawrence islands," said Captain Dunraven, "but, in my opinion, the beauty of the Inland Sea is not due alto-

gether to the division of the water into lakes by the three thousand islands. So many of these lakes within sight at once, each one holding tempting exploring visions, makes an ideal voyage. But the islands themselves, terraced to the very top, every rod of ground cultivated in patches giving an effect of gorgeous mosaics, and a scrap of a pasture or garden on the smallest ledges that seem to provide scarcely a foothold for the laborers there at work—those are what impress me most."

"I think the comparison to the Lakes of Killarney a feeble one," said Sir Philip, "beautiful as they are, because there the shores are not dotted with nestling villages, clustered in the nooks affording the coziest shelter, as these are."

"If I may give a vote," said Lieutenant Travers, "it will be for the shoals of fishing boats, which, day and night, are a feature of the warm happy life going on around them. By day, hundreds of glistening sails in sight at once, and by night, hundreds of blazing torches swinging above the prows."

"In short, for five days we have been in a marine Paradise," said St. Egerton, throwing a glance at Daphne, but receiving none in return.

"You must be quite bankrupt in admiration, all you descriptive people. You have left nothing for me to spend my eloquence upon, except the fish of the Inland Sea, and to that subject I can do the greatest justice in silence." As Daphne said this, she separated a firm white flake from the portion of *tai* on her plate, enveloped it in the pink sauce beside it, and lifted it to her mouth with an expression of ineffable rapture which made everybody laugh.

During the *Shadow's* five days' cruise in the Inland Sea, she had anchored each night in some harbor in the by-ways of navigation, out of the track of passenger steamers. One anchorage was enclosed by rocky islands, no villages were near, no sign of life about the shores, and the early twilight settled darkly over them, blotting out the reflection of sails and spars that the placid water had thrown out in a perfect picture.

Another evening found them in a village port, unopened to foreigners. As the simple inhabitants had never before seen a foreign vessel or a foreign woman, the *Shadow* was soon besieged with sampans, and the deck covered with men, women, and children,

who were invited aboard and shown some of the wonders of this formidable ironclad.

The best class, those that gave indications of belonging to Thackeray's "roses," by having clean noses and complete garments, were invited up to the poop deck. They were Hottentotishly unabashed and inquisitive, subjecting Lady Leighton and Daphne—their gowns and shoes—to a great deal of childish but good-natured scrutiny.

They expressed a desire to take the *musume* ashore with them to see their temples and tea houses. This was very much to Daphne's mind. She smiled sweetly at them, nodded a perfect palsy of assents, and started across the deck, followed by a bevy of bright *crêpe kimono*, gold embroidered *obi*, and cherry-tinted lips.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?" Captain Dunraven called out to her from the cabin, as she passed the open door, steering straight for the accommodation ladder.

"I am going ashore, kind sir," she quoted, with a smile radiant with anticipation.

"I cannot allow that, Miss Daphne," the captain said, seizing his cap and coming out on deck. "By the laws of Japan, foreigners are not permitted to land here."

"But that must mean foreign men," she said, opening wide her eyes in surprise. "Foreign girls are not dangerous."

"I know of one girl who lighted the match to a tolerably disastrous war. You may have heard of Helen of Troy?" he asked, teasingly.

"But it is the villagers themselves who have asked me," she persisted, ignoring Helen of Troy, and thinking that local authority must prevail.

"Lovely villagers!" he said with an amused intonation, as he looked at some of the shaved heads and bare legs fringing the group.

"Then you really object to my going ashore?" Daphne asked, as if amazement could go no further.

"I do more than object, I positively refuse to allow it," the captain said, with an iron smile in a velvet sheath.

Lieutenant Morrison, who was stalking up and down the quarter-deck, strolled into the crowd of men and maidens just in time for Daphne to appeal to him.

"When you have command of an iron-clad ship," she asked with the air of an early martyr, "are you going to be an

ironclad captain, and have ironclad rules?"

Captain Dunraven laughed at her frantic effort—only partially successful—to pull her face into a pout.

"Junior officers can be very lax and obliging," he said significantly, "while their captain bears the brunt of responsibility. But they will sing to quite another measure when international law, a government vessel, and hundreds of lives rest entirely upon their own discretion and fidelity."

And Daphne remained on board.

Skies will not always be fair and breezes warm, even though one is drifting through a "Marine Paradise," and a cold, dismal rain attempted to blight this last of the ideal evenings of the enchanting voyage. Still, it could not penetrate the deck, and to be driven to the coziness of a handsome cabin is not a very grievous alternative. Captain Dunraven tried to brighten circumstances for Daphne, whom he admired very fondly, the more so, perhaps, for having a dear small daughter of his own, by inviting the three lieutenants, Morrison, St. Egerton, and Travers, to dine in the cabin.

Daphne regarded with a degree of apprehension, the addition of Lieutenant Travers to the party—the young officer personally harmless and very agreeable, but catalogued by her as "Lord Nelson's Suggestion."

Dinner passed merrily enough, however. "Trafalgar" and the "Victory" slept deep beneath waves of oblivion, *pro tempore*, and the current of the conversation kept in the Inland Sea. As they were leaving the table Daphne said to Captain Dunraven,

"I think the most beautiful sight of the voyage has been the glimpse of the Japanese naval fleet passing majestically among the islands."

"I know why you thought it a beautiful sight," he said, with a smile lurking about his mouth.

"It was because the vessels looked like phantoms in the visionary distance," Daphne explained, unsuspectingly. "A phantom ship! I have heard of *one*, but I feel that I have seen a phantom *fleet*!"

"Oh, no! not at all. Now confess, Miss Daphne, it was a beautiful sight because with your mind's eye you saw stubby Jap commanders waving to you from the bridges," said Captain Dunraven with relentless mirth.

She looked at him reproachfully.

"It is fortunate for you," she said, "that we have left the table, for somebody—I will not pretend to say who,—but somebody,"—her tone was very emphatic, "would surely have fired a bread bullet at you."

Coffee was brought into the after-cabin, which might have been a leaf from London *Punch*. The broad room, the ladies in evening dress leaning back in low, comfortable chairs, the tall, handsome men in brilliant uniforms,—it was a fit subject for a Du Maurier picture.

But if it had been the usual English drawing room, music would have inevitably followed dinner. Everybody would have been asked to sing, and everybody would have consented, whether he had a voice or not, whether he knew how to sing or not, and, in the majority of cases, it would have been *not*.

As the *Shadow* was not under the ban of all conventional drawing room customs, it was proposed that a plan should be arranged for the evening to take their thoughts away from Japan for awhile, to transport them to the other side of the earth.

It was greeted with enthusiasm until one detail of the plan was mentioned—that each person should contribute his best accomplishment to the entertainment.

"Oh, now, this becomes serious," said Captain Dunraven, looking alarmed. "What am I to do? I have no 'parlor tricks,' as Americans say."

"You may dance a sailor's hornpipe for us," Daphne said cruelly, as she touched her dainty coffee cup to her lips for the last black drop.

Lieutenant Morrison disappeared, but returned, before his absence had been noticed, with a banjo sneaking under his arm.

"What an unsuspected accomplishment!" cried Daphne, in delight. "Why have we not known of it before?"

"Morrison, I feel the jerk of a spasm of apprehension," the captain said, with extreme dejection. "Are we to have the familiar murder of 'Swanee Ribber' enacted to-night? I think even the most ardent homesickness cannot demand that."

Lieutenant Morrison was not at all cast down by this official discouragement.

"May I appear first on the program?" he asked of Lady Leighton. "Then I can enjoy the later developments free from stage dread."

The captain's fears had been unfounded. It was "I'se gwine back to Dixie," that Lieutenant Morrison gave them. His voice was melodious and cultivated, and his song brought visions of a sad old darkey stranded far away from the dear warm "Southland," far away from "Ole Virginny," where the lone weeping willow droops over the grave of "lubly Nell." He was repaid by the silence that is the only sincere appreciation of some music.

St. Egerton was the first to disturb the stillness after Lieutenant Morrison's lightly strummed chords had diminished and ceased.

"I think," he said, "that the pathos of negro lives has rarely come into notice since slave days. They figure now merely as a light-hearted race and seem further from our sympathies."

He then asked them to accept, as his contribution, a "Black Romance." The scene of the story was in Maryland, where St. Egerton had visited friends on his recent trip across the United States. It was a pathetic story, very well told, of a man's heart, loving and faithful throughout the life of the woman who deceived him.

When he had finished there was a moment's pause, which was broken by Lieutenant Morrison. With his usual watchful care for Daphne, he had noticed that she was unnerved by the emotional character of St. Egerton's story, and so he said cheerfully,

"You have stolen my thunder, St. Egerton. I did not mean to start a stampede for Dixieland."

"Yes, you are too sad, indeed," added Leighton. "Daphne's teardrops will outpatter the rain, I fear."

St. Egerton looked at Daphne with penitence, concern, and tenderness written very legibly on his countenance.

"I shall have to turn the tables on you," Lady Leighton continued, "by telling a story that will make your flesh creep."

She then treated them to one of her family traditions. It was a "ghost story," rather a good one, very pretty with faded hangings, yellow old love letters, and a slender, shadowy woman, but it was not as blood-curdling as she had intended it to be.

When the story was finished, she asked, with a triumphant assurance of success,

"Has anybody a creepy feeling, a cold, clammy, awful feeling?"

"No! no! no!" came from all parts of the

cabin, another pattering rivalry to the rain.

"You are a hard, skeptical audience," she said, in an extremely "injured" manner. "But some creeping *must* be done, so I will creep off to bed."

"Oh, don't be resentful! Forgive us, and stay longer with us," came in an overwhelming chorus from the captain, lieutenants, and Sir Philip.

"No! You all deserve to be left desolate," she said, rising from her chair, with an invincible determination. "Come, Daphne. Good-night, Leighton dear. Good-night, all you unsympathetic people. We shall meet next at Nagasaki, I suppose. I will make no promises, but—I may have forgiven you then."

CHAPTER XVII.

WHEN Daphne looked out on Nagasaki she felt that Japan had almost a monopoly of enchanting scenes. Among all the beautiful harbors in the world, it is difficult for even the most traveled person to remember anything more beautiful than the picturesque, land-locked bay of Nagasaki. It was pleasant too, to be lifted out of the gloomy rain of the previous night into the brightness of this rosy morning. Evidently, however, the sunshine was not satisfactory to everybody, for the most remarkable bark was circumnavigating the harbor, drumming to the gods for rain.

It was a *Daimio* junk, large, gaudily painted, and had a very sharp prow. There were forty oarsmen, and many drummers standing in the center, all wearing white gowns. In grace and gorgeousness of effect it might have been Cleopatra's barge.

Again the ceremonious visits from men-of-war in the harbor were in order. On this occasion Daphne wished to remain on board and watch the brilliant arrivals, instead of going ashore with the impetuous haste that rushed her out of the *Shadow* at Kobe. From the poop deck she could look over and see the little boats pull up to the ladder.

The visiting officers were in epaulettes and swords, except the Chinese captain, a bounteous, porky mass of humanity in queue, a "red-button" cap, and the usual Chinese robes. Chinese sailors, with yellow topaz eyes, jet black pupils, and gleaming teeth, in loose trousers and jackets, run about the decks of Chinese naval vessels more like cut-throat pirates than government sailors. This captain, though, was not at all piratical. He

was as jolly as he was fat, and his gig a beauty, with the long pennant shaped flag—a black dragon on a bright yellow ground.

There was the French captain, with his handsome tri-color flag, his halting linguistic attempts, and his polite efforts to understand the very British-French language intended for his relief; the Russian captain, with his full, oval face, blond, cropped beard, and his breast hung with jeweled orders; the American captain, trying hard to look as if his command was, at least, equal to any in the harbor, and making up in his own ease and grace and confident pride for the pathetic inferiority of the ships of his squadron.

Nagasaki offers many attractions of scenes and hospitalities to the officers of men-of-war, and the days, like Yokohama and Kobe days, Daphne found filled to the brim with pleasures. Some friends ashore had set apart Sunday afternoon for their exclusive possession of the Leighton party, Captain Dunraven, Lieutenant Morrison, and Lieutenant St. Egerton. Daphne begged to be left behind.

"This is mamma's own day," she said, almost plaintively. "I always like to spend Sunday afternoon with her," and so, from the long letter written in the quiet solitude of the deserted cabin, we may learn something of Daphne's Nagasaki days:

"I am so glad, dear mamma, to be left alone with you, that I may take you for my companion on a race through the latest events. I will tell you first about ship-church to-day. We had morning service at half past ten o'clock; church was rigged on the deck; that is, seats were brought for the sailors, and an immense sail partition, reaching across the deck, divided those at service from those on duty beyond; an organ was brought to the front of the congregation, and the men filed in, in 'clean blue mustering clothes.' The monkey ran about, climbing to the poop deck or over the shoulders of the men, dressed, also, in 'clean blue mustering clothes.' Boats had been sent ashore for ladies and parties, friends of the officers, who desired to come to the service. These were seated on the poop deck, as we were, behind the chaplain and facing the congregation. The captain's guests were on the starboard side, the other officers and their friends on the port side. I said my prayers and sung my hymns on the port side. I liked to be there. And I would rather walk the port side of life with John St. Egerton than the starboard side with any one

else in the world, and yet it can never be. Sometime, when my head is on your shoulder and your loving arms are holding me tight, I can tell you how, by my own nonsense, I have lost such a happiness,—but I cannot tell you now.

"The chaplain on board is young, athletic, and wealthy, a great favorite with officers and men. He seems to know just what sailors need—and just what they will endure—in sermons. He does not treat them as spiritual epicures, but gives them plain sailor food. Some of them have hardened natures, of course, but a respectful earnestness prevailed on the storm-roughened faces.

"The Church of England prayers were reverently said, the Church of England hymns were sweetly sung, the Benediction given, and then, in stentorian tones that startled me into almost tumbling off the deck, the first lieutenant, that is Mr. Morrison, gave the order "Unrig church!" Down flapped the partition sail, while benches and organ disappeared as if by magic.

"We have been beautifully entertained here. There have been *jinrikisha* trips to fishing villages up the coast, Japanese dinners in temple grounds, luncheons in bungalows; in short, there has been a succession of rare pleasures.

"I will spare you the details of every enjoyment, but I must tell you as briefly as possible about our Russian dinner on the Russian man-of-war *Bobre*, two evenings ago. At seven o'clock Baron Versen, one of the lieutenants, came for us. His boat was carpeted with blue velvet, had blue velvet cushions and a Persian rug. You know the Russian flag is blue and white, and the white boat had a blue monogram. Evidently, economy does not perch on the Russian banner. When we reached the ship we went up a ladder carpeted and hung with blue velvet and into the captain's cabin, that also furnished in blue velvet, to take off our wraps.

"The captain, a bachelor, not youthful, but gallant, was kind enough to whisper a complimentary word about the becomingness of my pale blue *crêpe* gown. I told him that he gave me a new reason for being glad to have worn it, but that I should have felt like a criminal if I had happened to wear a costume out of harmony with his blue-and-white surroundings.

"We all, including the Russian captain, were invited by the wardroom mess. The dinner was served in Russian form, with Russian combinations, such as delicious little hot pastry *pâtés*, filled with forcemeat, served with the soup and eaten in the fingers. Only the wines were French. As there was no orchestra on board, sailors sang during dinner instead, very sweetly. After dinner we went on deck to see a play by

the sailors. One of them in Russian peasant costume, made a laughable peasant woman. There was a stage, with footlights, drop curtain, and shifting scenery. After the play was an operetta, well sung, then dancing, hornpipes and jigs.

"We started for the *Shadow* at midnight, Baron Versen taking us home again in the little jewel-case of a boat that carried us over. When we left the ship, the officers and ship's company were drawn up to see us off, as they had been to receive us; there were the side-boys and usual ceremonies, and the search-light was blazing out a shining track for our homeward pull. Along the ship's side were stationed, at regular intervals, twelve motionless sailors. As our boat shoved off from the ship, twelve great Bengal lights flashed out, and burned until, at an officer's order, they dropped into the water, as if from one person, instead of a dozen. As we rounded the ship, the same thing was repeated on the other side, so, really, we returned in a 'blaze of glory.'

"Our cruising party is soon to be separated. Sir Philip, Debsie, and I leave here early next week for Pekin. It will be very stupid to descend to a passenger steamer after our *Shadow* transport. Mr. St. Egerton will join the *Satellite*, expected daily, and Mr. Morrison has fallen heir to estates so vast he must resign from the navy in order to care for them. He feels very little interest in them now, so he tells me, but hearts do not often really break, do they mamma?

"To-morrow night we are to dine aboard an American gunboat, the dearest little duck of a cruiser. American officers laugh at her because she is small and old, but such service as she has done in China! When misery and danger knock at American doors—and sometimes, English doors—this little faithful one runs up rivers, makes a prompt, timely entrance into threatened ports, and creates just as tremendous an effect upon the Chinese mind as if she was crammed with electricity and torpedoes. But my happiest anticipation for to-morrow is the American mail and letters from you and papa.

"Good-night, sweet one. Know that your loving, homesick Daphne dreams of you to-night."

The following evening the *Shadow's* boat skims alongside the American gunboat *Patrol* at the appointed dinner-hour, and as Captain Dunraven and the Leightons are going up the ladder Daphne says to St. Egerton, when he is helping her out of the boat,

"*Sempre vagare* will not much longer be my motto. I have had letters from home today, and they all want me."

St. Egerton has time to say only,

"For my whole life, I want you, Daphne."

Only that, for they have reached a brightly lighted, flag-hung deck, and Daphne is standing again under her "stars and stripes," the gauze of her gown floating about her like silvery beams, and her eyes shining with a glorious happiness.

They are to dine in the wardroom, but they go first to the broad, attractive cabin—the captain's kingdom—serving as drawing room for the occasion.

The American captain receives them with the genial courtesy that has made American naval officers admired by the representatives of all nations.

Though tasteful and cheerful, the *Patrol's* cabin is small compared with the quarters of the *Shadow's* commanding officer.

"Coming from the *Shadow* to the *Patrol* seems like coming to a bewitching cottage from an imposing city residence," said Daphne, looking admiringly around the bulkheads hung with Japanese embroideries to the desks and shelves which held some excellent curios.

"The 'imposing city residence' has certainly sent a bewitching representative," answered the American captain, with his most delighted smile.

Having successfully passed through this torrid simoon of civility, they all go over the deck, into the wardroom.

The dinner was as delightful as flowers, good cookery, and accomplished, clever men could make it. But those who knew St. Egerton well missed his usual ways and noticed his moody formality.

Only Daphne knew the cause. As they entered the wardroom one of the officers had seized her hands, with the delight and privilege of an old friend.

"I had no idea," he exclaimed, with pleasure, "that I was to receive a countrywoman to-night. Miss Carew and I are not only fellow Americans," he added to St. Egerton, who stood beside her, "but neighbors and friends, as well, in old New York."

St. Egerton was a man of wonderful self-control—it had never been put to so severe a test. Daphne glanced at him, but quickly looked away, and said to her unexpected friend, with a pitiful little smile,

"Ah, Tom! You have brought my sins to light. In sailing under English colors, I have been sailing under false colors."

St. Egerton's thoughts during dinner were far from agreeable. For one brief moment he had felt that Daphne had deceived him—that there was a blot on her perfection. But it was only for a moment. His mind flashed back over every incident of their hours together, and he saw how he had, in reality, deceived himself by jumping to his own conclusion. He had been *allowed* to do so, indeed, but hardly helped. His prejudices against American women melted as if at a breath, and he dwelt more upon Daphne's patience under his criticisms of Americans, than upon any idea of blame to her.

He feared he had lost what, but for his blindness, he might, perhaps, have won; and he could not wear a smiling face, he could not rouse himself, he could not send one rocket into the conversational fireworks going on around him.

And when Daphne's eyes would wander anxiously to his dismal face she thought she was having her condemnation.

Condemnation? He would have loved her through darkest sins!

When the homeward bound oars made their last musical dip beside the *Shadow*, St. Egerton and Daphne were again the last to leave the boat. While they lingered on the ladder's landing, as the boat leaped away into the darkness, she placed her hand in his, held out to help her, and said, timidly,

"Of course—you cannot—'want me'—now."

The night was black around them, but joy illumined both faces as he drew her closely, lovingly to him, and with his strong arms holding her, said slowly, with the devotion of his life in his deep rich tones,

"Yes, dear, I *always* want you."

(The End.)



THE POETRY OF ANCIENT EGYPT.

BY THE REV. F. C. H. WENDEL, A.M., PH.D.

THE discoveries of the past seventy years have rescued from oblivion the vast literature of the country that five thousand years before our own time was the mightiest empire on the face of the earth, Ancient Egypt. This literature covers a very long period of time—from about 3800 B. C. to 331 B. C.,—the date of Alexander the Great's invasion. I do not think that any literary production can be placed before 3800 B. C., and what was written after Alexander's invasion, under the Ptolemies, I do not consider purely Egyptian; and it is only with what is purely Egyptian that we are here concerned.

In a recent publication (Prof. Jno. D. Quackenbos's "Ancient Literatures—Oriental and Classical," p. 117 following) I have made what I consider the best division of Egyptian literature: The Archaic Age (about 3800–2400 B. C.), the Classical Age (about 2100–1800 B. C.), the Golden Age (about 1530–1080 B. C.), and the Age of Decline (from 1080 B. C. on). These four periods are quite distinctly marked and the literature of each has its distinctive features. They correspond to the four great historical epochs: the Old Empire, the Middle Empire, the New Empire, and the Later Period. Between the first three of these there are great gaps in the history and consequently in the literature of Egypt.*

Of course the dates here given are not to be taken as absolute and fixed limits; such fixed limits can be set in no literature. There were naturally transition periods in which the style underwent gradual change, owing to the changes that were constantly taking place in the language. In the prose literature this gradation is especially apparent, as we possess specimens of the best prose of all four periods as well as of the transition stages. In the poetry the transition cannot be so well traced as the greater part by far of the poems we possess were composed in the Golden Age, and a large majority of the poems composed in earlier periods we possess only in copies made in the Golden Age.

*For the history I would refer the reader to my "History of Egypt" which has just appeared as part of D. Appleton & Co.'s History Primer Series.

Egyptian poetry has, like everything else produced by this wonderful people, been on the one hand vastly overestimated and on the other hand has been greatly undervalued. Eminent specialists have exalted the Egyptian poet beyond measure and equally eminent authorities have gone so far as even to deny him all poetic fancy. I hope I shall convince my reader that both these courses are unjust. I think it is just as unfair to these old poets to awaken false expectations by overestimation as to deny them all poetic qualities.

I would caution my readers at the outset against measuring Egyptian poetry by our modern, or even by classical standards. We must never forget that poetry was born, so to speak, on the banks of the Nile, thousands of years before the Hellenic race made their home in that country to which they gave so great a fame. All that the Ancient Egyptians attained in civilization—in religion, in art, in science, and in literature—they owed to themselves alone. We stand here at the very fountain head of civilization. Greece, great as she unquestionably was, owed much to Egypt, almost as much as Rome owed to her.

Of the Archaic Age we possess next to no poetical remains. The greater part of the hymns we possess in later copies were undoubtedly written in this period, but they have been so much revised and amplified in the times of the New Empire (1530–1080 B. C.) that it is in most cases utterly impossible to get at the oldest forms of the hymns in question. What the earliest popular songs were like we can see from two snatches of song that have been preserved in the tombs. They are devoid of all art, consisting merely of a few phrases strung together without any appreciable meter, that were most probably chanted over and over again to one and the same monotonous tune, just as the modern Egyptian Fellaḥ delights in singing monotonous strains of pretty much the same character, while working. The first of these snatches is sung by a shepherd to his sheep and dates from the times of the fifth Dynasty (about 2500 B. C.):

Your shepherd is in the water with the fishes, |
He talks with the pike, he exchanges greetings

with the shad. | The West! your shepherd is a shepherd of the West! |

The other of these songs I give from a later copy :

Thrash for yourselves, thrash for yourselves! | Ye oxen, thrash for yourselves! | Thrash straw as feed for yourselves, | And grain for your masters! | Take no rest, for it is cool to-day! |

This is sung as an encouragement to the oxen that are employed in thrashing the grain. These snatches closely resemble those of all primitive nations, and were no doubt chanted in the same monotonous manner with a constantly recurring intonation which belonged, in all probability, rather to the tune than to the words. Indeed, all poetry was originally intended to be sung or chanted, and I have no doubt that primitive songs possessed no poetical form whatever, and that meter was introduced with time in order to make the intonation or emphasis and accent used in speaking conform to the intonations of the tune; so that the meter of poetry was not only influenced but even directly brought about by the meter or time of music.

With the Classical Age we come to real poetry with a fixed meter. This is quite an advance from the primitive chants above noted and it certainly did not come at a bound. Unfortunately the connecting links have been lost and we are thus unable to trace the gradual transition in form from these primitive chants to a highly developed metrical poetry.

The Classical Age no doubt produced a great amount of good poetry, but only two of its productions have come down to us. The first of these is a didactic poem written by a certain Daauf and addressed to his son Pepi, in which he advises him to become a scribe, *i. e.*, a government official, and contrasts the scribe's happy lot with the miserable condition of all that are not scribes. The poem is very long and I can only give a few extracts of it here. The following is very characteristic :

Ne'er have I seen the smith as ambassador, | And the goldsmith with an embassy, | But I have seen the smith at work. | At his furnace, | His fingers were as (thick as the skin of) the crocodile, | And stank more than the eggs of fish. | Every artist that uses the chisel | Tires himself more than he that hoes the field, | His field is the wood and his tool is of metal. | At night is he free? | He works more than his arms can bear, | At night—he lights a lamp. |

But the scribe, he goes on, is free from all this, and the poem closes :

Lo there is no condition that is not ruled | The scribe alone is a ruler! |

Far more poetical is the other poem, the celebrated "Minstrel's Song," sometimes called "The Solemn Festal Dirge." Of this song we possess two versions, one dating from the times of King Antef of the eleventh Dynasty (about 2200 B. C.) and belonging more properly to the transition stage that preceded the Classical Age, and the other written over seven hundred years later in the times of the New Empire. I give the older form in metrical translation and the later in imitation of the form, so that the reader can judge for himself whether or not the later form is an improvement on the ancient version :

'Tis well our Good Lord* hath decreed,
And 'tis a goodly fate indeed,
That while some bodies pass away
Some others yet on earth will stay!
These are the world's eternal ways
E'er since our earliest ancestors' days!

Of former days the mighty men
Now sleep and ne'er shall wake again.
Who ruled the world in days gone by
These gods all in their tombs now lie:
Of their houses fallen to decay
What mortal where they stood can say?
Imhôtep and Hordedef† old
Have said in many a lay, I'm told:
"Of fallen walls no trace is seen
'Tis e'en as if they ne'er had been!"
Of nobles that have passed away
What minstrel now will sing the lay?
And who will now the deeds all sing
That once to them did glory bring?
To hasten on where they now dwell
What could the beating heart impel?
For when the heart of man is well
On fun'ral rites it hates to dwell.

Oh, follow then thy heart's desire,
Until, some day, thou too expire!
Anoint with perfumes then thy hair,
To-day thy finest linen wear,—
Be merrier than e'er before
And let not now thy heart grow sore!
Enjoy thy life till comes that day
Thy friends shall stand and vainly pray
Unto that god whose heart is still,‡
Who cannot hear them and ne'er will!
Rejoice to-day and merry be!
Thy wealth thou canst not take with thee

* Osiris.

† Two old poet-sages.

‡ Osiris.

When to that land thou too wilt go
Whence no return we mortals know !

The following is the later form :

Quiet rests this prince, | In truth it is a goodly
fate | That the bodies have passed away since
the times of Râ | And younger generations have
stepped into their places. | Every morning the
sun doth rise | And every eve the evening sun
sets in the west. | Men beget and women con-
ceive. | All nostrils breathe the morning air !
They that are born, ay, all of them | They are
going to their destined places ! | Then rejoice
to-day, O Priest ! | Place balsams and perfumes
before thy nose. | Take wreaths of lotos for the
limbs | And for the neck of thy love that dwells
in thy heart | And that sits by thy side ! | Let
there be song and music before thee ! | Cast
aside all cares and think but of joy | Till comes
that day | On which thou goest to the land that
loves silence, | While still beats the heart of thy
loving son ! | Rejoice to-day, Neferhôtep, | Thou
sage priest of pure hands ! | All that hath be-
fallen our ancestors I have heard : | Their
walls are fallen, | No longer have they a place, |
It is as if they had never been !

The rest of this version is so fragmentary
in the copy we possess, that it is impossible
to translate it. From what has been given
the reader can, however, form a just estimate
of this old and famous song, which is quite
the equal of any wine-song Horace ever wrote.
Unfortunately neither of the texts in which
these versions have been preserved is punc-
tuated, so that, although we know they are
metrical—they have the true poetic ring—we
cannot say in what meter they are written.

The second version of the "Minstrel's
Song" has brought us already into that
period which we may justly term the Golden
Age of Egyptian literature, the times of the
New Empire (1530-1050 B. C.). In this period
the language has assumed a form quite dif-
ferent and distinct from that which it had in
the preceding epoch, the grammar and syn-
tax having undergone a gradual change for
some centuries. These changes have given it
greater variety both in grammatical forms
and in syntactic arrangement, so that the
writers of this period had quite a different
and a vastly better instrument to work with
than had their predecessors. And they knew
how to use their beautiful tongue to good ad-
vantage. Their style is vigorous, simple,
perspicuous, and varied, possessing all the
qualities we are accustomed to admire. We
possess a large number of poems written in

this period, some of which are perfect little
gems. The poets of this age boldly attempted
every subject that poetry could embellish.
They have given us some charming lyrics ;
they have written hymns that are remark-
able for their devoutness and depth of senti-
ment and are often instinct with a love of na-
ture ; they have written laudatory poems on
the Pharaohs, some of which are truly remark-
able. We also possess, dating from this
epoch, an attempt at an epic, the description
of Ramses the Great's battle with the Cheta
and a temperance poem. Quite a large num-
ber of poems of this period have come down
to us and we can give here only the very
choicest specimens.

But before we turn to these specimens, let
us first examine into the methods of these
early poets. The chief characteristic of
Egyptian meter is a parallelism of members
that appears also in Hebrew poetry. Two
verses are made parallel either in form or in
sense or in both. In the following descrip-
tion of a king we have this parallelism in its
strictest form :

His eyes, they fathom everybody ;
He is Râ, who seeth with his rays !
He illumines Egypt more than doth the sun,
He maketh the land to blossom more than
doth a high Nile !
He giveth food to them that attend him,
He feedeth him that followeth his paths !

The parallelism is somewhat freer in the
following beautiful comparison of the muta-
bility of fate with the bed of a river that
changes every year :

Last year's ford in the water has gone away.
It is a different place this year ;—
Great oceans are turned into dry places
And their shores have become abysses.

Still freer and even quite complicated is
the parallelism in the following stanzas on
King Thutmosis III. (ruled 1480-1427 B. C.)
in which Râ is represented as addressing the
Pharaoh :

I come—and give thee power to trample down
the West ;—
Phœnicia and Cyprus are in thy power !
I let them see thy majesty like a young, brave,
horned steer
Whom none dare approach !

I come—and give thee power to trample down
those who are in their ports,
The isles of Netjen* tremble for fear of thee !

* Unknown country.

I let them see thy majesty like a crocodile, lord
of fear in the waters,
Whom none dare approach !

Here it is not the several lines of the same stanza that are parallel, but the corresponding lines of the stanzas. Thus line 1, stanza 1, is parallel to line 1, stanza 2, line 2, stanza 1, to line 2, stanza 2, line 3, stanza 1, to line 3, stanza 2, and line 4, stanza 1, to line 4, stanza 2. This parallelism runs through ten stanzas, making, even without any other meter, quite an effective poem.

The Egyptians possessed a definite meter, and in some of the texts the verses are separated by points made with red ink ; but it was not absolutely necessary to punctuate. On what principle this division into verses was based we do not know ; probably it depended on accent. This accent is, however quite different from ours in that a number of words that are closely connected have but one accent. Thus when the object is added directly to the verb, without interposition of the accusative particle, the verb is shortened and unaccentuated and the object takes the accent belonging to the group,—such a group the Egyptians seem to have regarded, for purposes of accentuation, as one word. I shall now try to give the reader an idea of this meter from a punctuated text :

anwét neha-déb rôset | paisetshâ nú er tjed,
etc.

The fig tree opes its mouth | Its leaves are going to say, etc.

Again after a break :

as wénu shépses meqednuá | as bén wénu hénét.

Surely she is a queen like me | Surely she is no slave !

These two specimens will give the reader a fair notion of Egyptian meter. I have put an accent on the accented words ; but as we do not know the vowels of the Egyptian words it is impossible to say which syllables were accented.

The Egyptian poets made frequent use of alliteration, of which I shall give but one illustration :

an meru meh em mu mant | ba bâh em merutef.

When the ponds are full of water | and the earth is inundated by his love.

From alliteration to punning was but a step and the Egyptian poets soon became accomplished punsters. At times entire poems

depend for their effect on puns that are often quite questionable ; but the Egyptian public delighted in them and so we have no right to criticise them.

As their lyrics are among their finest productions I shall give specimens of these first, and I doubt not that the reader will agree with me when I say they are quite as fine as many of the poems that are admired to-day. Two I give in metrical translation. The first of these is addressed by a young man to a young lady ; it reads :

I'm sick in my chamber, I'm sick in my home,
My friends are all anxious, the doctor has come ;—

The wise man, he knows not the root of my ill
And vainly to cure me exerts all his skill.

My neighbors are come to my chamber all
To pay their sick friend a neighborly call,
To see if my illness is better to-day
And wishing me health they go sadly away.

Ah ! could but my darling come when I call !
She 'd shame the wise doctor, the neighbors
and all !

At her loving touch all my ills would depart,
For she knows the illness that gnaws at my heart !

The other is addressed by a young lady to her lover and is, in my opinion, one of the sweetest and most charming of lyrics :

Thy love has stray'd to the mead away,
A-thinking of her darling boy ;—
I think of thee all night, all day,
My only love, my only joy !

And when I've spread the fowler's net
My thoughts will e'er recur to thee,
I cannot watch the snares I've set,
My loving eyes thy form but see !

And now a bird with plumage bright,
Sweet perfumed from the incense land
That to our shores has ta'en his flight
Is snared ;—I cannot move my hand !

Oh, haste, sweet love ! and come to my aid
And help me take my lovely prey !
Too long already thou hast staid !—
Alas ! my love is far away !

Come, list to my poor bird's plaintive cry,—
Oh, haste, my love ! He will not stay !
The while for thee I longing sigh,
My lovely bird has flown away !

He joyous spreads his perfumed wings,
And gaily, lightly soars on high,

Rejoicing in his freedom sings
Sweet greeting to the laughing sky!

A flock of birds has crossed the stream,—
I heed them not—but think of thee!—
Their wings in the sun all brightly gleam;—
Without thee they 've no charm for me!

And when to-night I bring no prey,
Who e'er had brought home plenteous game,
What can I to my mother say?—
Ah, failure is the fowler's shame!

I'll sink upon her breast and weep,
Confess the love my soul that fills;—
No longer can its secret keep
The heart that love exulting thrills!

A large number of hymns has come down to us, some of them of high poetic value as, e. g., the following hymn to the rising sun:

Hail to thee who art Râ when thou risest and Atum when thou settest! Thou risest, risest and glowest, glowest crowned as king of the gods! Thou art lord of heaven and earth, creator of stars and men! Thou art the sole god that hath existed since the beginning, that hath made the lands and hath created men, that hath made the heavens and hath created the Nile, that hath made the waters and endowed with life all that therein is, that hath built up the hills, and hath created men and the beasts of the field!

Of all the hundreds of hymns to the rising and the setting sun I think this is by far the best. Another really good piece is the following variation of the set phrases: "Who hath made what is and exists; from his eyes went forth men and from his mouth the gods," in a hymn to Amon as follows:

He maketh herbs for the cattle and fruit trees for men, he nourisheth the fishes in the water and the birds under the sky! He giveth breath to the animal yet in the egg and nourisheth the grasshopper! He maketh that on which feed flies, worms, and fleas, as many as there be! He createth what the mice need in their holes and nourisheth the birds on every tree!

These two pieces were written by poets of a high order. They are instinct with the fervent devotion of the poet who sees the hand of the Deity everywhere in nature. But unfortunately hymns of this character are the exception and not the rule. The devotional poetry of Ancient Egypt is rather dull and barren on the whole, the later hymns being often mere copies or amplifications of older versions.

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Much the same is true of the laudatory hymns on the kings. They consist chiefly of amplifications of the Pharaoh's titles and are tiresome and endless repetitions to the effect that the Pharaoh is a mighty steer, victorious in battle, a great conqueror who subdues all his enemies and extends the boundaries of Egypt and is beloved of all the gods in the pantheon.

The Age of Decline was an age of literary poverty. Nothing written in this period can lay any claim even to a passing notice.

I would claim the reader's attention yet one moment. It is a remarkable fact that though hundreds, ay, thousands of literary productions have come down to us from the Ancient Egyptians, yet we know very few of the names of their authors. Imhôtep and Hordedef are semi-mythical personages to whom a number of moral maxims are attributed. A collection of moral precepts which date from the times of the Middle Empire (i. e., not earlier than 2130 B. C.) is attributed to a Prince Ptahhôtep, a very wise and good man who lived in the times of the fifth dynasty, some four hundred years earlier. King Amenemhât I., the founder of the twelfth dynasty (ruled about 2130 B. C.), is credited with having written down a set of maxims for the guidance of his son User-tesen I. The internal evidence in all these cases is strongly against the authenticity of these claims. The poem on the "Battle with the Cheta" has very often been attributed, in modern times, to a certain Pentawer whose name was signed to one of the copies of that poem; but now we know that Pentawer was a scribe who merely copied the poem. And, to tell the truth, that is all the signature does say. All copies were signed as executed by scribe so and so at the instance of some other scribe his teacher. This leaves us the names of only two Egyptian authors, Qagabû, who wrote a poem congratulating Seti II. on his accession to the throne, and Daauf, the composer of the above mentioned didactic poem.

I have, in this sketch of Egyptian poetry, attempted to give a brief and accurate résumé of what is known on the subject. The specimens chosen have been the choicest and most characteristic, but much that is good had necessarily to be omitted. I hope, however, that despite the limitations this paper will awaken an interest in the literature of this ancient people.

HANDWRITING AND CHARACTER.

BY W. PREYER.

Translated for "The Chautauquan" from the German "Rundschau."

THE most noticeable movements by which cultured people recognize one another are the play of the features, the gait, talking, and writing. Of these evidences the last named is the most infallible, for by a few hasty lines we may recognize again a person whom we neither see nor hear, and enjoy in addition the advantage of being able to compare quietly and at our leisure the traits of one individual thus expressed with the characteristics of another. There are not many men to be found in any walk of life who do not endeavor to conceal to some extent, however slight, their true views and emotions, when brought into close contact with their fellow-beings. But the mind photographs itself unsuspectingly in the movements of the hand, by the use of pen and ink away from all alien observation, and with this rigid unchangeable witness in our possession the character of the author of the manuscript lies open to the gaze of the intelligent reader.

In this way handwriting becomes much more individual than any other active sign of personality. It varies more, it is more free, it represents the individual less artificially than voice or gesture. I have been assured by teachers of penmanship, the most painstaking masters of the best trained pupils, that the latter use their acquired hand only when they give their entire attention to the matter. When they forget to assume their acquisition they fall back unconsciously into their natural, independent manner. We also know how adults differ in their handwriting from the style which they learned as children in the schools.

There must exist between the form and arrangement of letters in words and lines, on the one hand, and certain individual peculiarities of the writer, on the other, some kind of a connection. It is strange that no scientific investigation into this relation of mind and expression in writing has ever yet been undertaken, for it seems conclusive that handwriting is a kind of voiceless speaking, consequently a phenomenon pertaining to both psychology and physiology, and therefore an

operation which lies within the province of physiology. Yet we find hardly any studies on the subject. What few exist treat rather of the writing of invalids than of normally healthy persons. Of such a nature was Erlemeyer's pamphlet of 1879 which brought out many interesting facts concerning the penmanship of insane people, while Goldscheider's lecture, delivered in 1891, enlarged at length, and justly, on the betrayal of emotions and principles by handwriting, yet concluded with the unfortunate rule that there are two clearly distinct kinds of writing, according as the pen is used as a lever by the fingers or is merely a stiff elongation of the hand whose movements it completely shares. In the first case the results are undoubted manifestations of character, in the second the psychical signs are less evident, and in hasty writing they even disappear entirely.

In my opinion, however, no such distinction holds true. Neither the way in which the pen is held nor the speed with which one writes affects the character delineation of the resultant words and phrases. I believe that the hand plays a very subordinate part in the character of the handwriting, though I acknowledge that many hold to the opposite view. What is hastily written, being traced without much meditation upon the manner in which it is written, must necessarily possess more individuality than sentences penned slowly and with their legibility kept constantly in mind. We must confess, to be sure, that after all that has been said and written on the subject, there is as yet no physiology of handwriting formulated, and that the further question of relation of handwriting to the moods of the writer has not been even touched upon scientifically. The history of science teaches us that in case a fact, which is both theoretically and practically important, has been neglected for decades and even centuries by trained scientists, those who think unscientifically, or are *dilettanti* in the realm of knowledge, often take it up and make for it a place which has been so long denied to it.

It is not to be denied that the facts relating

to handwriting have accumulated enormously since Lavater's ridiculed and defenseless article on the subject. But not a rule thus empirically furnished has been clearly deduced and stated.

My own belief formerly was that the professed readers of handwriting partly hit the right thing by accident and partly had received through other means information concerning the personal characteristics of the writers. But as I kept on amusing myself with studying the different specimens which came under my notice I gradually evolved some general notions about the various meanings of letters, punctuation marks, lines, and so on. Still my doubt as to whether there was here any regular connection between the physiological and psychological facts remained. But one day a friend who had been able to get hold of one of my own hastily written letters, and without my knowledge had sent it to an expert in handwriting, brought to me from him a description of my character. I recognized it as perfectly correct. I looked at myself in an imaginary mirror, and was not a little astonished that a man who had never seen me or heard of me should be able to penetrate so well into the innermost impulses of my willing, thinking, feeling soul. But when I later on made the acquaintance of this expert he was no less astonished than I had been, since I was already known to him by reputation as a scientist, and he had formed of me an entirely different conception from what my handwriting had revealed to him.

From that time I often repeated the experiment by having letters of people whom I knew read and characterized for me. Certain traits of these friends which were not generally known to their own circle of acquaintances, such as musical tendencies, and also tastes and habits which had never come to my notice, as avarice in one instance, were put in this way in my possession. In the few cases where my impressions of the people contradicted the readings of the expert, further material invariably decided who was right, or we came to a deadlock over the doubtful signs, such as the marks for motherwit, curiosity, and renunciation.

By this means I gradually accumulated a large number of facts which unmistakably indicated the relation of the handwriting to many peculiarities of the writers. Not only I myself but many other more competent wit-

nesses were convinced that the conclusions showed something else than deception or accident. I next endeavored to ascertain how from the handwriting this or that peculiarity of the writer can be recognized. The action of the pulse can be well determined by the experimental physiologist. Also the beatings of the heart can be assigned their graphic curve, the action of breathing can be measured by the instruments already in use, while even the slight vibrations of the bodily organs are well understood by a competent scientist. To represent these movements the graphic method has come into use in recent years. From the straight and curved strokes of the writing a conclusion may be reached regarding the condition of the writing organ, and from the variations of the physiological graphic signs the difference between the various functions of the component parts of the active body can be determined.

Now the straight and curved lines of letters, written down by any one, are likewise a kind of physiological writing but one of far greater complexity than all others, for the reason that the thing which writes—the brain with its writing apparatus of nerves and muscles in the arm—is much more intricately formed than any other structure which registers itself in this way. But observe this point—if it is only a matter of complexity which distinguishes the handwriting from the graphic representation of the heart's action or of the respiration, if there is no essential difference between them from a physiological standpoint, then it must be possible to reach conclusions about handwriting through the size and form, the risings and fallings of the strokes, their thickness and inclination—in just the same way as about other graphic signs of the bodily movements. The individual peculiarities of the organ which writes a letter, whether in calm and repose or under the influence of passion or excitement, ought to be as recognizable as the characteristics of the organ which breathes, and as you can indicate the variations of the pulse by a graphic sign, so you should be able, though the difficulty is much greater, to mark out the attitudes of the brain.

It is a curious fact that when a person compares the writing done by his hand with writing done by his feet, as by holding chalk between the toes or writing with the toes themselves on the sand, he will find that the two results are alike in their individual character-

istics. I have performed the experiment, and, though I am not proficient in the art of foot writing, I can see that the style and shape of the letters made by my toes resemble the characters formed by my hand.

The same is true of mouth writing. I am not adept in this department, but I saw a Russian who had neither hands nor feet painted and write with his mouth. This aroused my emulation and I tried myself to trace my name by holding in my mouth a pencil. The result at the very start was astonishingly like my handwriting, though of course it was much more hesitating and unconnected. I have also written with other parts of my body, as for instance with a pencil held tightly in the closed elbow or the knee joint, or between my chin and breast or fastened to my head. From all these positions I obtain a defective but legible writing which has the characteristics of my handwriting. So it seems to me evident beyond a doubt that the characteristics of handwriting do not arise from peculiarities of the right hand and arm, and as a further proof of this conclusion I will adduce the experience of those who, having lost their right hands, are obliged to make use of their left. Such persons show very soon a remarkable dexterity in writing, going from right to left, while with the right hand they had always proceeded from left to right.

But naturally this inverted order of writing can be read only when held up to a mirror. We tried experiments to repeat it with the right hand but succeeded in the inverted order only moderately well. In the same way it was as difficult for us to write ordinary handwriting with our left hand going from left to right. The inverted order was much more natural and it was only by great effort and attention that we could escape it and give to our left-handed letters the appearance of those written by the right hand. Similar experiments had been tried long before our time by other German scientists, with the same results. On continuing my investigations I found that the feet followed the natural movement of the hands, and my left foot wrote quite rapidly the inverted order while only with much difficulty did it inscribe the normal order. The conclusion follows that, since the left hand, and also the left foot, can write a legible writing without previous practice, the whole left side of the body must have shared in the training which was given the right hand. If you wish further proof of

this opposition between left and right take a pencil firmly in both hands and try to write or draw any symmetrical figures without determining their shape beforehand. You will find that the figures are indeed symmetrical but that some are the exact counterparts of the others, but in the inverted order, as a mirror will easily show. Other less important tests were made by me, as writing with both hands or feet at one and the same time, or writing with the nails of the different fingers of the same hand.

From all these observations and facts I was led to the conclusion already expressed. Individual peculiarities of handwriting do not depend on the hand but on the brain, which dictates what shall be written. It therefore follows that not the left hand nor the left or right leg are trained at the same time with the right hand, which alone learns—for they remain motionless—but that the central portions of the brain assigned to them, where are produced the thoughts of the writer and the corresponding commands to the nerves to move the muscles in this or that way and no other, are alone trained and practiced. In one word, the motive impulses must be prepared.

Now the eye comes in for a large part into the expression of such preparation. The writer in order to express himself clearly must have in his mind a clear idea of what he is about to write. He must see mentally his sentences before they are written down, just as a draftsman must see every stroke he is to make. So there are many who claim that on this account the eye is necessary in ordinary writing to see whether the word put on paper really corresponds to the preconceived form, size, position, clearness, color, etc.

While this appears to be an assured fact, it is just as assured that one can write the same letters clearly and distinctly with his eyes shut. There are some divergences, as in the distance of the lines and the space between the sentences. On the other hand the distance between words is less than when one writes with his eyes open. Here it is probably a matter of touch which would disappear with practice. Blind people can write neat and correct letters after the uncertainty of touch is once overcome. Consequently the character of handwriting does not depend essentially on the sight. No vital difference in the letters and sentences are discernible. It is the brain which guides and rules and determines

the difference between the graphic signs made by the separate individuals.

But wherein do these distinguishing marks lie? Anyone who has no interest in the matter and who has never compared two similar handwritings with each other will not easily discover the points where they differ. It is indeed often difficult to distinguish two men who look alike and whom you nevertheless recognize at first glance. It is easier to point out likenesses than it is divergences in any situation.

Goethe is generally said to be the founder of graphology, because in a letter, written in April, 1820, to Lavater, he declared there was no doubt that the handwriting had a relation to the mode of thinking and to character, and that a man could get from it at least a hint of his manner of being and thinking, "just as one must recognize not only form and features but also moods, tone, yes, even movements of the body, to be remarkably in harmony with the entire personality." He is said to have affirmed later on that he had seldom erred in judging a man's character by his penmanship. However this may be it is certain that Goethe had no system for forming his judgments.

The same holds true of Lavater, who is said to have been urged by Goethe to give himself up to the study of handwriting. He left behind him in his essays many good ideas on graphology and speaks of them as intended for character reading. For instance, he noticed how almost all nations have a national style of penmanship just as they have a national cast of countenance. Also it was Lavater who affirmed that not the whole character nor all characters, but much of many characters and a little of some can be recognized by the handwriting alone, and then he asked: "Can we not assert as most probable, that with rare exceptions every man has his own individual, inimitable, or at least rarely and but partially imitable handwriting?"

He found a wonderful analogy between the speech, the gait, and the handwriting of the majority of people and expresses his opinion that the differences in the handwriting of one and the same man, under different circumstances but in possession of the same writing-materials, afforded no proof against the importance of handwriting as a means of reading character, but on the other hand that they furnished a clear proof in its favor, since from this very difference it was evident that

the handwriting of a man corresponded to his varying place and disposition; when the writer is angry he writes differently from when he gives consolation for instance, because his frame of mind is different.

The more Lavater compared the various handwritings he came across the more certain he was that they are "physiognomic expressions, outlets of the writer's character," and he laid especial stress on the "body and kernel" of the letter, its shape and sweep, height and length, its place, the connection between the letters, their "width and narrowness," the "width, narrowness, straightness, and obliquity" of the lines, the clearness of the writing, its "lightness, heaviness." This much does he say and ends his remarks with the words: "Nothing depresses me more, nothing reveals to me so clearly, the weak, flabby, inconstant being in me as—my own handwriting."

But Lavater did not have a system any more than Goethe and so all his appeals remained without any scientific results. Almost half a century passed before any general interest turned, among the Germans, toward the subject. In the fifties and sixties some short character readings made from handwriting by Adolphus Henze were much talked about. But this strange person never told any one how he reached his results. He was looked upon by his admirers as possessing an intuitive sense for reading graphic signs, and so bore the same relation to graphology that quacks do to medicine. But for the physiology of the subject, the scientific investigation of handwriting as a weighty, permanent, immediate, and objective sign of subjective conditions we can gain nothing from Henze, or at best no more than Goethe, Lavater, Humboldt, George Sand, and others have given us, which is that much of what goes to make up the individuality of a man is discernible in his handwriting.

The first who tried to logically connect individual peculiarities of handwriting with the individual attributes of the writers seems to have been the Frenchman Flandrin, a Catholic priest. But he wrote no scientific work on the subject and entrusted this task to his pupil, Michon. All that to-day is worthy of scientific belief in graphology and is of practical value goes back to Michon. His books on the subject are a genuine treasury of facts. Still the whole principle of his system is illogical in its placing on the same

level conceptions of entirely unequal values. For instance, Michon distinguishes eight classes: faculties, instincts, nature, character, mind, aptitudes, taste, passions. These eight classes he divides into eighty-three orders and ninety-eight kinds, which comprise three hundred and sixty species. But the author himself becomes confused by his complicated headings and repeats himself at every step.

On the other hand the analyses of writing made first by him are most valuable and include all the various styles and manners of forming letters, sentences, and distributing among them punctuation marks. To enumerate them here would be a most ungracious task, and I will allow my readers who are interested in this new science to seek for them in Michon himself.

I will cite a few. The direction of the lines, as inclining up or down, indicate different moods in the writer at the time of composition. From the separation of letters, words, and lines and the distance between them we reach a conclusion regarding the ambition, avarice, generosity, the clearness of brain or the opposite, the logical mind or the intuitive

nature of the writer. Reserve, contemplation, self-command, and their opposites are determined by the relation of the letters to the direction of the line. All these and other rules for reading are laid down by Michon, and seemingly proved by countless examples.

Since handwriting is purely an operation of the will why should it not give a photographic reproduction of the brain, which contains that will? If one is angry his hand betrays him, if pleased the same instrument shows his happiness, and so on through the whole domain of character and emotion. When the theory and the facts once come together, well fitted to each other in all their parts, then the science of graphology, like all other sciences, will be self-evident and self-imposing, and the reading of character through handwriting will prove of great practical benefit to both national tradition and contemporary life. The collection of autographs will then assume an educational value far above that of historical curiosity, for the leaders of the past will thus have handed down their dominant characteristics to the instruction of the men of the present and future.

THE MINUTE MAN ON THE FRONTIER.

BY THE REV. W. G. PUDDEFOOT.

THE minute men at the front are the nation's cheapest policemen; and strange as it may seem, these men stand in vital relations to all the great cities of the country from which they are so far removed. It is a well-known fact that every city owes its life and increase to the fresh infusion of country blood, and it depends largely on the purity of that blood as to what the moral condition of the city shall be. Therefore it is of the utmost importance that Zion's watchmen shall lift up their voices day and night until not only the wilderness shall be glad because of them but that the city's walls may be named Salvation and her gates Praise.

Let us make the rounds among the minute men to see how they live and what they do. Our road leads along the Grand Rapids and Indiana Railway. All day long we have been flitting past new towns, and toward night we plunge into the dense forests with only here and there an opening. The fresh

perfume of the balsam invades the cars, the clear trout streams pass and repass under the track, a herd of deer scurry yonder, and once we see a huge black bear swaying between two giant hemlocks.

At 11 p. m. we leave the train. There is a drizzling rain through which we see a half dozen twinkling lights. As the train turns a curve we lose sight of its red lights and feel we have lost our best friend. A little boy, the sole human being in sight, is carrying a diminutive mail bag. The sidewalk is only about thirty-six feet long. Then among the stumps we wind our slippery way, and at last reach the only frame house for miles. To the north and east we see a wilderness with here and there a hardy settler's hut; sometimes a wagon with a cover and the stump of a stove pipe sticking through the top.

After climbing the stairs, which are destitute of a balustrade, we enter our room. It is carpeted with a horse blanket. Start-

ing out with a lumber wagon next morning, with axes and whipsaw we hew our way through the forest to another line of railway—and returning are asked by the people in the settlement, "Will it ever be settled?" "Could a man raise apples?" "Snow too deep?" "Mice girdle all the trees, eh?" etc.

Five years later on a sleeping car, we open our eyes in the morning, and what a change! The little solitary stations that we passed before are surrounded with houses. White puffs of steam come snapping out from factories. A weekly paper, a New York and Boston store, and the five and ten cent counter store, are among the developments. Our train sweeps onward, miles beyond our first stop, and instead of the lonely lodging house, palatial hotels invite us, bands of music are playing, the bay is a scene of magic, here a little naphtha launch and there a steam yacht, and then a mighty steamer that makes the dock cringe its whole length as she slowly ties up to it.

Night comes on but the woods are as light as day with electric lights. Rustic houses of artistic design are on every hand. Here where it was thought apples could not be raised because of mice and deep snow is a great western Chautauqua.

Eighty thousand people are pushing forward into the northern countries of this great state. Roads, bridges, schoolhouses, all are building. Most of the settlers are poor, sometimes having to leave part of their furniture to pay freight. They are from all quarters of our own and other lands. Here spring up great mill towns, mining towns, and county seats, and here too our minute man comes. What can he do? Nearly all the people are here to make money. He has neither church, parsonage, nor a membership to start with. Here he finds towns with twenty saloons in a block, opera house and electric plants, dog fights, men fights, no Sabbath, but an extra day for amusements and debauchery. The minute man is ready for any emergency; he takes chances that would appall a town minister. He finds a town without a single house that is a home; he has missed his train at a funeral. It is too cold to sleep in the woods, and so he walks the streets.

A saloon keeper sees him. "Hello, Elder. Did ye miss yer train? Kind o' tough, eh?" with a laugh. "Well, ye ken sleep in the

saloon if ye ken stand it," and so down on the floor he goes, comforting himself with the text, "Though I make my bed in hell, behold, Thou art there."

Another minute man in another part of the country finds a town given up to wickedness. He gets his frugal lunch in a saloon, the only place for him.

"Are you a preacher?"

"Yes."

"Thought so. You want to preach?"

"I don't know where I can get a hall."

"Oh, stranger, I'll give ye my dance hall, jest the thing, and I tell ye we need preaching here bad."

"Good, I will preach."

The saloon man stretches a large piece of cotton across his bar and writes,—

"Divine service in this place from 10 a. m. to 12 to-morrow. No drinks served during service."

It is a strange crowd: there are university men and men who never saw a school. With some little trembling the minute man begins, and as he speaks he feels more freedom and courage. At the conclusion the host seizes his big hat and with a revolver commences to take up a collection, remarking that they had had some pretty straight slugging. On the back seats are a number of what are called 5-cent-ante men, and as they drop in small coin, he says,

"Come, boys, ye have got to straddle that."

He brings the hat to the parson and empties a large collection on the table.

"But what can I do with these colored things?"

"Why, pard, them 's chips, every one redeemable at the bar in gold."

Sometimes the minute man has a harder time. A scholarly man who now holds a high position in New England was a short time since in a mountain town where he preached in the morning to a few people in an empty saloon and announced that there would be service in the same place in the evening. But he had reckoned without his host. By evening it was a saloon again in full blast. Nothing daunted, he began outside.

The men lighted a tar barrel and began to raffle off a mule. Just then a noted bravo of the camps came down and quick as a flash his shooting irons were out and with a voice like a lion he said,

"Boys, I drop the first one that interferes with this service."

Thus under guard from unexpected quarters the preacher spoke to a number of men who had been former church members in the far East.

Often these minute men must build their own houses and live in such a rough society that wife and children must stay behind for some years. One minute man built a little hut whose roof was shingled with oyster cans. His room was so small that he could pour out his coffee at the table and without getting up turn his flapjacks on the stove. A traveling missionary visiting him asked him where he slept. He opened a little trap door in the ceiling and as the good woman peered in she said,

"Why, you can't stand up in that place!"

"Bless your soul, madam," he exclaimed, "a home missionary doesn't sleep standing up."

Strapping a bundle of books on his shoulders this minute man starts out on a mule trail. If he meets the train he must step off and climb back. He reaches the distant camp and finds the boys by the dozen gambling in an immense saloon. He steps up to the bar and requests the liberty of singing a few hymns. The man answers surlily,

"Ye ken if ye like, but the boys won't stand it."

The next minute a rich baritone begins, "What a friend we have in Jesus," and twenty heads are lifted. He then says,

"Boys, take a hand, here are some books," and in less than ten minutes he has a male choir of many voices. One says, "Pard, sing number so and so"—and another, "Sing number so and so." By this time the saloon keeper is growling; but it is no use, the minister has the boys, and starts his work.

In some camps a very different reception awaits him, as, for instance, the following: At his appearance a wild-looking Buffalo Bill type of man greeted him with an oath and a pistol leveled at him.

"Don't yer know that's no luck in camp with a preacher? We are going to kill ye."

"Don't you know," said the minute man, "a minister can draw a bead as quick as any man?" The boys gave a loud laugh, for they love grit; and the rough slunk away. But a harder trial followed.

"Glad to see ye, pard, but ye'll have to set

'em up 'fore ye commence—rule of the camp, ye know,"—but before our man could frame an answer the hardest drinker in the crowd said,

"Boys, he is the fust minister as has had the sand to come up here and I'll stand treat for him."

It is a great pleasure to add that the man who did this is to-day a Christian.

One man is found on our grand round, living with a wife and a large family in a church. The church building had been too cold to worship in and so they gave it to him for a parsonage. The man had his study in the belfry and had to tack a carpet up to keep his papers from blowing into the lake. This man's life was in constant jeopardy and he always carried two large revolvers. He had been the cause of breaking up the stockade dens of the town and ruffians were hired to kill him. He seemed to wear a charmed life—but then he was over six feet high and weighed more than two hundred pounds. Some of the facts that this man could narrate are unreportable.

The lives lost on our frontiers to-day through sin in all its forms are legion and no man realizes as well as the home missionary what it costs to build a new country; on the other hand no man has such an opportunity to see the growth of the kingdom.

There died in Beloit in July, the Rev. Jeremiah Porter, a man who had been a home missionary. His field was at Fort Brady before Chicago had its name. His church was largely composed of soldiers and when the men were ordered to Fort Dearborn he went with them and organized what is now known as the First Presbyterian church of Chicago. This minute man lived to see Chicago one million two hundred thousand strong.

We should have lost the whole Pacific Slope but for our minute man, the glorious and heroic Whitman, who not only carried his wagon over the Rockies but came back through stern winter and past hostile savages, and by hard reasoning with Webster and others secured that vast possession for us. As a nation we owe a debt we can never repay to the soldiers of the cross at the front who have endured (and endure to-day) hardships of every kind. They are cut off from the society which they love, often they live in dugouts, sometimes in rooms over a saloon, going weeks without fresh meat,

sometimes suffering from hunger, and for a long time without a cent in the house. Yet who ever heard them complain? Their great grief is that fields lie near to them white for the harvest while with hands already full they can only pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth more laborers.

Often there is but one man preaching in a county which is larger than Massachusetts. He is cut off from libraries, ministers' meetings, and to a large extent the sympathies of more fortunate brethren, and is often unable to send his children to college. These men still stand their ground until they die, oftentimes unknown, but leaving foundations for others to build on.

One place visited by a general missionary was so full of reckless men that the station agent always carried a revolver from his house to the railway station. A vile variety show carried on by abandoned women was kept open day and night. Sunday was the noisiest day of all. Yet in this place a church was formed, and many men and women, having found a leader, were ready to take a stand for the right.

I am not writing of the past, for all the conditions that I have spoken of exist in hundreds, yes, thousands, of places all over the land. One does not need to go to the far West to find them; they exist in every state of the Union, only varying in their types of sin.

Visiting a home missionary within two hours' ride of the capital in a state not four hundred miles from the Atlantic, I found the man in one of the most desolate towns I ever saw. The most prosperous families were earning on an average five dollars a week, store pay. All were in debt. When the missionary announced his intention of going he was warned that it was not safe, but that did not alter his plans.

The first service was held in a schoolhouse whose door panels were out and not a pane of glass unbroken. A roaring torrent had to be passed on an unsteady plank bridge, over which the women and children crawled on hands and knees. It was dark when they came. The preacher could see the gleam of the men's eyes from their grimy faces as the lanterns flickered in the drafts. He began to preach. Soon white streaks were on the men's cheeks as tears from eyes unused to weeping rolled down those black faces. At the close a church was organized, a reading

room was added, and many a boy was saved from the saloon by it. Yet, strange to say, although the owners (church members, too) had cleared a million out of those mines the money to build the needed church and parsonage had to be sent from the extreme East.

Hundreds of miles eastward I have found men living, sixty and seventy in number, in a long hut, their food cooked in a great pot, out of which they dipped their meals with a tin dipper. No less than seventy-five thousand Slovaks live in this one state and their only spiritual counsel comes from a few Bible readers. Ought we not then, as Christians, to help those already there and give of our plenty to send the men needed to carry the light to the thousands of places that as yet sit in the darkness and the shadow?

HOW THE HOME MISSIONARY BEGINS WORK IN THE NEW COMMUNITY.

FIRST, pastoral visiting is absolutely necessary to success. The feelings of newcomers are tender after breaking the home ties and getting to the new home, and a visit from the pastor is sure to bring satisfactory results. Sickness and death offer him opportunities for doing much good, especially among the poor, and they are always the most numerous.

Some very pathetic cases come under every missionary's observation. Once a man called at the parsonage and asked for the elder, saying that a man had been killed some miles away in the woods, and the family wanted the missionary to preach the funeral sermon. The next morning a ragged boy came to pilot the minister. The way led through virgin forests and black ash swamps. A light snow covered the ground and made traveling difficult, as much of the way was blocked by fallen trees. After two hours' walking, the house was reached and here was the widow with her large family, most of them in borrowed clothes, the supervisor, a few rough men, and a county coffin. The minister hardly knew what to say, but remembering that that morning a large box had been sent containing a number of useful articles, he made God's providence his theme. A few days after, the box was taken to the widow's home. When they reached the shanty they found two little bunks inside an oven taken from an old-fashioned cook stove. The oven stood on a dry goods box.

The missionary said, "Why, my poor woman, you will freeze with this wretched fire."

"No," she said, "it ain't much for cooking and washing but it's a *good* little heater."

A few white beans and small potatoes were all her store, with winter coming on apace. When she saw the good things for eating and wearing that had been brought to her she sobbed out her thanks.

In the busy life of a missionary the event was soon forgotten until one day a woman said, "Elder, do you recollect that are Mrs. Sisco?"

"Yes."

"She is down with a fever, and so are the children."

At this news the minister started with the doctor to see her. As they neared the place he noticed some red streaks gleaming in the woods, and asked what they were.

"Oh," said the doctor, "that is from the widow's house. She had to move into a stable of the deserted lumber camp."

The chinks had fallen out from the logs and hence the gleam of fire. The house was a study in shadows, the floor sticky with mud brought in with the snow, the *débris* of a dozen meals on the table, a lamp without chimney or bottom stuck into an old tomato can gave its flickering light and revealed the poor woman with nothing to shield her from the storm but a few paper flour sacks tacked back of the bed. Two or three chairs, the children in the other bed, the baby in a little soap box on rockers, were all the wretched hovel contained. Medicine was left her and the minister's watch for her to time it. He exchanged his watch for a clock the next day. By great persuasion the proper authorities were made to put her in the poorhouse and she was lost to sight, but there was a bright ending in her case.

About a year after a rosy-faced woman called at the parsonage. The pastor said, "Come in and have some dinner."

"I got some one waiting," she said.

"Why, who is that?"

"My new man."

"What, you married again?"

"Yes, and we are just going up after the rest of the traps up at the shanty, and I called to see whether you would give me the little clock for a keepsake?"

"Oh, yes."

Away she went, as happy as a lark. Less than two years from the time she was left a

widow, a rich old uncle found in her his long lost niece, and the woman became heiress to thousands of dollars.

Sometimes dreadful scenes are witnessed at funerals where strong drink has suddenly finished the career of father or mother. At the funeral of a little child smothered by a drunken father, the mother was too sick to be up at the funeral, the father too drunk to realize what was taking place, and twice was the service stopped by drunken men. At another funeral a dog fight began under the coffin. The missionary kicked the dogs out and resumed as well as he could.

At another wretched home the woman was found dying, the husband drunk, no food, mercury 10° below zero, and the little children nearly perishing with cold. The drunken man pulled the bed from under his dying wife while he went to sleep. His awakening was terrible and the house crowded at the funeral with morbid hearers.

In one town visited, a county town at that, the roughs had buried a man alive, leaving his head above ground, and then preached a mock funeral sermon remarking as they left him, "How natural he looks."

As the nearest minister is miles away the missionary has to travel many miles in all weathers to dying and dead. Visiting the sick and sitting up with those with dangerous diseases soon cause the worst of men not only to respect but to love the missionary and no man has the molding of a community so much in his hands as the courageous and faithful servant of Christ. The first missionary on the field leaves his stamp indelibly fixed on the new village. Towns left without the gospel for years are the hardest of all places in which to get a footing. Some towns have been without service of any kind for years, and some of the young men and women have never seen a minister. There are townships to-day even in New York state without a church, and, strange as it may seem, there are more churchless communities in Illinois than in any other state in the Union. Until two years ago Black Rock, with a population of five thousand, had no church or Sunday school. Meanwhile such is the condition of the home missionaries' treasury that they often cannot take the students who offer themselves and the churchless places increase.

All kinds of people crowd to the front,—those who are stranded, those who are trying

to hide from justice, men speculating. Gambling dens are open day and night, Sundays of course included, the men running them being relieved as regularly as guards in the army.

In purely agricultural districts a different type is met with. Many are so poor that the men have to go to the lumber woods part of the year. The women thus left often become despondent and a very large per cent in the insane asylum comes from this class.

One family lived so far from town that when the husband died they were obliged to make his coffin, and utilized two flour barrels for the purpose.

So amid all sorts and conditions of men and under a variety of circumstances the minute man lives, works, and dies, too often forgotten and unsung, but remembered in the Book, and when God shall make up His jewels some of the brightest gems will be found among the pioneers who carried the ark into the wilderness in advance of the roads, breaking through the forest guided by the surveyor's blaze on the trees. There are hundreds of people who pierce into the heart of the country by going up the rivers before a path has been made. In one home found there the minute man had the bed in a big room down stairs while the man with his wife and nine children went up steps like a stable ladder and slept on "shakedown," on a floor supported with four rafters which threatened to come down. But the minute man, too tired to care, slept the sleep of the just. Often not so fortunate as then he finds a large family and but one room. Once he missed his way and had to crawl into two empty barrels with the ends knocked out. Drawing them as close together as he could to prevent drafts he had a short sleep and awoke at 4 a. m. to find that a house and bed were but twenty rods farther.

In a new village for the first visit all kinds of plans are made to draw the people out. Here is one: The minute man calls at the school and asks leave to draw on the black-

board. Teacher and scholars are delighted. After entertaining them for a while he says, "Children, tell your parents that the man who chalk-talked to you will preach here at eight o'clock," and the youngsters expecting another such good time as they have just enjoyed come out in force bringing both parents with them. The village is but two years old. At first the people had the drinking water brought five miles in barrels on the railroad, and for washing melted the snow. Then they took maple sap and at last birch but, "Law," said a woman, "it was dreadful ironin'!"

Here was a genuine pioneer, his house of logs, hinges wood, latch ditto, locks none; a black bear, three squirrels, a turtle dove, two dogs, and a coon made up his earthly possessions. He was tired of the place.

"Laws, Elder, when I fust come ye could kill a deer close by and ketch a string of trout off the door steps, but everything's spiled. Men beginning to wear billed shirts and I can't stand it. I shall clear as soon as I can git out. Don't want to buy that bar do ye?"

In this little town a grand minute man laid down his life. He was so anxious to get the church paid for that he would not buy an overcoat. Through the hard winter he often fought a temperature 40° below zero, but at last a severe cold ended in his death. His good wife sold her wedding gown to buy an overcoat, but all too late and a bride of a twelvemonth went out a widow with an orphan in her arms.

Yet the children of God are said to add to their already large store four hundred million dollars yearly and some think of building a ten million dollar temple to honor God—while temples of the Holy Ghost are too often left to fall, through utter neglect, because we withhold the little that would save them. We shall never conquer the heathen world for Christ until we have learned the way to save America. Save America and we can save the world.



PRESIDENT SADI CARNOT.

BY M. HENRI MINAUD.

AT Limoges, France, on August 11, in the year 1837, Marie François Sadi Carnot was born. At Lyons, France, on June 24, 1894, he died, the victim of an assassin's hand. In the fifty-four years stretching between the two dates there was lived a life whose marked characteristic in all of its phases was honesty.

Whatever may be the motive which is impelling them to their dastardly deeds of cruelty, in their frenzy the anarchists are acting with the same shortsightedness in all matters pertaining to their own interests with which frenzied men usually act. Their agents seek to strike down the very men who are doing the most to help on the class of people for whom they claim their efforts are made. No man at the head of any government to-day held as a more sacred trust the welfare of all classes of the people or was trying harder to better the conditions of life for those to whom life comes hardest than did President Carnot. A man of clear judgment, of steady purpose, of a deep love of justice, he was a far better friend to the poor than are all the anarchists combined, even could they succeed in gaining the object which they boastingly claim animates them. The deadly blow which deprived him of life will so impress this truth upon all people that it will react with as fatal an effect upon anarchism itself.

President Carnot grew up in the atmosphere of political affairs. In his case, apparently, the laws of heredity had much to do with the bent of his career and with the high public honors which came to him. It was his grandfather who was minister of war in the time of the first Napoleon and whose energies in repelling the enemies of the republic won for him during the Reign of Terror the title, "Organizer of Victory." He was a member of the committee of safety, and by his strategic work he at one time saved from a besieging army the same city of Lyons in which his illustrious descendant has recently met his death. To this elder Carnot was largely due the establishment of Napoleon after the Revolution; and against Napoleon he worked as vigorously when the

latter sought imperial power. The liberty of France was the keynote to which he attuned all of his conduct, and, let it cost him personally what it might, he made all things bend to his country's good.

President Carnot's father was a distinguished statesman, scholar, and author. He was greatly interested in socialistic studies and at one time united himself with the followers of St. Simon, but left them when they began to form themselves into a religious sect. He served three terms as a member of the Chamber of Deputies and later was minister of public instruction. In 1875 he became a life senator. So staunch an adherent of the republic was he that when it came to a choice between being driven from France and taking the oath of allegiance to Napoleon III. as emperor, he unhesitatingly chose the former. Greatly interested in the study of oriental languages he gave to his son the Persian name of Sadi.

Sadi Carnot was educated as an engineer, finishing his professional education with high honor in 1863. In the following year he obtained a position as government civil engineer at Annecy, in which office he remained until 1870. During this time there was built after his original plan of tubular foundations, and under his direction, the great bridge over the Rhone at Collonge. Step by step he steadily pursued the studies which prepared him for better work in his calling, and in their practical application to work discovered new principles which led to higher study. So under action and reaction of this kind the process of his development, admirably fitting him for the future responsibilities which were to be his, was carried on.

When the Franco-German war broke out he was made prefect of the lower Seine and was charged with the defense of Normandy. Shortly after, he represented the department of Côte d'Or in the Chamber of Deputies and continued in this position for several years as a representative of the Left. When the Ferry ministry was formed in 1880 under President Grévy, Carnot was chosen minister of public works, and retired with the

other members when the cabinet was dissolved in 1882. Three years later he was again appointed to the same office by Ferry, who had been recalled to power as the head of the cabinet, and held it until during the Brisson ministry in 1885, when he was changed to the office of minister of finance; and to this latter office he was reappointed on the succession of the De Freycinet ministry in 1886. At this time he exhibited his innate courage by daring to make public large deficits in the government accounts which his predecessors had concealed through fear, and by his frank and open statements gained greatly in public favor. After the downfall of the De Freycinet cabinet he was elected a member of the commission of the budget.

Then came the Wilson scandal and the enforced resignation of President Grévy. In the excitement attendant upon the discovery of the dishonest and compromising acts of so many holding positions of trust, Carnot's unblemished character attracted the attention of the people and won him their favor. Ferry and De Freycinet were the two leading candidates for the presidency. The contest between them in the legislature was close and when it was seen that the cause of the latter was lost, his adherents cast their ballots in favor of Carnot, who had already received sixty-nine votes. The one hundred and ninety-three given to De Freycinet added to these, secured to Carnot the election, and on December 3, 1887, he became the fourth president of the present republic.

President Carnot has been noted for being peculiarly adapted to public life on account of his high professional acquirements and his personal integrity. He was never a political leader in the popular meaning of that term. There was utterly lacking in his character the traits commonly belonging to heads of parties. Accepting his election—which was utterly unsought by himself, not the slightest personal effort having been made to win it—with a calmness that was in marked contrast to the excitement of his friends, he as calmly entered upon his new duties.

His term of seven years had nearly expired. It was a difficult reign. Many distressing questions vexed the nation; the Panama Canal scandal shook it to its center. Through it all as a great steadying power, the personal uprightness, the just administration, and the fearless loyalty of the chief executive have made themselves

felt. How much his whole career has done to strengthen the republic, is shown by the manner in which France, the nation hitherto so easily disturbed in its balance, has rallied from the shock of his assassination. So firmly established has it now become that within a week after the awful deed, a new president was elected and the whole machinery of government running on so smoothly as to leave no trace of the crucial test through which it had passed.

He had gone to Lyons to pay a visit to the International Exposition. Upon his arrival a reception was held in his honor at the prefecture. After some time spent on the exhibition grounds he attended a banquet at the *Palais de Commerce*, where he made his last speech. This speech was strangely characteristic of the man. After noting the success of the Exposition, he said in substance that when it was a question of the honor, the safety, or the rights of their country, the same heart beat in the breast of all French people and that this unity secured the national welfare in the march of progress and justice in which it was the pride of France to take a foremost place.

On his way from the banquet to the theater, where on account of his visit a special entertainment was prepared, among those who with greetings approached the carriage there came the desperate man who with one quick thrust of the flashing knife committed the appalling deed which threw the nation into a paroxysm of excitement that soon settled into mourning. A few hours later and the president of France was dead.

The home life of Sadi Carnot was a model one. In 1864 he married the daughter of the well-known lawyer and author, M. Dupont-White, and she was in every way well fitted to be the wife of this eminent man, whose life, aside from his public duties, was devoted to her. Beautiful, accomplished, educated, benevolent, she won and held the hearts of all classes of the people. Her deeds of charity have called down upon her the blessings of the nation. She is deeply interested in orphan asylums and has given liberally toward the support of various other institutions for children and for women. As a hostess she has won the highest encomiums, entertaining largely and with marked grace and ability, making the palace over which she has presided a most attractive spot to hosts of visitors. Of their four children, the oldest son is a lieutenant

in the army; the second son is inspector of maritime establishments; and the third is still a student at school. The only daughter is Madame Cunisset Carnot, the wife of the state-attorney at Dijon.

From the earliest times disaffected members of society have sought—especially during periods of social unrest—either for the purpose of furthering their own wild schemes of government or for the sake of revenge, to strike down the reigning man in their nation. It is a long line of rulers who have met death as President Carnot met it, at the hands of murderers. Among them, according to the statistics given by some curious researcher, are to be counted sixty-two out of the ninety-three Roman emperors, a large proportion of the fifty-two Saxon kings, several of the kings of Scotland, fifty-five Spanish, and twenty-five Gothic rulers. A large number of German sovereigns and several popes have suffered in the same way, while

the Italian courts surpass in similar records all other nations.

The well-known individual cases of these rulers who have met death by assassination or at the hands of revolutionists, which stand out with the greatest prominence, are those of Julius Cesar, Charles I. of England, Louis XVI. of France, Presidents Lincoln and Garfield of the American republic, and Alexander II. of Russia. History has proved in every one of these cases that the object sought was not gained. The legalized form of government under which each ruler was acting, after perhaps a longer or shorter period of disturbance, resumed its sway. Assassination cannot lead to successful measures. The foundations of governments, of parties, as well as those of personal character, must be laid upon principles and acts the very opposite of those which lead to assassination in order that the structures reared upon them may be solid and enduring.

ENGLISH MINES AND MINERS.

BY S. PARKES CADMAN.



A Yorkshire collier.

GR^{EAT} BRITAIN is a strong, united nation containing nevertheless many classes, some of which ignore each other's needs, just as arbitrary divisions of society are apt to do the world over. This is peculiarly true of England for several reasons. Her insular territory swarms with a dense mass of population, having no distinctive environment such as our immense western reaches of country afford to us to give any of this number a local habitation and a name for marked characteristics. A stolid caste feeling separates with almost sullen force. Hence it is that the average Englishman knows so little of his fellow-citizens outside his rank, profession, trade, and neighborhood.

A thoroughbred specimen of the "Tyne-sider" could not make his dialect intelligible to the Cockney, and the latter's murderous use of vowels renders him a wanderer in a strange land when he travels beyond Dick Whittington's chimes in Cheapside.

Hodge, the rural laborer, was an unknown quantity to the squires beneath whose baronial walls he grew up in brutish ignorance until Charles Kingsley's books burst on Englishmen's ears like a thunder-clap, and when one of these derisively-termed "country clodhoppers," Mr. Joseph Arch, M. P., stood up to use his training as a Methodist lay preacher in pleading the cause of his fellows, the astonished landowners protested with fiery indignation.

But the English miner of to-day is less understood and estimated than any other of the millions of toilers in this humming hive of industry. Men who would appraise him cannot, because between them and him there is a great gulf fixed. The recent coal-strike in England helped in a preliminary way to bring about the bridging of the chasm, and it revealed the miner's growing appreciation of his few rights and detestation of his many wrongs.

Those wrongs are the more inexcusable when one reflects upon the magnificent sweat of brain and hand by which England's hardy sons have discovered to her the hidden treasures of her mineral resources. They have wrought in the fire and flood and amid hurtling masses of falling rock to amass the wealth of Britain. To that great wealth Englishmen have paid a too absolute homage: for the true heroes who won it they recked but little. The nation's bias toward utility would have perished for lack of using but for its immense mining capabilities. Let these be checked by a temporary schism, and trade is paralyzed in every part. The coal and iron, lead and tin ores are the bone and sinew of its commercial magnitude, the power behind the throne, and will remain so until they are exhausted, or scientific research discovers superior forces. Forty years ago Emerson remarked with keen discrimination upon the highly artificial conditions of English life, and that many things she possessed, from the reigning dynasty to a breed of cattle, were imported goods. But England had then and has now the great source of wealth which needs only to be imported from nature's treasure house,—coal and iron mines.

These have been the world-compelling means and through them she has floated her vessels on every sea, and grasped the fruits of all the climes. It was when England had rid herself of the Stuarts and commenced to develop the mines, that her modern wealth, one of history's main and significant facts, began to accumulate.

A few wise and instructed souls have grown up among English miners to call popular attention to these facts, and ease the burdens of their fellows. Mr. Fenwick, the late Mr. Macdonald, and Mr. Thomas Burt, whose admirable chairmanship in the Congress of Industries secured the German emperor's praise, were working miners themselves and



A Leicestershire collier.

served in the House of Commons as the miners' accredited representatives. Their presence and testimony there was a tardy antidote for two centuries of misunderstanding and oppression.

Perhaps the reader is now provided with a sufficient view of the situation of the English miner to be willing to study a few compacted details of the British coal fields and their inhabitants.

The coal fields of Great Britain (England, Scotland, and Wales) have a total area of 9,000 square miles; those of the United States of 194,000 square miles. From 1801 to 1891 the former country made an approximate output of 5,406,000,000 tons of coal. The United States stands next to England, with 1,912,000,000 tons for the same period.

The British coal districts are all north of the Thames. It was not always so. In the olden days the Weald of Kent, now redolent with perfume of vineries and, in sum-

mer-time, swathed in a purple haze, was then black with charcoal smithies where the iron railings around St. Paul's in London were mined in the ore and forged into present shape.

One has to get beyond Shakespeare's home at Stratford before the heavy coal dust on tree, hedge-row, and flower betokens his approach toward the "Black Country," so named because for many miles around are seen only heaps of



A Lancashire collier.

dark refuse crowned with whirling machinery, while out of the hillsides oozes ochre-colored water to crawl through rank sedges and feed a reservoir for conversion into steam.

The principal coal fields are in South Wales, along the northwest shore of Lancashire, and in the Westriding of Yorkshire. The eastern coast has a long stretch of coal at Sunderland, the Staffordshire coal fields are in Mid-England, and the Scotch around the Firth of Forth.

Most of these measures are more than half

exposed, but some are yet indefinitely discovered as to quantity, and there is a possible axis of rich layers of coal running due east from the Bristol Channel to the north of the Thames.

The number of these coal fields is about

where the delicately beautiful Coalport china is manufactured, and the first iron bridge ever made still spans the Severn stream.

The South Staffordshire coal field is remarkable as containing the thickest continuous coal seam in the world. This single vein



The "pehitent," or fireman.

twenty, besides smaller ones. The largest and most important is that of South Wales, an elliptically shaped basin extending for fifty miles in length, and with an average breadth of eighteen miles. Its total area is one thousand square miles, of which one hundred and fifty-three square miles lie beneath the sea in Swansea and Carmarthen Bays. Cardiff, Keath, and Swansea are its centers of population. The miners along the valleys of the Usk, Ebbw, Taff, and Rhondda are noted for shrewd, sturdy manliness and a rare devotion to music, the famous choirs of Wales competing successfully in England and America. Here is mined the most valuable of all coals, a semi-anthracite, or smokeless steam coal, exported to every port in the world for the use of ocean steamers.

The Forest of Dean basin is an outlying portion of the South Wales deposit, and the only spot in all Britain where the miners are allowed to hold their fiefs directly from the Crown. It is a triangular patch of about thirty-four square miles lying between the River Wye, of Tintern Abbey fame, and the Severn estuary.

Following the latter river, in a directly northern course, brings the reader to the Severn Valley coal field at Coalbrookdale,

ranges from thirty to forty-five feet in depth, when extracted from the earth. The surface is considerably depressed, and a stranger passing through the locality would imagine that a Chilian earthquake had shaken everything into dilapidation. My mother vividly remembers that her home shared the very common fate of being swallowed up entirely in one of such sudden collapses, which left the chimney-tops level with the road, and the family shivering at midnight thereupon. The grimly desolated country around Dudley castle's hoary head has made more colossal fortunes and cost more of human life and hearts' blood than any equal extent of territory in Britain's many domains.

The Leicestershire coal field is on the border of Charnwood Forest. Directly north of it is the great Yorkshire bed, extending from Nottingham, past Sheffield to Leeds. At the upper extremity are two exceptionally pure seams, known as the Sow Moor "black bed" and "better bed," extensively used for smelting the steel from which have been forged the Sheffield blades.

Many valuable measures of ironstone and some coal are found in the North Staffordshire and Lancashire district. The Lancashire field proper runs from Oldham on the

east to St. Helen's on the west. Here are some of the deepest mines in existence. The Rose Bridge pits, near Wigan, are 2,445 ft. deep. The Ashley pit penetrates 2,016 ft., and coals have been wrought by inclines at a depth of 2,316 ft. The deepest coal shaft in the United States is at Pottsville, Pa., which was 1,576 ft. deep in 1885. The Wigan district affords large quantities of cannel coal.

The Northumberland and Durham basin has sixteen seams of the "black diamond"; covers fifty-five miles of length and twenty-two miles of breadth and is mined beneath the bed of the ocean. Here, as in Cornwall, the "pikeman" hears, in the pauses of his labor, the sobbing of the sea, and when a western gale sends the surf racing along the rocky coasts the noise beneath is as the rumbling of artillery in battle.

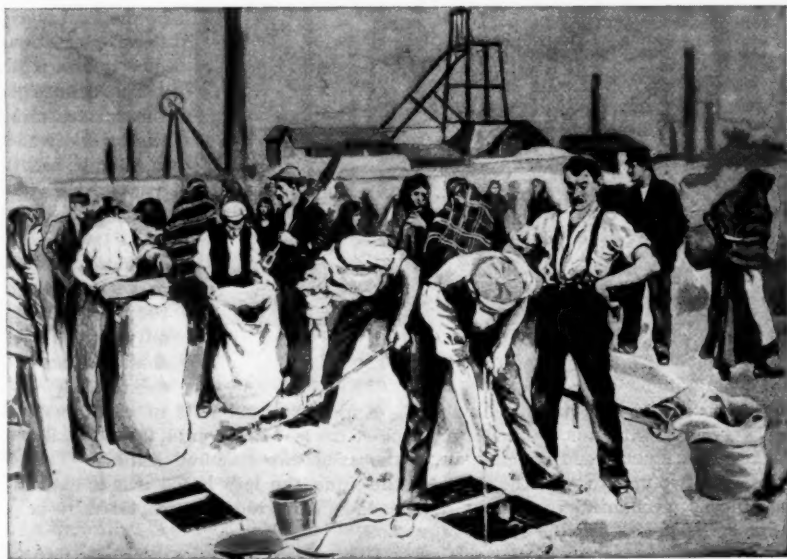
Many of these measures are used in the great Cleveland and Cumberland ironworks. The best grade of household coal comes from near Newcastle. It is known as Wallsend, because it is mined close to the termination of the Roman wall which these early conquerors built to prevent the depredations of the Picts and Scots.

Midlothian in Scotland, are equally important with some aforementioned, and many smaller tracts space does not permit me to even name.

One great basin of coal embracing an area of one thousand square miles and running beneath Lancashire, North Wales, and North Staffordshire, is too deep to be workable. It lies ten thousand feet below the surface, and the present maximum workable depth is four thousand feet.

A special point to be observed is that in nearly all these deposits iron ore and stone are found in equal abundance with coal.

Careful calculations of England's remaining supply of workable coal were made in 1871 by a body of experts acting under parliamentary authority. The value of their estimates has not deteriorated since. It was stated in their report that 90,206,240,387 tons of coal were within four thousand feet and 7,320,840,722 tons were below that limit. Thus about three fourths of the coal still unworked is available for future consumption. This, at the present rate of annual output, will last for nearly one thousand years. Mulhall estimates that the coal fields of



Digging for surface coal.

The Cumberland, the Flintshire, the Derbyshire coal fields in England and Wales, with those of Ayrshire, Lanarkshire, and H-Aug.

China, Japan, Great Britain, Germany, Russia, and India contain 303,000,000,000 tons of coal, which is enough for seven hundred years,

and if to the above be added the coal fields of our own country and Canada, the world is assured of her stored sunlight for the next thousand years.

Tin is a prosaic word in these days of plentiful discussion on tariff measures, but many a doughty adventure of romantic interest and three fourths of the legends of the "west countree" originated from the history of the Cornish tin mines. The first strand of England's golden threads of commerce was spun on these southwestern coasts. In pre-Christian days, Phœnician and Carthaginian merchants sailed away from St. Mount's Bay with tin-laden vessels. The mines flourished under the Romans and ever after, until the shallower measures were exhausted, and fierce competition displaced the Cornish supremacy. Copper was first mined here to advantage in the seventeenth century. During the first seventy years of this century the clear profits derived from tin and copper mines in Cornwall were not less than \$11,283,200. Cornwall and Devon still supply one fifth of the total output of the world's tin ore and in 1891 they yielded 8,912 tons of metallic tin worth \$4,301,710.

Turning to methods of working, one may find almost all known to man, from a mere hole in the ground, with rude windlass, rope and bucket attachment, and a horse in a "gin," or even two men to wind the same, to the magnificent mechanical equipment of a deep-seam colliery with a treble-decked cage whirling in a forty-foot shaft at the rate of thirty miles per hour. At Shireoaks colliery, Nottingham, a dead weight of 9,950 lbs., including five wagons of coal on the "cage," is raised 1,548 ft. in forty-five seconds. The maximum speed in the shaft's

center is thirty-five miles an hour. North Seaton mine, Northumberland, raises 1,800 tons of coal in a working day of ten hours. Of course the gearing of such a plant is first-rate, and the chutes and screens receive, separate, and truck the coal and ore with corresponding rapidity.

Iron stone is picked by hand (in many cases girls do the work), calcined, and then conveyed to the smelting furnaces.

No one should suppose these great pits are the rule in England. In many spots around Birmingham condensing engines seventy and eighty years old are still in active operation,

built after the designs of James Watt. It is in mining as in architecture. All stages of the latter, from a cromlech and stonehenge to York Minster and the Houses of Parliament, are found in England. So in the getting of mines every process known to any age is in vogue, save exceptional adaptations in our western regions.

The inclined plane, the surface mining, the level driven into a hillside, are three systems rapidly passing away. England's tremendous output in her limited area is driving her to the measures reached only by shafts. The shallower seams are exhausted.

Explosions and falls of earth are the two chief causes of the annual death roll of one thousand two hundred miners. The older the mine, the less liable it is to explosions, as the gas is gradually dispersed by ventilation.

Upon descending an English mine, the visitor finds himself in a large well-lighted opening either arched like a tunnel or supported by timber props, and filled with laden wagons. From this junction avenues ramify in all directions. Sometimes the main tun-



Descending a shaft.

nel is driven to the extreme limit, and the coal taken out as the workmen fall back toward the shaft. At others, pillars are left to support the roof. Again, the whole seam is extracted and the space built in with shale and rock. The thick measure of coal in South Staffordshire is mined in sections.

This labyrinth of cuttings is ventilated by natural and artificial drafts of air, fires and fans being used for the latter, and the air is distributed and forced into working by a system of doors.

A direct comparison between our systems of mining and those of Englishmen is not easy, since our differing circumstances necessitate special adaptations. The conservatism of the Briton prevails everywhere, below as well as above ground, and he has not adapted mechanical contrivances willingly or extensively in mining.

Our desire for quick returns has prevented farsighted policy in United States' mining operations. The deposits have been robbed of surface wealth, not scientifically mined. The English miner of the Stuart period did precisely the same. In many instances, too, American mines have been conducted far away from centers for supplies, such as labor, fuel, and timber.

Notwithstanding this, the American miner has improved nearly every method of surface transportation, and he has availed himself of the best mechanical contrivances for purposes of extraction, as, for instance, the diamond drill used here more than anywhere else. Though our mines have not reached great depths, the heat in the Comstock lodes generally exceeds 100° Fahr., and heat, not depth, makes the greatest difficulty in securing the lower reaches of coal. The typical American mining system is the hydraulic gold mining in California, by which that metal is extracted from the auriferous gravels.

The two standards of comparison in productiveness of mines between England and the United States are iron ore and coal. They form ninety-four per cent of England's total mining output. The output of England and the United States in iron ore is almost identical in quantity. In 1890, England raised 14,546,105 tons, the United States 14,518,041 tons. In 1891 the United States raised 14,591,178 tons; in 1892 England fell back to 11,312,675 tons. The total coal product of England in an average year is about 156,499,977 tons. In 1890 the United States raised 141,-

229,513 tons, a difference of 15,270,464 tons of coal in favor of England.

Here our gold and silver mines reverse the balance. Twenty-eight per cent of gold and forty per cent of silver of the world's entire output must be credited to the United States. The mining of these two metals alone contributed \$100,000,000 to the wealth of nations in 1890.

Thus while the total value of all minerals raised in England in a year is about \$381,008,475, that of the United States reached in 1890 the sum of \$587,230,662.

The average wage of the English miner varies. It is now about one dollar per day. Eight hours is the time measure of a day's work. Many mines are worked by "stent," viz., piece work. This earning is below that of the American miner. In Pennsylvania he will earn sixty-five dollars per month, sometimes more, sometimes less, according to the



A collision in a shaft.

nature of the drift, his expenses, and the company or private operator for whom he works.

The social status of the English miner is distinctly superior to that of the French or Belgian operative, and somewhat inferior to his American compeer's position. Wages are

higher in England than upon the continent, and lower than in the United States. The latter miner leads the world in increased value of life and its enhancements. Many Pennsylvania miners own their comfortably furnished homes. But few English ones can boast of such a coveted possession. That which would appear as luxury to the hardy Cornishmen and Northumbrians is a matter of conventional usage here, in dress, food, and furniture.

The possession of a piano in an English miner's cottage is the exception, not the rule. In Ashland, Pa., it would seem to be the rule, not the exception. This town has eight thousand inhabitants, and one of several pianoforte tuners has three hundred instruments, nearly all owned by miners, to keep in repair. I should like to see the faces of my old friends, the Shropshire colliers, when they heard this simple illustration of the Ashland miner's ampler and better life.

The English miner follows the trend of all human nature; he is a strange mixture of good and evil, of higher aspirations and lower barbarities of soul. He is the faithful species of the Anglo-Saxon genus, the best remaining type of that race which cried, "Out! out!" to the music of their blows at Hastings, fighting against William the Norman.

Kingsley's cunning hand drew his portrait in Hereward the Wake, and Scott's in Ivanhoe's father, Cedric the Saxon. He even uses their forms of speech, elsewhere utterly lost, and preserves their case-endings in his unconscious grammatical genealogy. The miner of Mid-England, Will Shakespeare's home, speaks the purest dialect known to Britons.

The "Berserker" fits of rage take hold on him, and he strips naked to fight with the ferocity of his pet bulldog. The battle over, the combatants drink together with hearty good nature, and recount famous bouts of fisticuffs or prodigies of labor by champion workmen. But this is only when their unfortunate tendencies to excessive drinking are in full play.

As a rule, for six days a week the English miner is taciturn, a congealed mass of stolidity, beneath which appearance there burn fierce fires of passion the stronger because repressed. The melancholy nature of his employment, its loneliness, hardship, and danger, keeps the spirit-world continually before his mind. The religious collier is the

most stalwart type of Christianity extant among artisans to-day. In England he is generally a Methodist, and the biographies, ministry, and records of that church are full of tokens of his devotion and service.

He used to be, and still is in a lesser degree, inclined toward superstition, but superstition of the purer cult, unaware of the modern clairvoyant, untainted by fraudulent *séances*. The traditions of his fathers are treated reverently, and even now, twenty years after Mr. Foster's Education act, if he meets a white dog or a woman before descending the shaft, the miner will be tempted to return home again, and lose his day's work. The women respect this feeling by keeping indoors before working hours.

Death warnings and ghostly processions to the cemetery are still witnessed by the older folk, but rarely spoken of to the uninitiated. Such sacred mysteries are not for strange ears; you must know these men to reach that depth of confidence.

This is the English miner, shrewd and simple, childlike in his innocent treatment of many questions, and yet ever presenting to those who study him earnestly, astonishing ingenuity and even loftier gifts which no hardships of a dull and slavish existence can extinguish. If he is abandoned to vice, his frank disposition cannot invent a Parisian disguise. It is staring and naked, without the cloak and gilding of specious refinements. But he is never so abandoned as to forget God, heaven, hell; the prevalent agnosticism of other classes of English workmen has not touched his faith in these realities. He lives too near the border-land for that, and sees so many sad cases where "one is taken and the other left." To these reprobates who drink and riot in foul saloons the very hint of a creed of negation would certainly be looked upon with horror, and may be met with a fistic argument to vindicate the "Old Book," as they call the Bible.

The miner's religious life is dated from the Evangelical Revival of the eighteenth century; his great advance mentally began after the passing of Mr. Foster's Compulsory Education act some twenty years ago. Boys under thirteen years of age are bound to attend schools provided by local authorities acting under governmental control. Women and girls are never employed below ground, and but sparingly above ground.

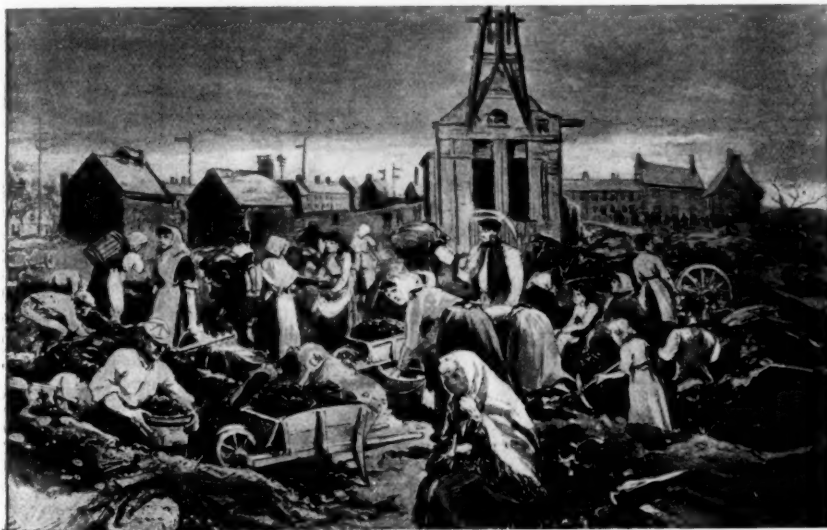
The Cornish, Welsh, and Northumbrian

miners are the most intelligent of their class.

Many of the best mining inventions are to be credited to the Cornishman, as, for instance, the Davy safety lamp. The whole mass is becoming leavened with democratic doctrines not necessarily fatal to monarchy as an institution, but demanding a larger transference of power to themselves. The Newcastle program of the Liberal administration bears traces of the place where it

originated, and the next fifty years will witness a process of gradual evolutions by means of which the English miner, his status, wage, and general condition, will be completely changed, and changed for the better.

The three principal forces behind this movement are the church, the common school, and progressive legislation directed toward his special needs.



During the coal miners' strike. Digging for coal in the refuse at the pit's mouth.

IN AUGUST.

BY WILLIAM FRANCIS BARNARD.

DUTIES I put away ;
 My heart keeps holiday.
 I flee the fervent heat
 And seek the cool retreat,
 Where I can see the blue
 And silver river flow,
 And green and distant woods—
 Sweet silent solitudes.
 Here all is calm ; the grass
 Scarce rustles as I pass.
 One works ; I hear his booms
 In honeysuckle blooms.
 Go, brown bee, go away ;

I love not work to-day ;
 But with white clouds above
 That rove, my thoughts would rove
 In random luxury,
 Through earth and air and sky.
 Even the birds are still,
 And the wind upon the hill.
 Seen through the tremulous air,
 All things look calm and fair ;
 And I with them would cease
 For this delicious peace ;
 Letting the world go by,
 With for it all an eye.



Hanna K. Korany
حنان كوراني

MADAME HANNA K. KORANY.

THE MOST FAMOUS SYRIAN WOMAN OF THE DAY.

BY FANNIE C. W. BARBOUR.

IT is quite frequently the case that the American woman of to day betakes herself to oriental countries to see the sights, and returning to her own land imparts to the public, either in lectures or by her pen, an account of her travels, her impressions of the people, their customs and manners. Possibly she throws in her own original criticism upon the same. But when the circumstances are reversed, and that usually retiring and shrinking creature, an oriental woman, emancipates herself from all

the traditions of her race, and, crossing the seas, knocks at the doors of our advanced civilization to view the prospect, then one almost thinks the world has been turned upside down.

By far the most famous Syrian woman of to-day is Madame Hanna K. Korany of Beyroot, who has spent some months in our country, drawn hither by philanthropic motives as well as financial and literary ambition. This young woman, but twenty-three years of age, is very beautiful; and possessed as

she is of a fine culture, added to the childish ingenuousness and simplicity of her eastern sisters, she may be regarded as the most attractive and delightful of companions.

She is certainly, at the present period, the most progressive woman of Syria, for she was the first of her countrywomen to figure as a literary aspirant and as a public speaker. No woman of that land had ever spoken through the press, and when she even appeared there in public on the lecture platform, the astonishment of her compatriots knew no bounds. Still, notwithstanding inborn prejudices, her famous address on "Home Industries" was cordially received, her countrymen at once perceiving that she had given the subject deep reflection, and had arrived at the most sensible solution of the problem.

In 1891 she published in her own language a book on "Manners and Habits" which, strange to say, was welcomed by the native press and widely reviewed and circulated. She speaks English remarkably well, and her conversation is made all the more attractive by a slight hesitation which enables her to search throughout her vocabulary and invariably to choose the best word to express her thought.

She was born of a good old Syrian family in one of the lovely little villages of Mt. Lebanon, and her parents had her carefully educated in childhood. In the Presbyterian Mission of Beyroot she continued her course of study, acquiring there among other things the simple elements of the English language.

This especially gifted child was placed at the age of ten in an American seminary for girls, and at fifteen graduated with high honors in sciences, languages, and art. At sixteen she married, and has been occupied ever since in writing, and studying to acquire knowledge upon a varied diversity of topics, in order to be ready for the first opportunity which should present itself to better the social condition of the women of her own country. She has mastered the French and English languages purely by personal application, and can now speak and write both correctly, having translated several books from English into Arabic with great success. Indeed she stands in the foremost rank among women linguists.

Madame Korany came to America last summer, at Mrs. Potter Palmer's invitation, as the only Syrian delegate to the World's Con-

gress of Representative Women. At the same time she collected and brought over, at her own expense, an extensive exhibit of the embroidery and handiwork of her countrywomen, which she placed on view at the World's Fair, hoping to dispose of it, to aid those who were in sad need at home.

We who saw her in Chicago remember her attractive booth in the Woman's Building, and the charming face and graceful dress of this fascinating Syrian woman, as well as her occasional addresses throughout the summer in the Assembly Rooms. She has also lectured in many private residences before selected audiences, as well as in public in Chicago, Cincinnati, Columbus, Washington, Philadelphia, New York, and in Brooklyn, where she is sojourning for the present. She frankly states that her special object in coming to this country was to study the forms of social life in America and their significance, particularly as they bear upon woman's sphere in modern society; that she may return to her native land enabled to be of service in uplifting her suffering sisters from their condition of bondage and degradation.

It is most delightful to have the privilege of a conversation with this sparkling and engaging woman of the Orient. Madame is of medium height, with large dark eyes slightly oval in shape, but brilliant in expression. She dresses in loose clinging robes, which eastern women wear so gracefully and which form a decided contrast to our own stiff whaleboned and tight garments. Some of her gowns, to be sure, are made of European material, but are designed with such widely different outlines from ours, that they are noticed and remarked upon at once. She always wears a silk scarf draped about the head and hanging down at one side.

Quick to appreciate the humorous side of everything she sees, Madame Korany laughed heartily when I asked her if she had found any particular feature of our life to be amusing.

"With your permission," she replied, "I will ask why your people serve so constantly at their dinner-tables, roast beef and potatoes, roast beef and potatoes, over and over again? I must eat potatoes for my breakfast, dinner, and supper, always and eternally, without rest; for a meal in this land would certainly be incomplete without that ubiquitous vegetable. And it also amuses me to see you pass hot coffee immediately after one has

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MADAME HANNA K. KORANY.

chilled herself through and through with ice-cream.

"I find the American woman," continues this Syrian beauty, "progressive, energetic, and highly cultured; quite a century ahead of my own countrywomen, and fifty years in advance of the women of most other nationalities. She is also charitable and, with the exception of your genuine society woman, is decidedly domestic in her tastes. Her home she makes charming; her husband treats her well, and she has everything done to add to her freedom and emancipation from restriction. But a great many American women seem to me artificial."

On being questioned as to her exact meaning Madame Korany replied, "They are not natural. They appear in public clad in their *company manners*. An oriental woman is always simplicity itself. She is just exactly what she *appears*, and never attempts to be anything else, and could not if she tried. I allow, however, that you are great organizers; and the number of women here interested in literary, philanthropic, and scientific pursuits astonishes me.

"Oh, if I could but lift my own sisters from the slough of despond into which they are fallen! It is my dream by day and by night, and I have constantly under consideration some plan by which I may materially benefit their present and future welfare."

Madame Korany says that the Syrian woman needs more freedom in every way; in the home and in society as well. In Beyroot, all the Mohammedan women veil and some of the Christians also, but not all. She was the first woman of the land who dared to go out for shopping with her face unveiled.

She was most unhappy in her position there and by diligent study raised herself from the darkness of superstition to the light of knowledge. During the pursuance of her ambitious attempt to perfect her English, she has perused unaided the works of Bulwer Lytton, George Eliot, Edgeworth, Thackeray, and Dickens, as well as Irving's "Sketch Book," which she greatly admires. She has lately written a novel in Arabic, which is not yet published but which she will later translate into English, as it would not pay financially to publish a novel in Syria alone. Although leading so busy a life in this country, her time taken up with constant study, frequent lectures, and many social calls and duties, she is still engaged in following her literary

pursuits, having recently completed a short story for publication, in which the heroine arrives in America from Syria, and relates her first impressions and novel experiences.

Madame Korany says that the life of her countrywomen is utterly and unchangeably domestic. They have very little interest in anything outside the home, and naturally their ideas are narrow. Superstitious and fanatic in the extreme, they are bound heart and soul to their own religious beliefs, and will not often make the effort even to receive enlightenment when it is brought to them and offered freely. They are entirely devoted to their children, and bound up in them. Lazy, indolent, and backward as they are, they consider it most unwomanly to be ambitious for other occupations.

The food of her nation is quite a contrast to ours. Their diet comprises a greater allowance of fruit and vegetables, while they indulge in much less meat. A Syrian breakfast consists of fruit, cakes (not very sweet), coffee or milk, cheese, and olives, with eggs sometimes. They never take meat for breakfast. Their dinners are of vegetables, salad, and meat; and when the latter is beef, they always boil it together with the vegetables, thus imparting a fine flavor to the meat. Madame considers the particular cuts of roast beef, of which we so frequently partake, and the red juice which flows from it, to be feverish and actually poisonous to the blood. They subsist largely upon poultry and mutton, using beef less than any other kind of flesh.

Madame Korany's husband accompanied her to Chicago, and aided her with the embroidery exhibit, in which scheme they invested their own capital, only to find it financially disastrous. No embroidery exhibit seems to have been successful in money-making at the Fair, and the agents from Italy, Turkey, France, Spain, and other foreign lands, all tell the same story. Her husband has been in California, engaged in some capacity in the Midwinter Fair, but his wife preferred to spend her winter in the East, as she could have better opportunities of studying the social condition of women in our respective cities, as well as to lecture and to have access to the best libraries in the United States.

Madame remarked, "I thoroughly believe you should legislate laws in this country against allowing criminals, wicked men, brutes, consumptives, and incurables to

marry. It is positively wicked to permit them to propagate crime and disease, both of which are sure to descend to their posterity by heredity. Boys and girls should be instructed in school to understand and respect the laws of congenial marriages, and should be taught to choose their lifelong companions with wisdom, and not from mere youthful impulse, or the unwise experiment of falling in love."

Madame Korany is decidedly eloquent; and possessed as she is of quick perceptions, keen

intelligence, and a lively sympathy, she is a revelation to those who listen to her words of simple truth, flavored as they are with the aroma of her aspirations for the well-being of the women of her own dearly beloved homeland. She has formulated no certain plans for the future as yet, but will linger for a short time in the Occident until an opportunity presents itself for her to aid them in some definite manner, and will then return to devote her energies to their education and emancipation.

EASE OF DEPORTMENT IN COMPANY.

BY ANGELINE BRYCE MARTIN.

WHAT is done easily rarely fails to suggest power of the best sort, and the next thing to ease itself is the grace which may be but apparent ease. A highly accomplished person will endure the strain of a sudden social exigency and appear so happily calm, so interested, so hospitable to the turn of events that what would have overwhelmed an ill-ordered mind is welcomed by this invulnerable spirit as something delightfully gratifying. We all know two or three such persons; they are men and women who embody correct deportment.

This apparent ease is not a mere superficial show, however, nor does its secret lie altogether in masking the sources of effort. Familiarity with life is a large factor in the problem of self-possession; alertness counts for much; foresight, which is but the after-glow of experience, comes into play; but unselfishness is the golden key to absolute ease. When you are sincerely bent upon making others happy your powers are all free, and self-consciousness, that destroyer of facility and grace, is quite absent from you.

But freedom and unselfishness are not in themselves all that you need; for true ease consorts with capability duly trained. Note the difference between two strong men lifting a heavy load; one grimaces, his mouth is twisted, his eyes glare, his cheeks writhe into wrinkles; the other shows no change of countenance. One is an untutored giant, the other a trained athlete. I have observed the same contrast between public orators of high fame. One appeared to be doing his very ut-

most with every sentence, the other accomplished as much or more with an appearance of having held back an unknown quantity of available force. So in social conduct reserved power seems to lie behind the act that is performed with calm naturalness and unhurried facility.

If you have not a good sound set of nerves and are consequently predisposed to hysterical lapses from equilibrium, it is all the more necessary to fortify yourself against surprises. Here, indeed, is the test. The perfectly well-bred person cannot be taken by surprise within the ordinary limits of social exigencies; from infancy he or she has been trained by precept and example to keep the steadfast countenance of sincerity, which is as distinct from emotionless stolidity as from hysterical explosiveness. The mode of motion which expresses true gentility makes no noisy surface-ripples and does not create foam by lashing obstacles, and yet every charm of mobility, every deep-lying quality of force and courage is somehow apparent in it.

Everything that is useful may be gained by labor. You may not have the hereditary gift of good breeding; you may lack the early training of schools and home; yet the values of these you can take into yourself by observation, study, and practice, provided always that you realize the efficacy as well as the beauty of unselfishness. But unselfishness is precisely opposite to self-neglect. Make yourself a model man or woman for the sake of truth, honesty, and happiness and these shall beam out of you into others. It is the highest manifestation of health, this self-

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shaping power by which the individual grows to the full-rounded stature of a man or a woman and is able to meet the demands of life without bustle or trepidation or any undue show of strain.

Be a calm observer for one evening at any social gathering and you will be able to detect at a glance the young person who gesticulates vehemently and laughs immoderately for want of any other mode of expressing a confusion of embarrassments or in sheer nervous excitement. The petty surprises of the occasion destroy the equilibrium of such a mind and break it into unmanageable crosscurrents of self-consciousness and vulgar anxiety.

We must understand, then, that ease of deportment is but the adequate and perfectly natural expression of inward harmony. The repose of manner which we all so much admire in great men is quite different from the sphinx-like inscrutability of the well-trained butler; it is the difference between a countenance and a face; one is from deep within, the other is an exterior mask. The soul must be cultivated to insure that fine physical poise which, like some happy verse or phrase in poetry, seems too exquisitely modeled to be artificial.

Indeed, artificiality is always vulgar; it is wearing your attainments on your sleeve with their quality labeled in large letters, as if to say, "This person has a fine bearing, regard his poses." True ease in another makes you forget yourself, while seeing artificiality always compels self-consciousness. This would prove that the highest source of

deportment is unselfishness and its most perfect flower is regard for the comfort of others. And here is the first step in training: learn to forget yourself. But this self-forgetfulness is not to be confounded with self-neglect. There can be no perfect training with neglect as one of its elements. The self-forgetfulness here meant may be compared to that of the rope walker, the trapeze performer, the champion oarsman, when called upon for an exhibition of superiority. Self is everything, and yet to recognize it at the supreme moment would be to choose certain failure. You must act, as the universe moves, as the plant grows, as the water runs, by the inevitable impulse and without anxiety or worry as to the outcome. In company you are but one note of a harmony and your mind must be upon the whole, not upon your own little part.

Ease of deportment, then, is to be sought through a knowledge of life and of your relation to your fellow-beings. Two apparently antagonistic elements must be blended to accomplish it: the aristocracy of self-respect and the democracy of self-forgetfulness. Respect yourself too much to neglect your own good; respect others too much to appear solicitous for their admiration. Take for granted that you are an adequate factor; but never insist upon your adequacy. Leave your diploma at home and let others accentuate your importance. Ease is the involuntary flow of good fellowship; it comes of perfectly poised selfhood as contradistinguished from conscious, insistent selfishness.

A TRIO OF CRITICAL ESSAYISTS.

BY MARY E. STORY.

AMERICA has had a fine school of writers whose critical essays are among the best things in her literature. It has been said, in a somewhat taunting manner, that America had no original writers, no creative geniuses, in the early periods of her history. While there was some truth in the statement, it did not matter, for Americans were born full grown, with a clear title to an inheritance of the world's best literature, as in everything else. It was not necessary for them to create, had they had the time to do so, when

there was so much already at hand to criticize and assimilate.

However, from the first, there has been a fine line of essayists—political, ethical, theological, and critical—whose writings have had no small influence in their day in shaping the affairs and thoughts of men. There has been no lack of such writers from the time of Hooker, Edwards, Franklin, Irving, Emerson, on down to the subjects of this sketch, Whipple, Lowell, and Stedman; and these essayists compare favorably with the English essayists in similar lines. They

take equal rank with Taylor, Locke, Addison, Lamb, De Quincey, Macaulay, Carlyle, and Arnold.

The critical essay is a special feature of our literature, and has a distinct place in its history. It is a time saver to the would-be *littérateur* who has neither patience nor inclination for systematic study, yet would be considered well versed in things classic; and it is an appetizer to the genuinely literary, book-loving man. It arouses his interest and holds his attention; it whets the edge of his perceptibilities; it puts all his knowing faculties on the alert, and, if he finds himself on familiar ground, he experiences a peculiar pleasure in discovering the, to him, rare fact, that another man has had the remarkable sense to see what he has seen as well as the commendable wit to publish the same for the benefit of the world.

The critical essayist has laid us under great obligations; he has given us the rich fruits of his wide and varied research in the world's great libraries in a crystallized sketch, which saves us the tedium of wading through much for which, we honestly confess, we have neither time, patience, nor bent. He has put our great poets, historians, and philosophers through that analytical process which acts as a precipitant, separating the gold from the dross. He has weighed these men according to their individual style, methods, and facts, in approved scales and given them due credit for balancing in the proper notch, or discount for false weight. He has helped to secure the great ones more firmly in their sacred niche, and has ousted the unreal and superficial from their assumed place of honor. All this he has done for us and we cannot be less than grateful.

Among the essayists who have done great service in giving us valuable criticism on the works of some of the world's noted men in literature are Whipple, Lowell, and Stedman. These writers justly hold a high place in the history of our literature for their keen analysis, fine discrimination, and critical judgment in dealing with literary characters. Each of these critics has had a wide circle of admiring friends who gave to him the rank of being first critic among our men of letters. They were all excellent in their own peculiar way, and their success has been along the line of natural gifts in expression, in vividness of imagination, an individual personality, and in well-defined ideals.

It is almost impossible to criticise Mr. Whipple in his literary style or methods, for the mere mention of his name calls forth commendation from all lovers of good English. His style is free, flowing, and pleasant; his facts are clear and well connected; he is fertile in illustration and keen in characterization; his mere word-painting would be captivating, even if he did not handle his subjects in such a masterly manner; for it may not be saying much, but it adds to the comfort of the reader to find principles, adverbs, and other adjuncts in their proper places, and some respect given to the construction of sentences.

While Mr. Whipple was endowed with the analytical and critical faculty in a high degree, he was also endowed with a warm, sympathetic nature, and was keenly sensitive to all that was beautiful or excellent in books and men; while he possessed the faculty for keen satire, he also possessed the humorous element, which enabled him to see his subject in all its varied lights. He knew his subjects, and his vivid delineation of them makes us imagine that we know them too, for we feel assured that their good and bad points have always been catalogued on our consciousness with plentiful foot notes of "I told you so," and "I knew it." His Shakespeare, Jonson, Bacon, and Spenser meet our approbation; he has given us life-sized portraits of these men, with all their merits and defects painted in true colors, and from the complex nature of the subjects this has not been an easy task; but the likeness is so true, it is plainly taken from the original negative, and we cannot help thinking the originals themselves would concur in the faithful estimate of the critic. His judgment of these men was founded upon a psychological, rather than a philological basis, and thus he was led to find the true man.

Several years ago some one wrote:

"For faculty of pure criticism we know not Mr. Whipple's equal. The judgment-seat shines in his eyes. We seem to be hearing all the time the kindly sentence of an infallible sight. We should be afraid of the decree which such knowledge, intuition, imagination, and logic combine to pronounce, but that no grudge provokes, or bribe can ever bias the court, and while its just conscience cannot acquit hollow pretensions, over its own decisions preside an absolute purity and the loftiest ideal of human life."

It is difficult to give any adequate idea of Mr. Lowell's faculty for criticism in a short sketch or any satisfactory estimate of the peculiar fascination of his style. We can only describe his style by saying it was his own, and so much his own there is no other like it; it was like himself, and a part of himself, and there has been but one Lowell in all the history of our American letters.

Lowell possessed so many rare qualities in a high degree, he was unlike any of his contemporaries; he was more than scholar, teacher, critic, or poet. Having inherited a fine historical backing in regard to family, associations, and influence, and being endowed with rare scholarship, fine taste, and remarkable original gifts he was better qualified than any other man of his time to take front rank as a man of letters.

He had an immensely sympathetic nature, vivid imagination, and strong personality. His individuality and keen convictions are felt in all he wrote. He lived in his books, and this inwrought personality combined with his great gifts will make his works immortal.

In all his critical works, Mr. Lowell is keenly alive to essential moral values, and books are good or bad to him according to their relation to living principles. He denounces in no undecided terms the attempts of certain writers to imitate mere form and pass it off for substance.

It has been thought by some that Mr. Lowell was too effusive in his critical writings, for while he knew all the rules and usages of good literary style he set them aside at his pleasure and let his fancy have free play in fields aside from the main theme. But the fields aside teemed with rich food, and had a direct connection with the highway for those who knew the way.

He did not follow any stereotyped form of expression, but rather one of his own maxims, for he said, "The secret of force in writing, lies not so much in the pedigree of nouns and adverbs, as in having something that you believe in to say and making the parts of speech vividly conscious of it."

He brought all the resources of his wide reading and scholarship to bear upon the subject in hand without any effort whatever; the fountain source was so full it simply overflowed, and what would have seemed like pedantry in other men, was delightfully fresh and entertaining in him. The over-

flow was fortunate for those who like a wide range and variety of good things; in getting one of his choice lectures or essays they get many, for some of his suggestions and side hints are lectures in themselves.

Lowell was rich in analogy, illustration, and humor. Few men of letters have possessed the latter faculty in a higher sense. While he frequently draws his analogies from remote sources they fit the subject perfectly.

He begins his essay on Lessing with a dissertation on German criticism; his essay on Shakespeare with a discussion of the perfection of the Saxon language as a medium for thought; his essay on Carlyle with a talk on contemporary immortals; and his essay on Dryden with a history of the methods of the early school of critics in fixing the limits of classical English; but his Shakespeare, Milton, Chaucer, Dante, Carlyle, all live again, rekindled by his warm sympathetic touch. He has given us true portraits of these men and made us see all that was highest and best in them.

Mr. Stedman ranks as one of the best, if not the best of living critics among American men of letters.

He has been cited by some excellent authorities as the best we have had in the history of our literature, and in some special lines of criticism this is true, particularly in his critical analysis and definition of the spirit and domain of poetry, but in other lines, in descriptive criticism, in style, in vivid delineation of character, in the discovery and setting forth of the soul underlying the form he describes so well, I hardly think he can take equal rank with Whipple or Lowell. While the latter two search for spiritual and moral values, and form their estimate from a psychological as well as from a structural basis, the former, except in a few cases, as in his essay on Browning, seems to be chiefly concerned in the outward form of the structure. There are times when he combines both elements, the outward and the inward, in his criticism, and it is here that we can truly say he has no superior in honest, lofty criticism.

Mr. Stedman is painstaking in details, systematic and careful in research, and deeply in earnest in all his work. He sticks to his text, which is more than we can say of all critics, but it impresses us at times that it is a task to which he set himself to accom-

plish, no matter at what odds. But at his best, when the theme is lofty, he soars away in masterly eloquence and carries us captive with him, as in his lecture on "Imagination" before the Johns Hopkins University, or in his essay on Landor in "Victorian Poets."

It is in his introductions and opening chapters that we find his greatest contrast to Whipple and Lowell in matter of mere style. He lacks that free, flowing quality we find so delightful in them.

His sentences are too frequently invaded by parenthetical clauses and afterthoughts, and too often disturbed by the Carlylian peculiarity of placing the object in the van, and the subject in the rear, which hinders us from moving over the ground rapidly, especially if the ground is an up-grade of a new theme. However, we can imagine this same peculiarity in a lecture would serve to rivet the attention of the hearers and fasten the facts in their memories.

After he leaves the opening chapters and gets beyond some definitions, which, however clear to him, are, to say the least, very misty to us, then we begin to see how he has justly established himself in the front ranks of American men of letters.

We still question his taste in citing so

many minor English writers in points of illustration, and passing in silence those of his own country who are equal, if not superior, to those he brings forward with complimentary introductions; we still feel that he misses the true interpretation of the world's best poets in failing to grasp the spiritual, while searching for the metrical and technical in form; we still think he is too much inclined to show the scepter to the imitators of Grecian themes and forms, to offer a premium for pseudo-classicism, and that there is too much of Swinburne and Whitman, and not enough of Tennyson and Lowell among those who are not Greeks. But while we see all this, we place a high estimate on his works nevertheless, and feel our intellectual storehouse enlarged and enriched by his inspired pen.

All students and lovers of literature will enjoy Mr. Stedman's books, and will find them a rich mine of valuable information and broad, noble criticism. His scholarship, wide reading, and careful research have made his books a library in themselves, which no student of literature can afford to do without.

As was said in the beginning, America has been richly endowed in having three such great writers and critics among her men of letters as Whipple, Lowell, and Stedman.

THE CARE OF BIRDS.

BY DORA M. MORRELL.

AMONG common pets birds stand first, through their winning ways, their trifling cost, and the ease with which one cares for them. From their difference in feeding and in habits they are divided into two classes, the hard-billed and the soft-billed. Hard-billed birds are those which live on seeds. They include the canary, linnet, goldfinch, bullfinch, siskin, bobolink, indigo-bird, grosbeak, nonpareil, and a few others rarely seen in captivity.

Soft-billed birds do not live on seed, but on insects and prepared food. They are less often seen than their hardier brothers, but many of them are the sweetest of bird singers. The best known of these are the mocking bird, the black-cap, the nightingale, and the larks and thrushes. Most of these birds are happy if kept in cages and should be better known to lovers of pets.

The health of all birds, whatever the species, depends upon three things, regularity in being fed and given its bath, good food, and absolute protection from drafts. With proper care, which is as easily given as improper, no bird need be sick until ready to die of old age. Most birds are killed through intended kindness. They are fed sweet stuffs, which spoil the digestion, and then the bird's health is ruined.

Hard-billed birds need little for food besides seed and occasionally a bit of lettuce, apple, or celery. Their seeds are canary, rape, hemp, maw, paddy, and millet. Some birds, as the canary, eat all kinds but paddy; but for the canary plain canary seed is the best for a regular diet. The special sweetmeat for this bird is hemp seed, which is a rich seed as palatable to the canary as candy to a child. All birds like maw seed but it is the

food only for goldfinches and siskins. The others eat it until they drop from their perches. It is an opiate. Paddy is unhulled rice and is given to bobolinks and birds from rice-growing countries. It is the especial diet of parrots. Millet is a sweet seed which may be given to any seed-eating bird.

Cuttle bone is an important article of diet for hard-billed birds. There is a salty taste to it which seems to be a tonic for feathered bipeds.

It is not as easy to supply the table for the soft-billed birds as for those named. They are dainty even when voracious, and crave variety. Without it they will not thrive. The best food for them is the mocking-bird prepared food which is sold in boxes or bottles. A little grated carrot is added to this or the menu may be prepared food and grated sweet apple, with a meal worm for dessert.

All birds of these families are fond of ants' eggs and of insects. The former are imported and may be bought of any dealer in bird supplies. The latter are gathered in summer and dried in bags. Flies, grasshoppers, spiders, none come amiss, and are the bird's special delight. They are served in winter, one or two at a time, after having been scalded with boiling water to soften them. A grasshopper thus prepared is to a soft-billed bird what canvas-back duck and terrapin are to an epicure. Another luxury from the bird's standpoint is a Zante currant washed clean, soaked over night, and wiped dry.

This class of birds needs meal worms, which are their richest food. Ten in a month are enough for any caged bird. A meal worm gives the bird life and animation and he will reward the giver with a beautiful song.

A bird should be given its bath, its food, and a clean cage at the same hour each day and by the same person. It is very easy to teach the bird regularity in its habits, and it adds much to the comfort while it preserves the health of the pet. Food and water cups should be washed daily, the cage wiped all over with a clean cloth but without soap, the floor covered with coarse sand. The only birds which do not take a water bath are the larks and they dust themselves just as hens do. Many birds will have cramp if left in a cage not thoroughly dried. After a bird takes his water bath he should have a sun bath if there is a spot in the house where the sun shines. The cage should be hung rather

low to avoid the heat at the upper part of the room, and away from cracks through which drafts may blow. Cake, sugar, and candy are unfit for birds and should never be given them. Care about the food, cleanliness, and regularity, will insure healthy birds, but if the bath tub is left in the cage half of the day, if perches and floor are dirty and without sand, if the food is stale, or if the bird is exposed to drafts he will soon cease to sing, and will sit moping, not even caring to make himself pretty, and a bird is really sick when he fails to "prink."

Moulting cannot be called a disease since it is a natural process of providing the bird with new plumage, but birds are not quite as well during the moulting season. During this time, usually in September and October, great care to avoid drafts must be taken. Moulting continues from four to six weeks. The food of the birds of the hard-billed variety should have the addition of a paste made from one cracker and one hard boiled egg mixed and ground together. No water is needed, the egg supplying moisture enough. The soft-billed birds are given an extra allowance of insect food. If the wing and tail feathers are not readily shed it is well to pull them out one at a time, and on different days.

Birds sometimes have sore feet and too long claws. The former are prevented by having perches of different size, and the floor and perches clean. Dirt makes the feet sore. If the evil has been contracted it can be cured by washing the feet in a gill of warm water to which has been added ten drops of tincture of arnica. If gravel is kept on the floor of the cage the claws will be short enough, the wear on the gravel keeping them from an undue length. Should they need clipping hold them to the light to prevent cutting near the veins of the foot.

With both classes of birds illness often comes from a diseased condition of the bowels, but proper food will prevent this. For the hard-billed bird a bit of green now and then, and for the soft-billed an occasional spider is enough to keep them well. Most bird disorders arise from improper care or from taking cold. The latter may develop into asthma, which is sometimes curable, sometimes not.

Birds occasionally have humor of the skin. They manifest it by pulling out their feathers. This shows that their food is too rich and it should be changed for something less oily and heating. The plumage may be en-

couraged to grow again by rubbing the bare spot with olive oil.

Neglected birds suffer from vermin but this trouble never attacks a bird kept clean in a clean cage. Whatever the variety of bird remove him from the cage and let the cage be scalded thoroughly with boiling water. This takes all the varnish as well as the vermin from the cage. For the soft-billed birds prepare a wash of a weak solution of fine cut chewing tobacco steeped in water. The bird should be washed with this, special attention being given to the body under the wings. The hard-billed birds should be dusted with a powder which may be bought of any bird seller and which is prepared for this purpose. The cage of any bird thus affected should be covered at night with a white cloth. If this is removed early in the morning the vermin will be found on it and hot water will destroy them. This treatment in a few days cures the trouble, and simple neatness insures its future absence.

Soft-billed birds sometimes have a scale on the tongue and unless it is removed the bird soon dies. It is indicated by the bird's refusal to eat. It is not a difficult matter to remove the scale. The bird must be held firmly on his back with one hand, and the

finger-nail of the other hand must rub gently the scale from the tongue. The food after this must be varied according to the state of the bowels.

If a soft-billed bird becomes blind there is no cure, and the bird soon dies, as if heart-broken at losing the light it loves so well. Hard-billed birds occasionally become blind, but are not so sensitive to their deprivation and continue to be fairly happy in their blind state.

All bird owners should remember that it is easier to keep a bird well than to cure him after he is ill. The "ounce of prevention" is worth much in the case of these bits of incarnated song.

While there are many pleasures connected with these pets whether of the hard-billed or soft-billed variety the soft-billed have a power of song and a wonderful instinct for mimicry that makes them more than repay the labor of caring for them. They are docile and affectionate. To know the perfect charm of a bird his owner should be the only person to do anything for him, and should talk to him often and treat him as if he were a bird of sense. He will reward the doer by becoming as tame and almost as confiding as a dog.

PRINCESS LEILADIN.

Adapted for "The Chautauquan" from the German "Rundschau."

BY MARIE VON EBNER-ESCHENBACH.

THERE once was a princess of marvelous beauty, called Leiladin. Her complexion was like roses and lilies, and she had a magnificent wealth of light hair as fine and delicate as silk, that reached down to her feet and surrounded her like a golden mantel. Seven hair-dressers always walked behind her to keep her hair in order. They combed it with violet-scented tortoise-shell combs and brushed it with jeweled brushes; and if a single hair was pulled out by one of the hair-dressers, all seven had to forfeit their lives.

The princess wrote fine letters, made pretty poems, sang and danced; entertained foreign ministers with tact and was wise enough to preside over the council of the kingdom. Of her beauty, her talents, her virtue and prosperity, all the world knew, but she had one

peculiarity known to none except the royal physicians, the president of the upper court, and the king's fool, and kept as a state secret—the princess was at heart mere paste-board.

One day the court informed the princess that it was now time for her to marry. She replied,

"My counselors know that I wish always to do what is proper, and so let us arrange for the marriage."

Many desirable suitors flocked about her, but she could not decide which one she preferred. Finally the court began to lose patience. Its president and the royal physicians agreed that the princess showed a frivolity of which they had thought her incapable, but the court fool laughed and said to them,

"Of what use is all your wisdom if you do not know as well as other people that pasteboardheartedness and frivolity are inseparable?"

At last the court resolved to decide for her. They agreed that she should marry the suitor who loved her the most unselfishly, and to this end announced that a noted student had found in the archives a paragraph by which at her marriage the princess forfeited her throne and all her possessions; it provided that her marriage should be celebrated in regal style, then the bridal couple should be conducted in state to the border of the kingdom, to which they never again could return, and allowed to depart with the princess' dowry, which should consist only of a bed, a pillow, and a coverlet.

The lovers demurred at this. Some sought to repeal the law, some to evade it; but one suitor affirmed that the law was wise and kind to give the princess only to him who prized her more than kingdom or wealth. "Give her to me," he said, "but keep your dowry. My shield shall be her bed, my cloak her coverlet, my arm her pillow, until I have conquered the world to lay at her feet; for conquer he must who is the most fortunate man in the world, and that can be no other than he who secures Princess Leiladin for his bride!"

The voices of other suitors rose in complaints that they had not convened here to listen to absurdities; but in a moment the counselors leaned over the balcony, waved their handkerchiefs, and raised a deafening shout,

"Hail, hail to the bridegroom!"

Wild jubilations resounded. Boisterous confusion reigned until the fortunate object of their enthusiasm was seen by the thronging courtiers, citizens, soldiers, and common people.

The hero was beside himself with astonishment and indignation to find that they had taken up his words so quickly, placing him in a pretty predicament. But when he saw himself on account of it in possession of so beautiful and desirable a prize his anger vanished like fog, in the warmth of his joy.

The beautiful Leiladin, too, beamed with satisfaction. The hero's unselfish love flattered her beyond measure. Her good humor manifested itself in presents to the populace, and smiles showered on the disappointed suitors till each one thought "She loves but

me! The fortunate hero's claim to her rests only on the counselors' decision. I really have no cause to give up all hope."

The court fool was the only one who raised any objection to the engagement. He appeared at the banquet with eyes red from weeping; he sighed as he seated himself in his accustomed place, on a cushion at the princess' feet. She said to herself, "The poor old fellow is in love with me himself and is unhappy over my marriage." Aloud she asked, "What ails the fool?"

"Have your counselors whipped," he answered.

"Why?"

"They have blundered and committed a wrong. A firebrand for my wax doll! She should rather have a snow man. Away from my wax doll with the firebrand! Your counselors deserve whipping! Have the counselors whipped!" he persisted until he had to be whipped himself.

To the delight and admiration of her infatuated betrothed the princess hastened to show herself in the best light, as queen of the counselors, as musician, horsewoman, dancer. Suddenly it occurred to her that she had given him no evidence of her knowledge of literature, and she did so at her earliest opportunity.

Early one morning he met her in the garden looking more beautiful than ever and greeted her with, "Out so early in the morning and looking so lovely? You must have begun to dress before daybreak." She answered him with a quotation. At breakfast she answered him again with quotations, and afterwards when they walked beneath the grand old trees she talked to him in quotations, always mentioning the author of each, till he could endure it no longer. When after one of the remarks she added, "As I hope you know, that is from—"

"Yes," he interrupted impatiently, "I know all about it. It is from Molière and you can buy his complete works in Berlin for a song. Now if you have anything original to say I shall be delighted to listen but please do not inflict any more quotations."

Of course she was offended. When the hero saw her charming lips in a pout and her forehead darkened with a frown he was stung with remorse and kept awake all night reproaching himself for his rudeness to his promised bride. The next day he begged her

pardon with the humility and earnestness of a child. The princess granted it gracefully but rather coolly, cautioning him not to offend her again.

They had gone out on a balcony of the palace overlooking the market place. Below them passed silently and slowly a great throng headed by a sad procession of seven men, some young, some old, but all seven bareheaded and barefooted, wearing the garment of the condemned, and with a halter about the neck. Behind them came the hangman and his attendants, beside them the caparisoned troops looking uncomfortable. Last of all came the fool.

Balanced on the tips of his thumb and forefinger he held aloft a crystal case containing a blue silk cushion on which rested a golden jeweled spool wound about with something so fine that from the balcony one could not distinguish just what it was but could see it glisten in the sunlight. Attached to the case was a flag with the inscription, "*Corpus delicti*" (The body, substance, or foundation of the offense).

"What means this procession? Who are these men?" asked the hero. The princess answered,

"They are my hair-dressers going to the gallows."

"To the gallows? What have they done?"

"The worst possible thing that hair-dressers can do. They have pulled out one of my hairs."

"One, all of them pulled it?"

"No, certainly. Only one could have done it."

"Only one, and seven must die?"

The princess shrugged her shoulders:

"So says the law."

"A stupid law—"

"Pardon me, a wise law. It effects not only that each hair-dresser is careful not to pull but also makes him see that the others do not pull. Besides what bother it saves,—of settling upon the exact culprit, of getting witnesses, of the whole trial. On one hand *corpus delicti*, on the other the gallows, and that is enough."

The hero gave a sickly smile.

"What will not training do for one!" thought he. "That of the princess seems to have dammed up every good feeling born of sound human nature. But I will tear down the obstructions one by one."

He sprang forward, leaned over the balcony and called out, "Halt, in the name of the princess, halt!"

The procession stood still, and the senses of Leiladin, too, at the impertinence of her betrothed. He gave her no time to recover her wits, but besought the counselors, the courtiers, and even the disappointed but still hopeful suitors to help him gain pardon for the hair-dressers. The eloquence and fervor with which he pleaded won many of his listeners. They interrupted him often with loud applause as he spoke to the princess:

"Look about you; the heavens lower, the storm begins to howl; soon this beautiful city and its charming surroundings will be enveloped in gray clouds, all its splendor of color and gaiety will be lost and dismal monotony will stare at us from hollow eyeballs. Life will become abominable, and although in vain we seek in the unfriendly world for a gleam of light or a pleasure, yet we keep up our love for and hope in the unfriendly world. So our hair-dressers are loath to give up their by no means enviable existence. They share the perhaps erroneous but widespread belief that breathing is happiness and life a great good. Do not take it from them; let those who are worthy to live continue to enjoy their earthly miseries."

"Enjoy their miseries?" mockingly called out one of the suitors. It was the most insolent of them all, Lord Leimsiedeland, with his swarthy face and evil repute. The hero took no notice of the interruption but continued to entreat:

"O princess, it lies in your power to-day to surpass in glory and blessing anything that has ever yet happened in your reign. Do not neglect the opportunity. Pardon these unfortunates and repeal forever the law that makes the calling of hair-dresser in your court so cruelly dangerous."

"What can you be thinking of?" replied the princess. "Repeal the law—such a thing has never been heard of."

"That is what he asks," interrupted Lord Leimsiedeland, "and by asking it brings upon himself the penalty of the law consigning to the flames all who ask for the repeal of a law."

The hero listened in scorn to this spiteful interruption then made a revengeful dash at the lord, but the counselors interfered.

The hero's argument had appealed to the

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counselors very forcibly and they resorted to strategem in order to carry out the plan. Throwing themselves at the princess' feet, they uttered shouts of applause just as if the pardon had already been granted. Then the counselors and the whole court raised a song of praise to the talent, the generosity, the goodness of the princess, the greatest, most celebrated ruler that had ever adorned a throne, who deserved erected to her memory a statue beside which the celebrated Phidean statue of Jupiter would appear a mere amateur's work.

Such was the language by which the princess was to be approached. She listened to their praise as to grateful music and said to Lord Leimsiedeland, "It will have to be so, for I can only do as my royal counselors advise me and accordingly I grant the seven hair-dressers their lives." The last few words she spoke aloud and those about her began new hymns in her praise. The condemned and their friends remained silent some time after their shackles were loosed before they realized that they were pardoned, then they danced about and embraced their friends in a frenzy of delight that was pathetic to the greatest degree.

Princess Leiladin and the hero were walking in the park. Though the most envied man in the kingdom he was not happy. The princess would listen to nothing of more importance than her clothes or her beauty, and when, thrilled with the magnificent spectacle of a storm that was gathering, he found her remarks empty and soulless, he was led to say critically,

"You did a good deed to-day. I was much affected at its result; tears stood in my eyes and I saw with astonishment that your eyes were dry."

"Are you going to be aggressive again?" she asked. "Weeping spoils the eyes. Would you have me ruin my beautiful eyes?"

"Is that the reason?" he said aloud, and added to himself, "Have you even lost the ability to weep?"

"You yourself say that I did a good deed. Ought I not then rather to rejoice and laugh?"

"Laugh?" He became more thoughtful than ever. It occurred to him that he never had heard her laugh freely, but always with condescension or as if her object were only to show her beautiful teeth. "Ah, if only you could laugh, but you do not laugh, you

do not weep; you feel neither pity nor sympathy. You actually have no heart."

"I?" she cried out almost rudely. Wounded vanity rankled in her breast. Struck for the first time with the strong wing of truth she considered it an absurdly rude injustice. "No heart? Whence then came the high opinions which make me so superior to those about me, whether they be of the common people or of the high nobles, if not from my great heart?" and she flew into a blind passion.

"She has no sense either," reflected the hero. "Naturally, for how could you expect one to have sense if she has no heart? Besides her eternal egotism is perfectly shameful. I am an unfortunate man, engaged to a picture without kindness, a soulless non-entity!" In passionate sorrow he flung himself on the ground sobbing, and the princess with a haughty gesture moved away from him.

The hero sprang up and watched her retreating form, then slowly walked to the palace. A deep resolution actuated him.

Among the suitors was an Indian prince, Von Gelsensprung, who had enlivened the court with exhibitions of magic. To him the hero went. He found the chemist in his laboratory heating a retort, which at the appearance of the stranger he hastily covered with a silken tablecloth.

"Prince von Gelsensprung," began the hero, "you have afforded us much entertainment, but otherwise your art seems to me utterly purposeless. Could you perform a miracle that would have a practical purpose?"

"We care only for laws, not purposes," replied the prince, "but with what could I serve you?"

"A heart. My bride, I discover, has no heart. O, magician, create in my bride a heart!"

The magician clapped his hands in delight, commenting on the pleasing task. He flitted about the room like a ghost, grew till he reached the ceiling, crawled through the crack in the door to the room beyond and re-entered through a mousehole, vanished entirely and reappeared rubbing his royal nose with both his index fingers.

"Never mind any more display, I am more interested in the work at hand." Whereupon the magician rolled up his sleeves and showed a horrid pulpy mass, hanging at his elbows,

which, he explained, was to become the heart. "If only it is a good heart," said the hero doubtfully.

"First-class. I cover it up and soak it with the best feelings."

"And then I lay my hand on it and it is mine."

"First," answered Prince von Gelsensprung, "it must become the property of the princess, into whom I will introduce it."

"Painlessly, I hope."

"Yes, in her sleep. Whether the heart lasts depends upon two conditions: secrecy and sympathy. A single word about our experiment and the heart falls to water; I have given you a good heart germ; if it finds no nourishment at all it will fall to pieces in a few days, but if it receives the least nourishment sympathetic to it, it will live and prosper."

"It shall find it," said the hero full of enthusiasm. "Come on. Let us wait no longer. My lovely princess is in her boudoir now, taking her afternoon nap, and in her sleep, you said—O, Olympus!"

"O dear, how naive we are, to think of going as we are. I must first make us invisible."

He brought out three nightcaps. One he placed on the hero, one on the retort, and one on himself, and unobserved by all indiscreet eyes they passed the sentries, on to the door of the princess' apartments. Here before the door of the room where six ladies of the court always were in waiting, the hero started suddenly.

"Prince von Gelsensprung," he exclaimed, "I have a scruple!"

"Hush, only our steps, not our voices, are inaudible. Your scruple comes too late, it is time now to put in the heart; it swells and glows threateningly and will spoil in waiting."

"But what if the princess has a heart already, as yet unrecognized and unawakened, and you give her another?"

"What! can you not count? One and one are two."

"Frightful!"

"Why? That often happens." The magician grinned diabolically. "One for you and one for Lord Leimsiedeland."

"Horrible!" groaned the hero and tried to strike the magician but could not because he was invisible. Then considering his relative chances he choked back his wrath and

said, "Let come what may; forward, in the name of all good spirits."

The princess' room was arranged to represent a grotto and the couch on which she slept a boat resting on the waves. The hero bent over to kiss her but restrained himself for fear of waking her.

At the magician's request he seated himself beside her and held her hand.

The magician had placed the retort on a table before a window made to represent the entrance of the grotto. The light coming through it seemed to penetrate a great distance. As the hero looked he heard a sharp report. The retort had burst open and sent sweeping forth an aromatic perfume that filled the whole room. Everything became indistinct in the cloud which arose until suddenly in the haze shot out a flame brighter than the ball of the sun at noon.

"Shut your eyes! Do you want to become blind?" the magician called out. He held his hand over his dazzled eyes but through the crack between his fingers he could see the mist gather into a ball resplendent in purple glory from which streamed a rushing spark-shedding atmosphere. Little suns circled about larger ones, little stars with their moons about the little suns, and a milky way was discernible. This miniature cosmos constituted a rare heart-forming something. And now happened the wonder of wonders—lovely springtime came. "I am dreaming, I know," said the hero. "Oh, lovely dream! Welcome sweet, sad, precious life!"

Now he felt her hand that he held grow warm, the pulse quicken and suddenly—"Olympus! what was that? Did she snatch it away?"

The question remained unanswered. Overcome with illness he sank to the floor and the little consciousness that he had retained left him.

When he came to, the magician was visible at the window, now open, out of which he was fanning away the vapor.

He bade the hero stay invisible and witness the effect of the experiment, then with the retort and two caps he plunged from the window into a tree-top and vanished.

The princess opened her eyes and in alarm summoned her ladies at court. She complained of a strange sensation at her heart. The doctor was called and with him came the fool. The princess moaned that she was going to die, and begged them to bury her be-

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neath the roses. After making minute inquiries the doctor informed the patient that she was perfectly sound in body and only needed divertisement, so he would turn the case over to the fool.

"No, you need not die," said the fool, "but you may be buried under the roses. We will have a festival and you shall be queen of the roses."

Princess Leiladin was charmed with the suggestion, and ordered elaborate preparations to be begun immediately.

The hero appeared at the festival attired to represent a fiery thorn bush. The brilliant costume well set off his beauty but news of the princess' displeasure with him had spread through all the court and he wandered about neglected and disconsolate. In vain he sought to please his betrothed. When he entered the hall the princess was already dancing with Lord von Leimsiedeland. Her delicate satiny hand lay in his clammy fingers. They danced and danced, till it seemed he never would let her go. Grasping the sword concealed in his costume the hero waited impatiently for them to pause. Hate flashed in his eye. The music was about to stop and he was stepping forward when he felt a hand on his shoulder, and the fool's voice whispered,

"What is the matter, my son? Do nothing silly. As much nonsense as you will, but nothing silly."

"But I do not propose to let any one snatch my bride away."

"Snatch her away? Could Leimsiedeland snatch away what you never had? No, give them your blessing, comrade, and rejoice that in this case like has attracted like."

He paused and gave the hero a knowing glance.

"What do you mean? You are talking riddles."

"To explain any more is to risk my life."

The hero looked so savage that the fool faltered out,

"She is only pasteboard and glue—glue and pasteboard."

"Pasteboard!" the hero would have shouted but fortunately his consternation had robbed him of his voice. The ban that had overshadowed his perceptions was lifted, and trembling visibly at the shock it gave him, he realized for the first time: "With all her accomplishments the beautiful princess is merely a superficial, heartless woman."

He uttered his conviction half audibly, and continued, with a bitter-sweet smile at his own grim pleasantry, "Of course I found her heartless—she had lost her heart to Leimsiedeland, fool that I was not to have seen it before!"

He had wandered into the dining room. Taking a card he wrote a note of farewell and laid it by the princess' plate. Then, honorable knight that he was, choosing himself to suffer rather than destroy the happiness of the princess, he hastened to take his departure.

It was two o'clock in the morning when he went to the stable. He led his steed through the court, past the castle, through the park, to the castle wall, that was higher than the horse. Here he mounted and called out, "Over!"

With a powerful bound they cleared the wall.

He had been sadly musing, "The path of honor leads but to defeat," but once outside the wall he was buoyed up with a sense of relief.

Just as the first beam of day dawned in the east, it occurred to him,

"After all, the path of honor was the best; it has proved to be an escape from an uncongenial and portionless bride," and full of hope he rode on toward the rising sun.



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THE OLD BARN.

BY KATHERINE E. SOMERS.

YOU may talk about new-fangled picnics,
In the woods and along by the sea,
But the old-fashioned barn, with its doors open wide,
And the winds that go rollicking round it inside,
And the twitter of swallows far up in the eaves,
And the flutter of grasses, and rustle of leaves,
Drifting in like a laugh from the springtime,
Is good enough plenty for me.

Take a soft April day with the clouds low and dun,
First a splashing of rain, then a flashing of sun,
The swish of the flail, or the fanning mill's roar,
Or the horses a-threshing out grain on the floor,
The hens clucking round in the loft overhead,
The lambkins that frolic about in the shed,
The cattle all dripping and patient, that wait
A-lowng and calling outside of the gate,
Such a feeling of shelter and comfort comes then,
My barn seems a palace, I king among men.

Take the hour of rest in a warm, sunny noon,
And the scent of the hay that drifts in with the June,
And the children at play, swinging up to the beams,
Or diving in hay with their jubilant screams,
And the song of the birds in the orchard hard by,
Or the twilight perhaps of a day in July,
When the wagons toil over the bridges once more,
And topple their bundles of gold on the floor,
And a cool breeze springs up in the west's rosy sea,
My rest in the barn is the sweetest to me.

Take a cool day in autumn, all golden and brown,
The maples in crimson, the leaves falling down,
The haze, a blue sieve through which powdered beams shake,
The apples all ripe, and the cider to make,
The earth from the cellar, like odor of sweets,
On turnips and wurtzels, and carrots and beets ;
Such pumpkins and squashes and citrons you feel
You taste the preserves and the rich candied peel ;
God's gifts in such plenty ; the men tell a yarn,
But I have my Thanksgiving out here in the barn.

Take a day about Christmas, with plenty of snow,
Old Boreas whirling it hither and fro,
The icicle pendants, a jewel, each one,
The great beams all cracking with frost, like a gun,
The sheep, and the horses, and cattle maybe,
All bleating, and whinneying, calling to me,
I toss down the fodder, in chores I delight.
There 's a Christmas tree up in my parlor to-night,
But I think of the oxen in Bethlehem's stall,
My Christmas is best in the barn after all.
In summer or winter, whene'er it may be,
My old rambling barn is my palace to me.

EDITOR'S OUTLOOK.

ANARCHISTS AND ANARCHISM.

THE pope's exclamation, when the news of the assassination of President Carnot of France was brought to him at six o'clock on the morning of June 25, was emotional and yet thoughtful. "My God, what times!" was his first comment. The times indeed! All over the world to the confines of civilization men shuddered at the infamous deed which struck down the French president, a man unsullied in his personal character and integrity, whose public career was distinguished by the wise and faithful performance of duty and whose every official act was inspired by love of country and devotion to the cause of liberty and justice.

From the shock of the news of this dreadful assassination the public mind turned first to contemplate the scene of the murder, and then the times in which it has been possible for men crazed by the wildest fanaticism to hurl death-dealing blows at the highest representatives of modern governmental institutions and to menace openly the social peace and industrial welfare of many nations in the commission of overt acts against the law and order of civilized society.

The month, in fact, the period for several months, had been characterized by a great number of public outrages varying in form and character, but all committed in the spirit of anarchism. The series of anarchist outbreaks which culminated in the assassination of President Carnot have seldom been equaled in the history of modern civilization. Hardly had the Barcelona riots ended and the chief bomb thrower given his last cheer for anarchy as he expired on the scaffold than the wretch Vaillant attempted to blow up the French Chamber of Deputies. That was last December. In one week after the execution of Vaillant, which occurred on February 5, another anarchist, Emil Henri, threw a bomb in a Paris *café* killing one person and wounding many others. He, too, was guillotined after a trial in which he preached his faith to the last. One month after this in the church of the Madeleine, another anarchist, Ponwells, met a fate of his own making. While carrying a bomb into the church it exploded, suddenly causing the death of the anarchist him-

self. This was in March and in April came the terrific explosion near the Senate Chamber in Paris in which several persons were wounded and much property destroyed. These and many other outrages all leading up to the deplorable death of President Carnot have served to make the recent history of anarchy in France alone appalling in the extreme.

Elsewhere than in France the recent development of anarchism has excited world-wide attention. The attempted assassination of Signor Crispi in Italy, the reported plot to blow up the train of the czar in Russia, and the murder of an editor in Rome who dared denounce anarchism in his newspaper a few days after the French atrocity, all appear in evidence of the plan to make anarchism an international power.

In the United States there has grown up an American anarchism not unlike its European prototype, altogether as hideous in character and quite as dangerous in its elements. It was the infamy of anarchism which burned in the soul of Booth when he murdered President Lincoln twenty-nine years ago, and so it was with Guiteau when sixteen years later he caused President Garfield to fall by the assassin's hand. These are the two notable cases in American history which conform to the recent tragedy in France but they are not the only anarchist outrages which have been committed within our borders. The red flag of anarchy led the Haymarket rioters in Chicago in 1886. It was an anarchist who made an attempt on the life of Manager Frick of the Carnegie steel works two years ago during the progress of the Homestead strike because he was bold enough to defend his rights and resist the destruction of vast property interests. Less than a year ago Prendergast fired the fatal bullet which struck down the mayor of Chicago in his own home; the deed of a disappointed office seeker committed under the mask of insanity but really in obedience to the blind dictates of anarchy.

But anarchism does not content itself with the assassination of public men. It would utterly annihilate all government, tear asunder the integral parts which form the social structure, and, consuming all prop-

erty, nullifying all law, and destroying social peace, cause civilization to be a hollow mockery and social existence but a mere shadow across the pathway of time. For three months anarchy in its worst form has made itself manifest continuously, more or less, in the United States. We have to-day an American anarchism from which the mask has been lifted. That is an event worth noting in our history. Now it remains for the American people to rise in their might and exterminate the monster, and for this the times are propitious.

Anarchy in widespread, devouring action; anarchism, pure in its very essence of criminal theory, has lately terrorized the American people. The American Railway Union, a labor organization said to have a membership of one hundred and thirty thousand men, whose affairs are directed by one Eugene V. Debs, is the agent which must stand responsible for a large part of this development.

The public long since recognized that the differences which existed between the Pullman Car Company and its workmen did not form the real issue in the strike waged by the American Railway Union. The chief concern is with a question of far greater proportions. With the authority of a dictator, the semblance of which no man ever attempted in like manner before in this country, this man Debs proceeded to tell the railroad companies of the United States how their business should be conducted. More than this, he, as the autocrat of an organization, responsible to none but his authority, set himself up to determine for the American people how their railroads should be operated, the conditions of travel which should prevail, the kind of cars to be used, and the class of men to be employed. When met with opposition he "tied up" the railroads centering in Chicago, twenty and more in number. Then anarchy reigned.

Anarchists working from Chicago decreed that no freight should be moved; that no passenger trains should be permitted to run, in effect that the American people should not ride on railway trains, that the United States mails should not be sent out or delivered to their points of destination; that railway traffic should be brought to a standstill, that the railroads, foremost among the great arteries of this republic, should remain inactive, in short, that this

great people should be deprived of their liberty. And upon the violence of a mob of from fifteen to thirty thousand men this decree depended for its actual support. It all started by Debs' saying that the public should not use Pullman cars.

Riot, murder, and arson played their dreadful parts. Whole trains were derailed, many were stopped by force, engineers and firemen were dragged from their posts of duty and beaten; switches were thrown; hundreds of cars were overturned on the tracks; railroad buildings, passenger coaches, Pullman cars and freight cars, many of them loaded, were set on fire and burned; honest workmen were intimidated and not a few barely escaped death because they dared work for the railroads. The fury of the mob stopped at nothing. It cleared a path wherever it went.

In a single day the property destroyed amounted in value to over two million dollars, which the taxpayers of Chicago and Cook County will be called upon to pay. For the law there was no respect. For the officers of the law charged with its enforcement, there was but defiance open and emphatic. Law and order were set aside and trampled under foot. The red flag waved for the time triumphant.

The men engaged in that war forfeited the sympathy of the American people. They injured the cause of labor far beyond any estimate which it is possible to make. Labor will ultimately see, if it does not now, that the dreadful outcome of the "Pullman boycott" so called, which brought death and misery into its ranks, was the logical result of a mistaken policy as directed by a high-handed, vicious leadership.

Anarchism is an evil fiendish force which to-day is burrowing deep down in the life of many nations. If there is any lesson to be derived from these recent atrocities enacted at home and abroad, it is that the necessity exists for organized society to fortify itself against this common enemy. Long ago the eminent historian, Macaulay, gave the warning. If revolutionary violence, he said, was permitted to go unchecked it might become necessary to destroy liberty in order to preserve civilization.

Plainly and fortunately the nations of the world are not now in this plight. Liberty will not be restricted, much less surrendered. Organized society is thoroughly able to cope

with this pressing enemy. The lesson of the times is to begin the work of exterminating anarchy at once. It must be destroyed.

GENIUS AND LOCAL INFLUENCE.

MUCH has been written upon the subject of local color in literature and the question must arise: is not local color, as far as it is truly valuable, the reflection of nativity through the crystal of genius? Or in other words, is not genius, no matter how cosmopolitan in effect, always the product of local influence? Those grown-up jocund children, the ancient Greek poets, felt the supreme power of immediate environment; they honored their playgrounds with imperishable names; they imagined the divine will embodied in delightful organisms that danced and sang and fluted in their groves and beside their streams.

All this picturesque Hellenic mythology is but a form of utterance by which an intensely lyrical civilization expressed itself; it is the fiction engendered in highly specialized and narrowly localized imagination. All the world has accepted it as the spiritual exponent of a people confined to a small area; and yet the appeal was universal, and is now universal, through its truth to the elemental, unchangeable passions and aspirations of humanity. The same may be said of succeeding phases of life and expression; the more compressed and specialized the civilization the keener and finer its artistic stroke and the broader and freer its sympathies.

Whether it is Pindar or Emerson, Æschylus or Shakespeare that we take up, the local flavor, the zest of the neighborhood, rises from every page. Pindar sang a universal dream of divinity, but every ode smacked of local realities. Emerson rhymed about an over-soul in the terms of a Concord afternoon. Shakespeare and Æschylus drew their romance out of the past or from distant sources; but England and Greece furnished the characteristic quality of genius and gave the distinct value of art to the masterpieces.

What seems to have been too little understood, even by critics, is that local color may be of more importance to the genesis of the artist than it is to his creations. Wordsworth drew into himself the sweet spirit of all nature through a few hills and dales, streams and tarns, clouds and sky-spaces.

He was as local as Burns or Bret Harte, and his firm footing at Rydal gave him a singular command of the world. Tennyson, too, as Mr. Stopford A. Brooke in his recent work has shown, covered but two or three English counties with his vision and was all the more true to universal life on account of his accuracy in local interpretation.

Doubtless there is a distinct tendency at present toward overdoing local color in literature. Ill-considered poetry and fiction depend for their success almost wholly upon photographic snap-pictures taken from out-of-the-way places and "colored by hand." Much that is ephemerally interesting is thus produced; nothing that will prove lasting. But what genius absorbs from environment is reflected, like light through a prism, and becomes a rainbow of local color imperishably fixed in art. It is not a mere transcript of some accidental phase of life interesting for the moment because of its peculiarity; it is lyrical, yet not personal, an output of humanity working through a man, and the local color is, like that of Theocritus or that of Herrick, but some private brushfuls of universal pigment cunningly laid upon a home-made canvas.

Genius may be the capacity to argue from the special to the general; to be able to reconstruct the whole from a mere fragmentary part, after the manner of the comparative anatomists. At all events the Millets, the Burneses, the Shakespeares, the Scotts, and the Hugos have not been the universal wanderers, the literal cosmopolites. Tennyson, Milton, Dante, Wordsworth, Theocritus, how small the area of their actual observation, yet how like cosmogonies their works! In the microcosm they surprised the secret of the universe. This is the explanation of their steadfast hold upon the human heart; they appeal to what is always and everywhere a local sympathy and use the unmixed colors of elemental life.

We common mortals are apt to overlook what is very near to us; but the genius never does this. He has the perspective of ages behind him and the nebulous wonders of the future before him; he is aware of them and does not underestimate them; but now his own neighborhood—the present age and his own country, gives the colors of his work. He searches for no nook save the one he was born in; the flower beside his doorstep has the fragrance of distinction. To him local

color is the last refinement of the ages; the smallest area of life is a palette spread with all the primary pigments of poetry, romance, art.

This local influence purifies or poisons, makes bitter or sweet, darkens or illuminates the character of imagination and ap-

pears in art and literature as a tang in honey; we recognize the quality of what the bee has eaten by what the bee has made, and it is in the near vicinity of the hive that we shall find the flowers whose nectaries have afforded the distinguishing bouquet of genius.

EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

BISHOP JOHN H. VINCENT on June 30 opened the Twenty-First Annual Session of the Chautauqua Assembly at Chautauqua, N. Y., in the presence of an audience unusually large for that occasion. Never did the summer city by the lake look more beautiful. The educational departments afford opportunities more varied and extensive than ever before and the number of students in attendance is in advance of the past two years. The program of public exercises is up to its usual high standard of excellence. No pains have been spared to make it superior to that of any previous year, and the large amphitheater audiences appear in evidence of the continued appreciation of Chautauqua's provision for instruction and entertainment. The streets, lawns, and parks, the public buildings and cottages of the summer town have been beautified and improved and the newcomer as well as the old Chautauquan is at once impressed with the substantial and attractive appearance of the town of Chautauqua which overlooks the pretty lake. The first two weeks of the session gave promise that this will be one of the best years in Chautauqua's history in point of attendance and achievement. It is a pleasure to announce that Chancellor Vincent will be present during the entire session of the Assembly, and that the work of the educational departments, the C. L. S. C., and the platform will proceed under his direction. In the making and execution of new plans for Chautauqua and the C. L. S. C. and the future development of the great movement the strong personality of Chancellor Vincent will be a potent factor as in the past.

ABOUT one year ago Congress made its deliverance on the Silver Question. Since that time both houses have been laboring on the tariff and it is possible that by the end of July we shall have a new tariff. Soon thereafter we shall be able to tell whether it will foster

the business of the country, or whether it will increase business depression. The time may come when the whole question of tariff will be submitted to a commission and business be relieved from the vacillating of political parties.

THE refusal of President Carnot to mitigate the death sentence of the two anarchists Vaillant and Henri, is thought to have incited the disciples of anarchy in France to renewed efforts in their bloody campaign. How far this action of the late president was responsible for Santo's deadly blow it is impossible to determine, but its influence may be measured by the words of this anarchist fiend, who, when interrogated as to his motive, smiled in ghoulisn glee, and raising his arm in imitation of the act of stabbing the president, exclaimed exultantly, "Long live anarchy! He was a tyrant and I killed him." That so great and good a man as the late president of France should be sacrificed on the altar of anarchy for no other reason than for this courageous and manly defense of society against her common enemies, is a fact which all the world deplores. Here in the United States with the memory of the murder of Lincoln and Garfield fresh in the minds of our great liberty-loving people, a nation's heart full of tender sympathy goes out to that sister republic and the French people. Well do we understand the impassioned proclamation of the mayor of Lyons following closely upon the murder of President Carnot in the streets of that city which concluded, "Cursed be the criminal! Cursed be the wretches who by their doctrines and writings armed the assassin!"

GENERAL EZETA, who was forced to abandon the presidency of the Republic of Salvador by the recent revolution in that country, recently arrived in New York by steamer

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from Colon, and with his wife, four children, and three servants took rooms at the Hotel Victoria. The general left Salvador where he found himself too closely pressed by the rebels. He sailed for La Libertad equipped with arms and ammunition, where he intended to carry on the war, but on landing there he learned of the complete success of the insurrectionists, when he sent back the arms and ammunition to the new government and with his family sailed for the United States. But for the fact that Guatemala furnished the insurrectionists five thousand troops General Ezeta thinks his army would have been victorious.

THE new Hawaiian Constitution offers some points which will form an interesting study to the people of the United States, among which are the property and educational qualifications required of voters. No one can cast a ballot for a senator unless he owns property to the value of \$4,000 or has an income of \$600; and no one can vote for a representative or can be naturalized unless he is worth \$200. All voters, who must be native or naturalized citizens, must be able to read, write, and speak fluently either the English or the Hawaiian languages. A president (no vice president), a cabinet of four ministers, two houses of legislature composed of fifteen members each, and an advisory council also comprising fifteen members, one third to be appointed by the president and one third by each house, constitute the government's staff of officers. Of the ninety thousand people inhabiting the islands—comprising a large percentage of natives and half-breeds, Chinese and Japanese—these restrictions limit the electoral power to a very small number. Freedom of the press is to be restricted at only one point, that of discussing the restoration of the monarchy.

THE REV. DR. PARKHURST has made the bravest fight for the supremacy of law and good order, common decency in social life, and purity in the police department that has been recorded in New York for many years. He has unearthed a system of bribery in the police department which involves captains, sergeants, and patrolmen extorting privilege money from disreputable houses—storekeepers, scissors grinders, and indeed all classes of citizens who do business that comes under a policeman's eye. The investigation will be continued after the heated term in Septem-

ber under the direction of a committee appointed by the Legislature of New York. It seems to be an honest committee doing very thorough work. Dr. Parkhurst is the William Lloyd Garrison of the social purity party.

IN the death of William Walter Phelps the United States has lost one of its best representative men. Well born and well bred, being a descendant of a fine old English family; highly educated, having graduated in 1860 at the age of twenty-one from Yale second in his class; a distinguished lawyer, who for his remarkable ability was for the nine following years during which he remained in professional work engaged largely and constantly by great corporations and leading business men; a successful business financier, who for the next three years devoted himself to his large estate on the Hudson in New Jersey; a member of Congress, elected in 1872 and later in '82, '84, and '86 successively, who always fearlessly stood true to his own convictions; a United States minister to Austria in 1874, and to Germany in 1889, who tirelessly consecrated himself to the promotion of his country's good; a lay judge in the Court of Errors and Appeals in his state, New Jersey, appointed in 1893, who during the short time that he lived found his joy in the conscientious service rendered,—he was in every way fitted for, and always nobly fulfilled, to his own and his country's glory, the widely varying duties and honors that fell to his lot.

THE regular army of the United States was called into action in the recent railroad strike, and it demonstrated what some wise military men and statesmen have often said during the past twenty-five years, that our army is too small. To uphold the dignity of the government, protect the United States mails, and enforce the interstate commerce laws against rioters and anarchists it will be necessary to increase the army and establish more military posts.

In these days of watchful interest regarding the woman suffrage movement every indication concerning the subject is quickly marked, and every result closely studied. England is no less deeply absorbed in the question than is our own country, and with New Zealand for her object lesson, as Wyoming is ours, she has been carefully studying the development of affairs. She has discov-

ered that out of 220,082 votes, the whole number recorded in New Zealand, 90,200, or 41 per cent of the whole, were cast by women. The total number of voters registered was 302,987, and the number of women registered, 109,461. This showing is regarded as a very promising one by the advocates of the movement, who argue from it that the great majority of women are ready and eager to avail themselves of the privilege of the franchise. Lord Salisbury has put himself on record as favoring woman suffrage, and it is proved that among its best friends are the Tories. With such bright indications it is not to be wondered at that American upholders of the movement are hopeful.

POLICE SUPERINTENDENT BYRNES of New York in a recent magazine article on "How to Protect a City from Crime" draws a number of conclusions which are of importance chiefly in that they are the result of many years of practical experience in dealing with crime and criminals. The new school of biological sociologists will find much encouragement for their labors in Mr. Byrnes' statement that "most of the crime committed in New York City is due chiefly to two causes—drink and environment." The drink evil he does not discuss at length, but in his treatment of the latter question he draws a sharp line between heredity and environment. While admitting that the "children of criminals are very apt to become criminals themselves," he does not "put much faith in the theory that criminals are born with an irresistible tendency to evil doing." Poverty, in the opinion of Mr. Byrnes, is not one of the chief influences among us which produce criminality, but on the contrary supplies the incentive for a very small portion of those acts which are to be entered in the category of criminal offenses. Other writers who speak with authority on this subject quite agree with Mr. Byrnes. The consensus of expert opinion is to the effect that crime is an indication of vigor, a force quite foreign to pauperism, and that the latter condition is only characteristic of two periods in the real criminal life occurring either in old age or in childhood.

In the event of the territories of New Mexico, Arizona, and Utah being admitted to federal statehood, for which the House of Representatives has already voted, there will

be forty-seven states in the Union and ninety-four United States senators. The effect of this action, should these territories be finally admitted, will be important as it relates to the upper branch of Congress. Seven states, Arizona, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico, Utah, and Wyoming, containing less than one-eightieth of the country's population, will have fourteen out of ninety-four senators, or one seventh of the voting strength in the upper branch. In this case forty-eight would make a majority in the Senate, and the seven sparsely settled states would have almost a third of that majority. Adding to this column, the states of Colorado, Nebraska, Kansas, North and South Dakota, Washington, Oregon, and California, the region west of the Missouri River, having a population of 6,000,000 out of 65,000,000, one tenth of our whole population, will have thirty out of a total of ninety-four senators, nearly two thirds of the majority.

MR. T. V. POWDERLY, until lately the general master workman of the Knights of Labor, made the declaration in a recent public address that strikes are in most cases failures and that they do more harm than good. In passing comment on the strike waged by the American Railway Union he predicted that it would be unsuccessful. Mr. Powderly believes it possible to settle differences between capital and labor by arbitration and conciliation, until such time as the government may succeed to the control and ownership of the railroads, mines, telegraphs, and other business enterprises of like nature. Then in his opinion there will be no strikes. Mr. Powderly's views are not unlike those of many other citizens, but they are especially worthy of note by reason of the fact that they represent a man who for many years has been a leader of organized labor and whose whole career has been one of opposition to strikes.

CAPTAIN A. T. MAHAN of the United States Navy has been receiving marked recognition of late in England, due to his literary labors, which have produced two notable books treating of the influence of sea power on history. He has been honored by Cambridge University with the degree of LL. D. and by Oxford University with that of D.C.L. A book written by Captain Mahan which bears the title "Admiral Farragut" is being advertised by the English publishers as "a

biography based on family papers, of the great Confederate admiral who attacked regardless of consequences and never turned back." Captain Mahan's English publishers may be ignorant of the fact that Farragut was a Union instead of a Confederate admiral and the English public may, through lack of interest in the details of our civil conflict, never remark the blunder which to Americans is very amusing. This seeming ignorance of American affairs is more than equaled by a story which Mr. Richard Watson Gilder tells about a friend who, when traveling in Germany, fell into conversation with a woman from one of the smaller towns of Prussia who was surprised to find that some American women were white.

THAT France has found a strong man to succeed to the presidency on the death of President Carnot all indications seem to show. M. Casimir-Perier is forty-seven years of age. He comes of an illustrious family, his forefathers for several generations back having been noted in public and business affairs: His grandfather assisted in founding the Bank of France, and was a member of the *Corps Legislatif*. His father was president of the council of Louis Philippe and took an active part in the Restoration. He himself is finely educated and has already served the public well for twenty-three years. He was elected a member of the Chamber of Deputies in 1874 and has since at different periods been re-elected six times. In 1883 he was made under secretary of war, and since then has been vice president of the Chamber of Deputies and chairman of the Budget Committee. Last year for a brief time he was prime minister. He is noted for his energy, his independence, his bravery and uprightness.

NOR the least of the memorials to be unveiled in the new Temple of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union in Chicago is the Chautauqua fountain, which graces one of the alcoves in the tablet-lined corridor of Willard Hall. The fountain was designed by the Danish sculptor Rold Smith, and is now in position awaiting the unveiling ceremonies, which will probably take place on September 23, the birthday of Miss Frances E. Willard, who will be the central figure on this occasion. The Chautauqua memorial will be an important one among the many placed in the new Temple for it was at Chautauqua in the early days of the

Assembly that the Woman's Christian Temperance Union was organized.

It is objected to the advancement of women that they cannot render military service, yet the objection is overcome in Germany, where there are eight women colonels in the German Army, all of whom draw their pay regularly—namely, the Empress of Germany, the Dowager Empress, the Princess Frederick Charles of Prussia, the Queen Regent Sophia, Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands, the Duchess of Connaught, the Duchess of Edinburgh, and Queen Victoria, while Queen Victoria draws her allowance as the highest officer in the English government.

The largest total number of actual failures in business is that recorded by *Bradstreet's* for the period of six months since January 1. During that year 6,528 individuals, firms, and corporations failed outright. This result was not unexpected, because of the financial panic and general restriction of credits which took place during the whole year of 1893. The increased number of failures, occurring in the first half of 1894, compared with the corresponding period of 1893 is 289, or 4.6 per cent; with 1892 it is 1,177, nearly 22 per cent; with 1891, following the financial disturbances in Europe it is 491, or 8.1 per cent; and as compared with 1890 the increase is 1,062, or 19 per cent. An encouraging sign is found in the fact that relatively few large business failures have occurred during the past half year as compared with either the first or second six months of 1893. This is shown by the totals of assets and liabilities which place the combined indebtedness of failing individuals, firms, and corporations in the first half of 1893 at more than \$170,000,000, while the corresponding total for the past six months is only \$82,555,339, or 49 per cent of last year's aggregate. This year the total assets of failing traders are \$44,970,825, only 47 per cent of the corresponding total a year ago. Thus it will be seen that while the number of failures has been much greater during the last six months than for the corresponding period for many years, the total amount involved is very much less than a year ago and continually decreasing, which, in itself, is an indication of a betterment in our financial conditions.

As we get farther away from the hard times and distress of the past winter the question of

the unemployed continues to occupy the attention of serious minds. It is frequently urged that the federal, state, and municipal governments should provide work for the unemployed, especially in times of distress. This plan has been followed on a large scale in England, but not with the success one would naturally expect. It is claimed that the reports which at least seventy-three municipalities made to the local government board in England recently go to show that this method of relief is not as effectual as had been anticipated. Presumably these conclusions relate to the permanently unemployed and not to those temporarily out of work. In relation to the former class Mr. Charles Booth, who is the best authority on the unemployed of London, was led to say recently: "Lack of work is not really the

disease; and the mere provision of it is, therefore, useless as a cure." And supplementary to this is the public utterance of the Rev. S. A. Barnett, warden of the Toynbee Hall in East London, altogether significant as coming from an adherent of Christian socialism: "The unemployed, calmly considered, is not an army of willing workers; but is rather a body largely made up of those half employed and those unwilling to be employed." While this may be a just estimate of the unemployed in England it would suit none but the army of professional tramps in the United States. A large proportion of the unemployed in this country during the past winter were honest workmen whose lack of opportunity for earning a living was caused by the severity of the times.

THE C. L. S. C. CLASSES.

1882-1897.

CLASS OF 1894.—"THE PHILOMATHEANS."

"Ubi mel, ibi apes."

OFFICERS.

President—John Habberton, New York City.

Vice Presidents—The Rev. A. C. Ellis, D.D., Oil City, Pa.; the Rev. E. D. Ledyard, Steubenville, Ohio; the Rev. Dr. Livingston, Toronto, Canada; Mrs. Helen Campbell, New York City; the Rev. J. W. Lee, D.D., Atlanta, Ga.; the Rev. J. A. Cosby, Aurora, Ill.; the Rev. Dr. D. A. Cunningham, Wheeling, W. Va.; the Rev. G. W. Barlowe, Detroit, Michigan.

Corresponding Secretary—Miss Anna M. Thomson, Winchester, Va.

Recording Secretary—Rev. J. B. Countryman, Akron, N. Y.

Treasurer—Henry M. Hall, Titusville, Pa.*Class Trustee*—W. T. Everson, Union City, Pa.

CLASS FLOWER—CLOVER.

REPORTS from the Class of '94 are pouring into the Buffalo Office at a rate which speaks well for the promptness of the class. This Chautauqua season will present many attractions to '94's, and it is hoped that they will rally in large numbers. It is encouraging to report that the hard times do not seem to have affected the class in the least. There has been no falling away in numbers and there is promise of a goodly number of graduates. Many have already signified their intention of graduating at the various Assemblies.

It is well to remind '94's that the C. L. S. C. year does not close until October first and that those who do not expect to graduate at Assemblies may send in their reports at any time before the above date.

A MEMBER from Kansas writes: "My reading has been faithfully and conscientiously done and to say that I enjoyed it, but feebly expresses my satisfaction. I think it saved my life, for I have passed through deep waters of affliction and when sleep has been denied me I have found greatest solace in my C. L. S. C. books."

ANOTHER '94 who has triumphed over many difficulties writes: "I herewith enclose my memoranda filled as best I can under the circumstances. I am a laboring man employed from 5:00 a. m. to 6:30 p. m. as engineer in a factory. I have done my four years' reading in the C. L. S. C. course."

CLASS OF 1895.—"THE PATHFINDERS."

"The truth shall make you free."

OFFICERS:

President—Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts, Pittsburg, Pa.

Vice Presidents—Prof. H. B. Adams, Baltimore, Md.; J. B. Morton, Winter Park, Fla.; George P. Hukill, Oil City, Pa.; Miss Mary Davenport, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Robert A. Miller, Canton, O.; Mrs. H. S. Hawes, Richmond, Va.

Cor. Secretary—Miss Jane Mead Welch, Buffalo, N. Y.*Recording Secretary*—Miss Mary E. Miller, Akron, O.*Treasurer*—R. M. Alden, 625 Maryland Avenue N. E., Washington, D. C.*Trustee of the Building Fund*—George P. Hukill, Oil City, Pa.*Class Historian*—Miss Janette Trowbridge, New Haven, Conn.

CLASS FLOWER—NASTURTIUM.

CLASS EMBLEM—A BLUE RIBBON.

A MEMBER of '95 from Cape Town, South Africa, writes, "Enclosed please find my memo-

randa for '92-3. I am sorry to be so late but was too busy to finish earlier. Chautauqua has been a great blessing and comfort to me in this foreign land. I expect to enjoy the English year even more than the others."

CLASS OF 1896.—"TRUTH SEEKERS."
"Truth is Eternal."

OFFICERS.

President—The Rev. Chas. C. Johnson, Arcade, N. Y.
Vice Presidents—R. C. Browning, Orange, N. J.; Mrs. Francis W. Parker, Chicago, Ill.; Miss Cynthia I. Boyd, Knoxville, Tenn.; Mrs. Anna Hodgson, Athens, Ga.; F. G. Lewis, Birtle, Manitoba; Oliver Ellsworth, Niles, Cal.
Corresponding Secretary—Miss Anna J. Young, 237 Wylie Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.
Recording Secretary—Miss Grace G. Merritt, Montclair, N. J.
Treasurer and Class Trustee—John A. Seaton, Glen Park Place, Cleveland, Ohio.

CLASS FLOWER—FORGET-ME-NOT.
CLASS EMBLEM—A LAMP.

A MEMBER of '96 writes: "I am nearly fifty-three years old and have learned more history since I have been in this class than I ever learned in my life before. I cannot get along now without Chautauqua."

THE Class of '96 adopted last year a very graceful little pin in the form of a Roman lamp. The pins will be on sale at Chautauqua this summer for one dollar apiece, and any member may secure one by sending to the C. L. S. C. Office. The expense of these pins was generously met by a member of the class and all proceeds will go to the class fund.

CLASS OF 1897.—"THE ROMANS."

OFFICERS.

President—Prof. F. J. Miller, University of Chicago, Chicago.
Vice Presidents—Prof. Wm. E. Waters, Cincinnati, O.; A. A. Stagg, Chicago; Mrs. A. E. Barker, Bethel, Conn.; Miss Jessie Scott, Mississippi; Mrs. M. J. Gawthrop, Philadelphia; Mrs. G. B. Driscoll, Sidney, O.; Mrs. Carrie V. Shaw Rice, Tacoma, Washington; Rev. James E. Coombs, Victoria, B. C.; Miss Emily Green, South Wales; Charles E. Boyd, Cambridge, Mass.
Secretary—Miss Eva M. Martin, Chautauqua, N. Y.
Treasurer and Trustee—Shirley P. Austin, Meadville, Pa.

CLASS EMBLEM—IVY.

MEMBERS of '97, you who have been faithful to the work set before you, enjoy your holiday as only those can who have earned the right to relax from the strain of steady effort. And you, fellow classmates who have fallen by the way, bethink yourselves of what you are. Assert the old Roman spirit, invincible, unconquerable—and remember,

"Thy part is with broken saber,
 To rise on the last redoubt."

Though there are nineteenth century foes quite as desperate to encounter as was ever Carthaginian or Gaul or Vandal, yet the nineteenth century has weapons of its own which the ancient Romans knew not. Take courage and press on.

C. L. S. C. members will find many opportunities during the summer to scatter circulars and enlist members for the Class of '98. Let every one who expects to travel, equip himself with Chautauqua literature and put it where it will prove effective.

A NEW circular has been issued recently by the Chautauqua Office giving "Ten Suggestions" regarding the formation of a Chautauqua Circle. This will be sent to any one desiring to effect such an organization.

GRADUATE CLASSES.

A CORRESPONDENT tells as follows the story of the intellectual life of two C. L. S. C. graduates: "Mrs. X. has been in the ——— University during the last two years, finishing a course of German and English literature. She is probably fifty-five years of age. Her husband graduates in law. The war interrupted his studies and when her two children died with diphtheria some years ago she took up the Chautauqua course to occupy her attention. The result was that both began school."

THIS summer the Class of '84 holds its decennial rally at Chautauqua August 18. It is not possible to determine at this date how many will be present, but knowing the "irrepressible" character of the class, it is quite possible that they may outdo even the "Pioneers" in numbers.

THE usual C. L. S. C. anniversary days at Chautauqua will bring together many graduates who have not visited their Alma Mater since graduation. Classes come and classes go, but there is never a loyal Chautauquan who has once sat beside the white pillars of the old Hall of Philosophy who does not feel the spirit move him to return thither to look again upon the familiar scenes and feel once more the thrill which a certain Scotchman tells us is one of the things essential to the progress of a true life.

PERSONALLY CONDUCTED EXCURSIONS.

FOR the benefit of all persons in the vicinity of Brooklyn desiring to visit Chautauqua Lake and Niagara, the Brooklyn Chautauqua Union announces two personally conducted excursions to these places for Friday, July 20, and Friday, August 10, respectively. They will be under the able management of Thos. H. Hendrickson, the well-known tourist agent, assisted by a com-

mittee from the Brooklyn Chautauqua Union.

Special care will be taken for the comfort of the excursionists. A special vestibule train of elegant day coaches and Wagner palace sleeping cars will be provided. Leaving New York via the West Shore Railroad Ferry, foot of Franklin Street, at 5:00 p. m., the parties will arrive at Buffalo the following morning at 7:30, where breakfast will be taken, and without change of cars they will reach Chautauqua at 10 a. m.

The price for the trip, including breakfast, is ten dollars, the tickets being good until Septem-

ber 1, to return on any regular train with stop-over at Niagara Falls.

Further information, circulars of the trip, tickets and sleeping car reservations, may be had by applying to the committee: R. H. Gillette, 311 Quincy St., Brooklyn; Miss Laura A. Shotwell, 223 Lincoln Place, D. Harris Underhill, 400 South Third St., Miss Fannie Bunce, 171 High St., W. F. Browne, 504 Halsey St., West Shore R. R. Office, 363 Broadway, New York; Thos. H. Hendrickson, 339 Fulton St., Brooklyn.

SUMMER ASSEMBLIES.

CENTRAL NEW YORK, With its new auditorium and hotel and several new cottages, the Central New York Chautauqua will be in fine readiness to welcome all visitors to its third session, to be held from August 11 to August 23. The double office of president and superintendent devolves upon Mr. T. H. Armstrong.

Audiences will be addressed from the lecture platform by the Hon. R. G. Horr, the Hon. M. G. Harter, Col. S. F. Copeland, Jahu De Witt Miller, Charles Underhill, the Rev. Anna Shaw, Col. Tom White, F. M. Acherson, W. C. Eldridge. Music will form a large feature in the list of entertainments.

Chautauqua literature will be distributed. Daily Round Tables will be conducted by Mrs. D. T. Hughson. A C. L. S. C. class will be graduated on Recognition Day, August 16; the speaker of the day will be the Rev. Bernard Bigsby, D. D. It is expected that a large new class will be formed and that new enthusiasm will be given to those already pursuing the course. Great use will be made of the extension course of lectures.

EASTERN MAINE, At the Eastern Northport, Maine. Maine Chautauqua, which held its first session last summer, the grounds have been greatly improved for the coming season, which is to open on August 13 and continue through August 17. Mr. George D. Lindsay holds both of the leading offices, that of president and superintendent of instruction.

The leading speakers engaged are Dr. R. S. McArthur, the Rev. H. A. Clifford, Prof. Hyde, Dr. Field, Frank R. Roberson.

Dr. McArthur is to be the orator on Recognition Day, August 16. The C. L. S. C. prospects

are good, and use will be made of all available means to secure large membership for Local Circles.

In the educational departments music will be under the charge of Lewis Smith; normal work, under the Rev. F. H. Morgan; Sunday school primary, Mrs. E. F. Johnson; Delsarte method of physical culture, Miss Treadwell.

MOUNTAIN LAKE PARK. August 1-21 inclusive marks

MARYLAND. the time for the summer Assembly at the Mountain Chautauqua. Its president is the Rev. C. W. Baldwin and its superintendent Dr. W. L. Davidson. The improvements made for the season include enlarged hotel and auditorium, electric lights, greatly beautified grounds, and twenty-five new cottages.

From the platform addresses will be delivered by Sam P. Jones, C. E. Bolton, Frank P. Roberson, Col. G. W. Bain, Prof. E. B. Worman, Dr. H. V. Givler, Dr. S. Beiler, Dr. S. L. Baldwin, J. R. Van Deventer, Prof. W. Ferrand, Prof. Chas Lane, W. J. M. Driver, Judge Herman Sibley, and Chaplain Lozier.

In the department of instruction there will be thoroughly equipped schools comprising twenty-five departments in liberal and fine arts, languages, and sciences, presided over by teachers from the best universities, the dean over all being Dr. M. D. Learned of Johns Hopkins.

All measures will be utilized for enhancing the growth of the C. L. S. C. Special instruction pertaining to it will be given in the daily Round Table meetings; literature will be distributed; it will be brought to public attention by frequent mention from the platform; there will be a formal organization for the state; and impressive Recognition Day services on August 16. The prospects are that this twelfth an-

nual session will exceed in interest and results all of its predecessors.

OCEAN PARK, The Assembly of 1894, opening July 23 and remaining in session for thirty days, promises to be the best one held during the fourteen years' existence of the Ocean Park Chautauqua. Under the present management, the Hon. L. M. Webb being president and the Rev. E. W. Porter superintendent, many improvements have been made both in the buildings and on the grounds.

C. L. S. C. Day, August 9, will be made a grand rallying occasion. The address to the graduates will be given by Dr. B. L. Whitman. Endeavors will be made to enlist many new C. L. S. C. readers by means of alumni meetings, Round Tables, etc.

The Revs. J. M. Lowden and W. J. Twort will conduct the Biblical institute; the Misses N. J. Aageson and E. Costellow, normal Bible study; Mrs. A. B. Webber mission teaching; Miss J. M. Baker, domestic science, Prof. W. B. Tripp, oratory and physical culture.

Lecturers during the session will be Dr. R. S. M'Arthur, Dr. S. F. Hershey, the Hon. T. F. Clark, the Rev. Joseph Slattery, the Rev. C. A. Vincent, Prof. L. R. Griffin, Dr. Ewer, the Rev. W. W. Bowen, Prof. J. Y. Stanton, the Rev. H. Kimball, the Rev. T. E. Baker, the Rev. C. K. Flanders, the Rev. E. E. Hayes, Prof. A. W. Anthony, and the Rev. Matt. Hughes.

PIASA BLUFFS, The C. L. S. C. work at the **ILLINOIS.** Piasa Bluffs Assembly, for the eighth annual session to be held July 26-August 22, is under the direction of Superintendent of Instruction Dr. Frank Lenig. The usual means of fostering interest in this department will be observed. For Recognition Day, August 18, the speaker has not yet been selected.

On the list of lecturers are the names of Frank R. Roberson, Pres. W. H. Crawford, Dr. E. R. Young, Dr. J. F. Berry, Jahu DeWitt Miller, the Rev. Sam. P. Jones, and J. W. Vanderverter. Among the musical attractions will be the Ariel Ladies Sextette.

The Sunday school normal will be taught by Dr. J. C. W. Cox; the kindergarten by Miss Helen L. Meade; the W.C.T.U. school of methods by Mrs. D. R. Carlock; elocution and physical culture, by Miss C. V. R. Ashcroft; chemistry physics by Prof. E. B. Waggoner; instrumental music, by Miss M. E. Tate; vocal music, by Prof. H. L. Weston.

ROCK RIVER, It is the aim of the management of the Rock River Assembly, at whose head is President J. M. Ruthrauff, to make it an ideal summer resort. No

pains, time, or expense has been spared in fitting up the naturally beautiful grounds that they may meet all demands for rest, comfort, and recreation. The seventh season will open July 31 and continue until August 16.

An entertaining and instructive program will be offered to the patrons, which will be interspersed with many special features, such as Old Settlers' Day, Political Day, Educational Day, G.A.R. Day, Merchants' Day, Campers' Day, and Woman's Day. Among the platform speakers will be, Dr. M. Rhodes, the Rev. R. F. Y. Pierce, the Rev. H. C. Haithcox, Prof. W. W. Davis, Dr. S. A. Ort, Gen. W. H. Gibson, Col. G. W. Bain, the Rev. E. P. Hill, and the Robertson Ransom combination.

The Assembly schools are under the management of Dr. Holmes Dysinger, the superintendent, and comprise Bible study, led by the Rev. M. F. Troxell; vocal music, Miss E. G. Richards, instrumental music, Prof. Schlenker; elocution, Miss E. C. Lindberg; art and physical culture. The chorus choir will be directed by Prof. McAllister.

August 9 will be observed as Recognition Day which will be a new feature of this Assembly. A goodly number of graduates will appear in this first class and all the Circles of the surrounding vicinity are invited to join in the exercises. It is expected that the Rev. G. M. Brown, the C. L. S. C. organizer appointed for Illinois, will make the address.

ROUND LAKE, It is the purpose of the **NEW YORK.** Round Lake management, Pres. Dr. W. Griffin, to work the State Summer Institute and the Assembly proper together this season, the seventeenth in the history of the Association. For eighteen days, July 30-August 17, the work of the two departments will be carried on conjointly. Classes will be in Bible literature, theology, music, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, German, oratory, art. The little people's department will be conducted by Mrs. C. W. Jones; the boys and girls' department, by Miss G. Lord; the normal class, by the Rev. G. E. Stockwell; the post graduate class, by the Rev. W. H. Groat. Dr. H. C. Farrar is the superintendent of instruction.

Lecturers for the season are Dr. W. V. Kelly, James Clement Ambrose, Homer B. Sprague, Dr. H. A. Buttz, Dr. W. G. Wood, Frank R. Roberson, Pres. Raymond, and Dr. F. D. Blakeslee.

August 17, has been chosen as C. L. S. C. Day. The speaker is not selected. Round Table meetings will be held through the session and attention will be paid to the organization of new Local Circles. C. L. S. C. prospects are bright.

THE LIBRARY TABLE.

AUGUST.

BUTTERCUPS nodded and said "Good-by!"
Clover and daisy went off together,
But the fragrant water lilies lie
Yet moored in the golden August weather.
The swallows chatter about their flight,
The cricket chirps like a rare good fellow,
The asters twinkle in clusters bright,
While the corn grows ripe and the apples
mellow.

—*Celia Thaxter.*

CAMPING OUT.

OF all ways of spending a holiday, perhaps there is none that takes a man more completely out of the grooves of ordinary everyday life than a few weeks under canvas—a fortnight or so of genuine gipsy life with a trio of kindred spirits, ready to make the best of everything, and resolutely equal to every emergency. And although it lacks that crowning element of peril which makes yachting, hunting, and mountaineering doubly dear to the soul of the Englishman, it has at least the charm of actual inconvenience. To fling off for a time the trappings of civilization, to know for a few weeks the comforts of an easy, sensible costume, are what most men who make real holiday regard among its indispensable features. And for him who has strength and hardihood sufficient for it; for him who has not yet passed the limits of that golden age that can take a wetting with impunity, who does not stay to weigh the chances of rheumatism, who has no treacherous liver to reckon with, there are few things with more possibility of pleasure in them than that plunge into uncivilized life called camping out.

In camping out, as in every other holiday experience, a man learns to economize time and space—to say nothing of toil and temper—by discarding all superfluous conveniences and appliances. He gives up the elaborate camp-kit, the luxurious folding-chair, the ingenious cooking stove. He no longer hangs a useless and dangerous revolver over his head at night. By degrees he cuts down his personal equipment to little more than a tooth-brush, a towel, and a piece of soap. Then, who so happy as the amateur gipsy, out of reach of post or telegraph, in blissful ignorance of any news of war, or politics, or fashion?

After a long tramp among the hills you pitch your tent, on a summer's evening, in some quiet nook as far as may be from all sight or sound of traffic. In the peace of the still summer night you wake to hear the busy rush of the brook, to listen to the musical voices of the wandering owls. What more refreshing than the sweet air of dawn, when the few singers of the summer woodland are astir and life begins to waken among the buildings of the farm?

Sunrise is, as far as very many of us are concerned, one of those things we have to take on trust. It is, perhaps, not too much to say that the percentage of people who have actually seen it for themselves is small. Sunset, on the other hand, is familiar to everyone. Of moonlight, too, we know something, and poets never tire of eulogizing its beauty. There are few tenderer or more poetic touches in all Shelley than the description of

"That orb'd maiden with white fire laden."

There are few breezier verses in the "Irish Melodies" than "The Young May Moon." Perhaps there is nothing in "The Lays of Ancient Rome" more sweet than

"the whispers

Of plighted youth and maid,
In April's ivory moonlight,
Beneath the chestnut shade."

Even pictures of the moonlight are apt to have a flavor of the midnight oil, that more reliable if less romantic luminary of which poets, in common with more sober writers, probably know more than of the softer, tenderer glimpses of the moon. And when poets sing of sunrise and the splendor of the dawn we feel skeptical.

Of modern minstrels, perhaps not one in a thousand has ever, in the open air at any rate, really watched the morning grow. And as we read their descriptions—true and beautiful, no doubt—of the wonder of it, we cannot help now and then thinking of the man who wrote of winter in bed, with his hand through a hole in the blanket. And yet the witching glamour of the moonlight, and even the gorgeous splendor of the sunset are nothing compared with the glory of the dawn.

There are many men, no doubt, who consider that sunrise before breakfast is a spectacle too dearly purchased, even in summer, at the cost of turning out at an hour so barbarous; who would ask, with Hood:

"Why from a comfortable pillow start
To see faint flushes in the east awaken"?

No, for most of us the hour before sunrise is an hour in bed. Few men but are inclined to agree that:

"A man that 's fond precociously of stirring
Must be a spoon."

There are, of course, exceptions. It would be highly unbecoming on the milkmaid's part to object to face the bitterness of the very coldest of Decembers. But:

"An early riser Mr. Gray has drawn,
Who used to haste the dewy grass among,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn:
Well—he died young."

And the comfort of his couch is not, after all, so very great as to induce the camper-out to lie very long after the first gleam of consciousness. But there is another view of it. Camping out is all very well in fine weather. The best of tents, the most jovial and contented company are not proof against the long steady soak that finds out the weak spot alike in canvas and character, and that sooner or later must prove victor, and drive the dripping campers to the shelter of stone walls and of a roof that is sound against the weather. Perhaps you have pitched the tent in an orchard with high expectations of home-made bread, milk, eggs, and butter from the neighboring farm. In a rash moment you have left the tent to take care of itself, and find on your return that your little domain, like the imaginary "fair garden" of Mr. Silas Wegg, has been "rooted up by pigs," which have made booty of your portable property, and left their mark on everything they could not carry off. A few crumbs scattered in the tent-door are all that remains of your last loaf. The bottle of lime-juice, with the cork gnawed short off, is lying twenty yards away in the orchard. The camera has been turned over and trodden on. The clean handkerchiefs have been trampled in the dirt.

Nor is it a pleasant experience when the cart breaks down on a stony mountain road, five miles from everywhere, night coming on and a steady drizzling rain just setting in. There is nothing for it but to carry everything. Never did the photographic apparatus seem so awkward and unnecessary, never was the spirit-stove so angular and unyielding, never was the tent so heavy and cumbersome. But if there is a man in the company who can lead a song, if only "verses of two lines with a chorus of ten," it is wonderful how "youth and health and courage high" will disregard even troubles such as these. At the worst you can generally fall

back on a farm, and the despised comforts of civilization. Farmers are generally well disposed toward the gentleman gipsy, knowing well the difference between the amateur vagabond and the professional with an eye to rabbits and the hen-roost.—*Francis A. Knight.**

SOLDIER, SOLDIER.

"SOLDIER, soldier, come from the wars,
Why don't you march with my true love?"
"We're fresh from off the ship an' 'e's maybe
give the slip,
An' you'd best go look for a new love."

New love! true love!
Best go look for a new love,
The dead they cannot rise, an' you'd
better dry your eyes,
An' you'd best go look for a new love.

"Soldier, soldier, come from the wars,
What did you see o' my true love?"
"I seed 'im serve the queen in a suit o' rifle-
green,
An' you'd best go look for a new love."

"Soldier, soldier, come from the wars,
Did you see no more o' my true love?"
"I seed 'im runnin' by when the shots begun to
fly—
But you'd best go look for a new love."

"Soldier, soldier, come from the wars,
Did aught take 'arm to my true love?"
"I couldn't see the fight, for the smoke it lay
so white—
An' you'd best go look for a new love."

"Soldier, soldier, come from the wars,
I'll up an' tend to my true love!"
"'E's lying on the dead with a bullet through
'is 'ead,
An' you'd best go look for a new love."

"Soldier, soldier, come from the wars,
I'll down an' die with my true love!"
"The pit we dug 'll 'ide 'im an' the twenty men
beside 'im—
An' you'd best go look for a new love."

"Soldier, soldier, come from the wars,
Do you bring no sign from my true love?"
"I bring a lock of 'air that 'e allus used to
wear,
An' you'd best go look for a new love."

"Soldier, soldier, come from the wars,
O then I know it's true I've lost my true love!"

* By Moorland and Sea. By Francis A. Knight. Boston: Roberts Brothers. pp. 215. \$1.50.

"An' I tell you truth again—when you've lost
the feel o' pain
You'd best take me for your true love."

True love! new love!

Best take 'im for a new love.

The dead they cannot rise, an' you'd
better dry your eyes,

An' you'd best take 'im for your true
love.

—Rudyard Kipling.*

WHAT IS A GOLDEN DEED?

It is not mere hardihood. There was plenty of hardihood in Pizarro when he led his men through terrible hardships to attack the empire of Peru, but he was actuated by mere greediness for gain, and all the perils he so resolutely endured could not make his courage admirable. There is a courage that breaks out in bravado, the exuberance of high spirits, delighting in defying peril for its own sake, not indeed producing deeds which deserve to be called golden, but which have an undeniable charm about them, even when we doubt the right of exposing a life in mere gaiety of heart.

Such was the gallantry of the Spanish knight who, while Fernando and Isabel lay before the Moorish city of Granada, galloped out of the camp, in full view of besiegers and besieged, and fastened to the gate of the city with his dagger a copy of the *Ave Maria*. It was a wildly brave action, and yet not without service in showing the dauntless spirit of the Christian army. But the same can hardly be said of the daring shown by the Emperor Maximilian when he displayed himself to the citizens of Ulm upon the topmost pinnacle of their cathedral spire. These deeds, if not tinsel, were little better than gold leaf.

A golden deed must be something more than mere display of fearlessness. Grave and resolute fulfillment of duty is required to give it the true weight. Such duty kept the sentinel at his post at the gate of Pompeii, even when the stifling dust of ashes came thicker and thicker from the volcano, and the liquid mud streamed down, and the people fled and struggled on, and still the sentry stood at his post, unflinching, till death had stiffened his limbs; and his bones, in their helmet and breastplate, with the hand still raised to keep the suffocating dust from mouth and nose, have remained even till our own time to show how a Roman soldier did his duty. Such obedience at all costs and all

risks is, however, the very essence of a soldier's life. It is the solid material, but it is hardly the exceptional brightness of a golden deed.

And yet perhaps it is one of the most remarkable characteristics of a golden deed that the doer of it is certain to feel it merely a duty: "I have done that which it was my duty to do," is the natural answer of those capable of such actions. They have been constrained to them by duty, or by pity; have never even deemed it possible to act otherwise, and did not once think of themselves in the matter at all.

Such a spirit was shown by Leæna, the Athenian woman at whose house the overthrow of the tyranny of the Pisistratids was concerted, and who, when seized and put to torture that she might disclose the secrets of the conspirators, fearing that the weakness of her frame might overpower her resolution, actually bit off her tongue, that she might be unable to betray the trust placed in her. The Athenians commemorated her truly golden silence by raising in her honor the statue of a lioness without a tongue, in allusion to her name, which signifies a lioness.

So again two Swiss lads, whose father was dangerously ill, found they could not procure the needful medicine except at a price far beyond their means, and heard that an English traveler had offered a large price for a couple of eaglets. The only eyrie was on a crag supposed to be so inaccessible that no one ventured to attempt it, till these boys, in their intense anxiety for their father, dared the fearful danger, scaled the precipice, captured the birds, and safely conveyed them to the traveler. Truly this was a deed of gold.

Such was the action of the Russian servant whose master's carriage was pursued by wolves, and who sprang out among the beasts, sacrificing his own life willingly to slake their fury for a few minutes in order that the horses might be untouched, and convey his master to a place of safety. But his act of self-devotion has been so beautifully expanded in the story of "Eric's Grave," in "Tales of Christian Heroism," that we can only hint at it, as at that of the "Helmsman of Lake Erie," who, with the steamer on fire around him, held fast by the wheel in the very jaws of the flame, so as to guide the vessel into harbor, and save the many lives within her, at the cost of his own fearful agony, while slowly scorched by the flames. Nor may we pass by Florence Nightingale, our living type of golden deeds—who first showed how woman's ministrations of mercy may be carried on, not only within the city, but on the borders of the camp itself—"the lady with the lamp," whose

*Ballads and Barrack Room Ballads. By Rudyard Kipling. New York: Macmillan and Co. pp. 217. \$1.25.

health and strength were freely devoted to the holy work of softening the after sufferings that render war so hideous; whose very step and shadow carried gladness and healing to the sick soldier, and who has opened a path like shining light to many another woman who only needed to be shown the way.

We cannot forbear mentioning the poor American soldier who, grievously wounded, had just been laid in the middle bed, by far the most comfortable of three tiers of berths in the ship's cabin in which the wounded were to be conveyed to New York. Still thrilling with the suffering of being carried from the field and lifted to his place, he saw a comrade in even worse plight brought in, and thinking of the pain it must cost his fellow-soldier to be raised to the bed above him, he surprised his kind lady nurses (daily scatterers of golden deeds) by saying, "Put me up there. I reckon I'll bear hoisting better than he will."

Even as we write, we hear of an American railway collision that befell a train on the way to Elmira with prisoners. The engineer, whose name was William Ingram, might have leaped off and saved himself before the shock; but he remained in order to reverse the engine, though with certain death staring him in the face. He was buried in the wreck of the meeting train, and when found, his back was against the boiler—he was jammed in, unable to move, and actually

being burnt to death; but even in that extremity of anguish he called out to those who came round to help him, to keep away, as he expected the boiler would burst. They disregarded the generous cry, and used every effort to extricate him, but could not succeed until after his sufferings had ended in death.—*Charlotte M. Yonge.**

GOLDENROD AND ASTERS.

SOME gaudy prince has stayed here over-night:
For, look, the roadside gleams in splendor bright

With gold-embroidered plumes that decked his train,

While stars of purple amethyst, like rain,
Have fallen from his robes.

Mayhap he grew

Weary of rioting, and straightway threw
His gorgeousness away; then, smiling, went
Clad in humility and sweet content,
With tender lips and eyes, and open palms,
To ask for and, receiving, to give alms;
While the rich garments that he laid aside,
Symbols of earthly glory and of pride,
The mighty grace of some strange sylvan god
Has changed to asters and to goldenrod.

—*James Berry Bensel.*

*A Book of Golden Deeds. By Charlotte M. Yonge. New York: Macmillan and Co. pp. 454. 50 cts.

TALK ABOUT BOOKS.

The Complete
Works of
Abraham Lincoln.

The complete works of Abraham Lincoln,* comprising his speeches, letters, state papers and miscellaneous papers, have been edited by Messrs. Nicolay and Hay in a manner which commands high commendation. They form a literary production of great merit and value. The two large volumes constitute a fine companion work for the excellent "Life of Lincoln" published by the same authors a few years ago. As the private secretaries of President Lincoln they became the custodians of all his papers and correspondence; as his warm personal friends none so well as they could discriminate, in presenting to the public such material in a manner that would be most in keeping with the wishes of the author of it. The contents are arranged in

chronological order, the first number in the collection being an address to the people of Sangamon County given when the speaker was a candidate for the state legislature in 1832, and the last, a telegram dated April 12, 1865. The various communications appearing in their proper order between these two entries give a fairly well connected review of all the interests in which their writer was engaged; they form in detail his life story told by himself. In turn the different phases of his large nature stand revealed. In the most sacred of family relations, as friend and benefactor, as a man of affairs, as professional man, as statesman, politician, and president during the great national crisis, the reader of these volumes sees this man who through all of these positions, by faithfully following the dictates of his own gifted nature, rose to be the greatest of Americans. The most constantly recurring theme, sounding out from the first pages of the book with something of a pro-

*Abraham Lincoln. Complete Works. Edited by John G. Nicolay and John Hay. New York: The Century Co. Two vols. pp. 695 and 770.

phetic spell about it; reiterated again and again with increasing emphasis and vigor as he found himself grappling hand to hand with the great national evil; and echoing from the last recorded expressions as a glad refrain over a great victory won, was the theme of slavery and all that was allied to it. How closely he thought on all the questions of the times is plainly shown here in his own words. He found time—something which only geniuses can do—for thorough and independent examination for all topics of public interest, and freely and fearlessly expressed himself concerning them. The wonderful executive ability of the man who safely guided the nation through the perils of the Civil War is best exhibited, best understood as he states his conceptions and plans concerning the pivotal epoch. This portion of his writings forms a complete history of the political and military proceedings of the times. Philosophy and psychology could contest with history for the honor of receiving most benefit from the publication of this work; social economy and philanthropy on the same grounds could contend with biography. It is an all-round book, wide sweeping in its range. Its literary merit is great, some of its articles having won a position among the classic treasures of the language. The work of the editors is superior. A more perfect index was never appended to any book.

History. Dr. Murray's history of Japan * gives in very clear, definite outlines an account of the whole career of that wonderful land, beginning with its curious myths and legends, following down through its traditions and slow development, reaching then the advance made with rapid strides after it had thrown open its gates to other nations, and closing with a clear view of the attractive land as it exists to-day. His ethnographical study and his account of the establishment of constitutional government are particularly valuable features of the work. His long residence in that country and his high scholarly ability rendered him peculiarly able for the work.

Around the history of no land clusters more absorbing interest than that of Spain, and no part of its story has ever been given in better form than has the account covering the years from 711 to 1492, prepared by Mr. Watts.† Dealing chiefly with the romantic times and figures of Moorish history it gathers fact and story from both Christian and Arabic sources

and weaves them into a connected narrative. From this arrangement both sides of the long struggle for supremacy are well presented. The heroic figure of the Cid, the romantic history of Granada, the parts taken by Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, are prominent among the topics which are treated after this original manner.

"Slav and Moslem" ** is a calm and candid study of Russian history, presenting the other side of the story from that so commonly told by Russophobists. It seeks and finds in a full review of the causes for the slow development of this great nation, ample reason for the anomalies presented by its civilization, and traces through the much denounced schemes of government put in force there, the honest endeavors of well meaning rulers to better the national condition. Russia, still in its infancy, as far as its development is concerned, is a land of wonderful possibilities, and these are well forecast in this work.

A very clear and concise work is the "History of Australia and New Zealand." † In its method of arrangement it meets all the requirements of the school room, while in the style of its composition it cannot fail to please the fancy of the general reader, so that it passes at once as both a text-book and a popular work.

Perhaps no history strikes the general reader as possessing a more labyrinthine appearance than does that of the Muhammadans. How it may be easily threaded and viewed as a whole is shown in one of the handy volumes of the series of Epochs of Indian History.‡ From the formation of the sect through the vicissitudes of its history down to the present the account has been kept remarkably clear and impressive.

"Sketches of Mexico" || gives in such connected order the different views selected from the different eras of the development of the country as to form a very satisfactory history of that land. Great research has been given to the origin of the people and sixteen different theories regarding the question have been culled from as many authorities. In the last chapter a very graphic picture of the life of to-day in this sister republic is given.

A popular account of the crusades which

* Slav and Moslem. Historical Sketches. By I. Miliken Napier Brodhead. Alken, S. C.: Alken Publishing Co. pp. 301. \$1.50.

† The History of Australia and New Zealand from 1606 to 1890. By Alexander Sutherland, M. A., and George Sutherland, M. A. pp. 248.—‡ The Muhammadans. By J. D. Rees, C. I. E., I. C. S. pp. 192. New York: Longmans, Green, and Co.

|| Sketches of Mexico. By Rev. John W. Butler, D. D. pp. 316. \$1.00. New York: Hunt & Eaton, Cincinnati; Cranston & Curtis.

* The Story of Japan. By David Murray, Ph.D., LL. D. pp. 431. \$1.50.—† The Christian Recovery of Spain. By Henry Edward Watts. pp. 315. \$1.50. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

commands the attention and interest of the reader from the first is one given in the recent work* by Dr. Mombert. In summing up his graphic history the author draws strong and forcible conclusions regarding this fanatical period, showing that while the crusades originated from the ignorance and rapacity of mankind and debased the world, they were also blessings in disguise, and indirectly did much to hasten in the higher civilization of succeeding time.

The fifth number† in a series of works known as *Periods of European History*, is devoted to the seventeenth century. That time is treated as the period of the reconstruction of the political system of Europe. The leading nations were then ruled by absolute monarchs and they then assumed the character which in most of them in a more or less modified form they still maintain. It was the time of the rebound from the effects of the Reformation, and upon this as the leading thought for study and France as the central nation in which to study it the book is constructed. It represents a vast amount of critical research which is presented in a clear and interesting manner.

Fiction.

George Ebers' "*Cleopatra*"‡ shows that his hand has not lost its cunning. He has revived the old enchantment of the famous Egyptian queen, depicting her as worthy of sympathy as well as admiration and deserving the affection which she inspired in so many hearts. With his accustomed care and accuracy the life and manners of the period represented are depicted with attention to every detail and the whole picture is remarkably vivid.

Much earnest and painstaking work is manifested in Mrs. Cotes' latest book.¶ It is a distinct advance over her previous ones, delightful as they all have been, excepting for the fault that their vivacity was sometimes forced. There is sprightliness here in plenty but the main purpose is never lost sight of and the plot is developed with skill and vigor. The title is apt, for the heroine is essentially a modern type, perfectly understood and admirably portrayed.

"*A Daughter of Music*"§ is an attempt to illustrate the following sentence from St. Augus-

tine: "Whithersoever the soul of man turns itself, unless toward Thee, it is riveted upon sorrows, yea, though it is riveted upon things beautiful." There is a wearisomeness of detail which causes the interest to flag; compressed to half the size the story would have been doubled in strength. The study of heredity, however, is well taken and consistent.

Middle-aged people are not favorites with novelists, but the author of "*The Hon. Stanbury*"** has drawn a very pretty and pathetic picture of Indian summer love in which the lines are true and the colors well harmonized. The second of the three sketches, "*Poor Miss Skeet*," is even better than the first, its uncompromising realism furnishing an unforgettable figure in the forlorn and unloved woman who had trained herself to say, "The best,—but I can never have it; the beautiful,—but not for me." "*An Indigent Gentlewoman*" is the name of the third study, a monochrome of somber hue.

"*Red Cap and Blue Jacket*"† is a novel of action as well as portrayal of character and a decided success in both lines. The story opens in the year 1781 in Scotland, where ripples from the waves of agitation in France were beginning to be seen. It abounds in stirring incidents, among which are an impressment of seamen, a fight between a French and an English man-of-war, a shipwreck, and the closing scenes of the French Revolution. The plot is well conceived and the story told with zest.

Freshness of observation and genuine feeling are characteristics of the remarkable little book, "*Links in a Chain*."‡ As a psychological study it is full of acuteness and few will be the readers who do not acknowledge its subtle power.

It will be disappointing to a lover of Capt. King's tales of United States Army life to find in the volume || he edits, but one from his pen, and that the shortest. The camps of Australia during the gold excitement are the scene of the longest story, "*The Never, Never Country*," which, by the way, is a bush term applied to the land lying beyond the remotest settlements and therefore attractive to venturesome pioneers; it is a pity that the material there offered could not have been used to better advantage. Several of the others are trivial and commonplace, and the whole collection warrants the

* *A Short History of the Crusades*. By J. I. Mombert. D. D. New York: D. Appleton and Company. pp. 301.

† *Europe, 1598-1715*. By Henry Olney Wakeman, M. A. New York: Macmillan and Co. pp. 392. \$1.40.

‡ *Cleopatra*. By Georg Ebers. Translated from the German by Mary E. Safford. Two volumes. pp. 302 and 296. Paper, 40 cts each.—|| *A Daughter of To-day*. By Mrs. Everard Cotes (Sara Jeannette Duncan). pp. 392.

—|| *A Daughter of Music*. By G. Colmore. pp. 371. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

§ *The Hon. Stanbury and Others*. By Two. pp. 191—

† *Red Cap and Blue Jacket*. By George Dunn. pp. 587. \$1.00. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

‡ *Links in a Chain*. By Margaret Sutton Briscoe. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. pp. 227.

§ *An Initial Experience and Other Stories*. Edited by Capt. Charles King. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. pp. 254. \$1.00.

judgment that Capt. King is a better author than editor.

Science. "Despise not the day of small things," is the summing up of the teaching given in "The Amateur Telescopicist's Handbook."* A humble student provided with a small telescope that will easily come within his command is not encouraged to think that he will be likely to accomplish any work of value to science; but he is told how he may add greatly to the means of satisfying his own cravings for knowledge and for delight. The history of the invention and development of the telescope, directions for its use, and a description of the heavens with their constellations compose the main part of the useful and interesting work.

The first volume of the Columbian knowledge series treats in an inviting and popular manner of total eclipses of the sun.† A lucid explanation of the occurrences is joined to a vivid description of them. The curious appearances often caused by eclipses, their effect upon animal life, the superstitions of simple people regarding them, and the historical incidents and anecdotes connected with them are different phases of the subject which have been treated in a most interesting and instructive way.

Professor Ferrel, whose labors have done so much toward disseminating a knowledge of and interest in the atmospheric processes, has published for the use of schools and colleges a text-book on elementary meteorology.‡ It has been his aim, he says, to present the subject throughout in a rational manner adapted to general use rather than after the empirical method employed in official statement; and that he has succeeded the plain and simple yet scientific handling of the whole complex matter bears evidence. The work possesses the best features of arrangement for topical study. It is well supplied with charts and illustrations.

A more delightful method of learning astronomy can never be found by boys and girls than that given in "Starland."§ In the plainest and most interesting of talks the author makes his young readers acquainted with the wonders of the heavens. The difficulties of the subject are practically wiped out by the clear illustrations used. In language that has about it the

flavor of the "once upon a time" stories, he treats of abstruse mathematical principles and involved philosophical speculations. His readers might well wonder what there could be hard about the study of science.

How to keep well is the key note to which the book "Practical Hygiene"* is tuned. To prevent sickness is shown to be a greater art than to heal disease. As a treasure absolutely uninjured is more desirable than one that has been repaired after injury, even though the tinkering may have left it apparently as good as new, so is a body over which disease has never had power to prevail to be preferred to one cured from sickness. To insure to each person the possession of such a body would be the natural tendency of such precaution and such practice as are recommended in this volume.

"An Examination of Weismannism"† is a work for a specialist. It is a close and elaborate study of the interesting and ingenious theory of heredity advanced by Professor Weismann. The theory itself, which is based upon the distinction as regards heredity, between characters that are congenital and those that are acquired, is carefully explained in a complete *résumé*. Then follows a critical examination of its successive steps, coupled with a comparative study of the views of other scientists regarding the same points.

The subject of aerial navigation with all the knowledge that practical science has up to the present time been able to gather concerning it is ably treated in a recent work.‡ The military importance of the matter is emphasized; the mistaken notions concerning its accomplishment in the past are pointed out; the philosophical principles involved are closely studied; and the recent attempts to solve the matter are fully described. The whole work proves to be a very reasonable demonstration of the possibility of navigating the air in the near future by machines completely under the control of man.

The history of electricity is well summed up in a work entitled "Electricity One Hundred Years Ago and To-Day."§ The occasional glimpses of the mighty force caught by the ancients and its burial as a mystery during the long intervening periods, ought to serve the

* Outlines of Practical Hygiene. By C. Gilman Currier, M. D. New York: E. B. Treat. pp. 456. \$1.75.

† An Examination of Weismannism. By George John Romanes, M. A., LL. D., F. R. S. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company. pp. 209. \$1.00.

‡ Aerial Navigation. By J. G. W. Fijnje Van Salverda, Translated from the Dutch by George E. Waring, Jr. New York: D. Appleton and Company. pp. 209.

§ Electricity One Hundred Years Ago and To-Day. Edwin J. Houston, Ph. D. New York: The W. J. Johnston Company. pp. 199. \$1.00.

* The Amateur Telescopicist's Handbook. By Frank M. Gibson, Ph. D., LL. B. New York: Longmans, Green, and Co. pp. 163.

† Total Eclipses of the Sun. By Mabel Loomis Todd. Boston: Roberts Brothers. pp. 226. \$1.00.

‡ Elementary Meteorology. By William Morris Davis. — Starland. By Sir Robert Stawell Ball, F. R. S. Boston: Ginn & Company. pp. 348.

present as a forcible object lesson regarding the new perceptions and new thoughts of to-day. The strange hypotheses through which science groped its way in attempting to account for electrical manifestations form most interesting reading matter. The book is more than historical in its trend as it enters somewhat into a philosophical discussion of the subject and gives much information regarding phenomena connected with it.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Practical Elements of Elocution. By Robert I. Fulton, A. M., and Thomas C. Trueblood, A. M. Boston: Ginn & Company.
An Old and Middle English Reader. By George Edwin McLean, Ph. D. Macmillan and Co. \$2.00.
Advanced Lessons in English. By Mary F. Hyde. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 65 cts.
The Orthoëpist: A Pronouncing Manual. By Alfred Ayres.—**Red Diamonds.** A Novel. By Justin McCarthy. 50 cts.—**Relics.** By Frances Mac Nab. 50 cts.
Outlaw and Lawmaker. A Novel. By Mrs. Campbell-Praed. 50 cts.—**Mary Fenwick's Daughter.** A Novel. By Beatrice Whitby. 50 cts. New York: D. Appleton & Company. \$1.00.
Practical Synonyms. By John H. Bechtel. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. 50 cts.
Seven Thousand Words Often Mispronounced. By William Henry P. Phye. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.
A Flower of France: A Story of Old Louisiana. By Marah Ellis Ryan. Chicago: Rand, McNally and Company.

The Light of Other Days. A Novel. By Mrs. Forrester. 50 cts.—**Every Inch a Soldier.** A Novel. By John Strange Winter. 50 cts. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.
Mildred's New Daughter. By Martha Finley. Cloth \$1.25. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.
Ingleside. By Barbara Yechton. Illustrated by Jessie McDermott. New York and Boston: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.
Accidents and Emergencies. By Thomas Blackstone, M. D. 50 cts. **Between Two Fires.** By J. Jackson Wray. Cincinnati: Cranston & Curtis. New York: Hunt and Eaton.
The Green Bay Tree. By W. H. Wilkins (W. H. DeWinton) and Herbert Vivian. New York: J. Selwin Tait and Sons. 50 cts.
Common Sense Currency. A Practical Treatise on Money in its Relations to National Wealth and Prosperity. By John Phin. New York: The Industrial Publication Company.
Practical Flora. For Schools and Colleges. By Oliver R. Willis, A. M., Ph. D. \$1.50. **Laboratory Studies in Elementary Chemistry.** By LeRoy C. Cooley, Ph. D. 50 cts. **First Lessons in Our Country's History.** By William Swinton. New York, Cincinnati and Chicago: American Book Company.
Dynamo and Motor Building. For Amateurs. By C. D. Parkhurst. New York: The W. J. Johnston Company. \$1.00.
The Countess Radna. A Novel. By W. E. Norris. Cloth \$1.00. Paper 50 cts. New York: Lovell, Coryell & Co.
Readings from the Book of Nature. By Simeon Mills. \$1.00. Chicago. Charles H. Kerr & Company.
The Psychic Life of Micro-Organisms. By Alfred Binet. Cloth 75 cts. Paper 25 cts. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company.
Injurious Insects and The Use of Insecticides. By Frank W. Sempers. Philadelphia: W. Atlee Burpee & Co.

SUMMARY OF IMPORTANT NEWS FOR JUNE, 1894.

HOME NEWS.—June 1. Total deficit of the National Treasury at the end of the fiscal year \$78,000,000.

June 2. The U. S. warship *Baltimore* ordered to Korea to protect American interests during the revolt.—Dedication of the Field Columbian Museum at Chicago.

June 4. Gen. Neal Dow welcomed by 10,000 people at the International Temperance Convention on Staten Island, N. Y.

June 7. The *Minneapolis*, by her trial trip, proved to be the fastest cruiser in the world.—Death of Prof. W. D. Whitney, the eminent philologist.

June 14. Northwestern University receives \$50,000 from William Deering, the harvest machine manufacturer.—Opening of the Naval War College at Newport, R. I.

June 17. Death of William Walter Phelps, ex-minister to Germany.—Thermometers up in the nineties.

June 20. A statement showing the evils of the padrone system submitted to the Senate by the secretary of the Treasury.

June 22. The American Railway Union, in session at Chicago, decides to boycott the Pullman cars, unless the company consents to arbitrate with its striking employees at Pullman, Ill.

June 25. Both houses of Congress adjourn as a mark of respect to the memory of the late President Carnot of France.

June 26. Under the Dockery act of January 27, 1894, the Post Office Department ceases to issue postal notes after June 30.

June 28. The bill creating Labor Day a national holiday signed by the president.

June 29. A brass tablet unveiled in Hartford, Conn., to commemorate the meeting of Washington and Rochambeau in that city in 1775.

FOREIGN NEWS.—June 1. Meeting in London of the Thirteenth Triennial International Conference of the Y. M. C. A.—Paul Bourget the novelist, and Albert Sorel the historian, elected members of the French Academy to fill vacancies caused by the death of MM. Du-champ and Taine.

June 3. Government forces defeated at San Salvador. President Ezeta resigns and flees the country.

June 4. Alarming revolt in China.

June 7. Thousands of miners' families starving in Sicily.

June 10. Fifteen thousand people made homeless by floods of the Fraser River in British Columbia.

June 11. The Hungarian crisis ended, Dr. Wekerle called again to the premiership.—Death of Muley Hassan, sultan of Morocco.

June 12. The black plague raging in China, the fatal cases averaging one hundred a day.

June 14. Death of Lord Chief Justice Coleridge.

June 15. The Deceased Wife's Sister bill defeated in the British House of Lords.

June 21. The Hungarian Civil Marriage bill passed by the House of Magnates.

June 24. Assassination of President Carnot of France.

June 25. Marriage of Abdul Aziz, the new sultan of Morocco.

June 27. Casimir-Perier elected president of France.—Mr. Gladstone's retirement from Parliament and public life announced.

June 29. Organization of the Intercolonial Conference at Ottawa, Can., Minister Bowell selected as president.

June 30. Formal opening of the great Tower bridge at London by the Prince of Wales in the name of Queen Victoria.

